Dec. 1, 1951

# THE NEW YORKER

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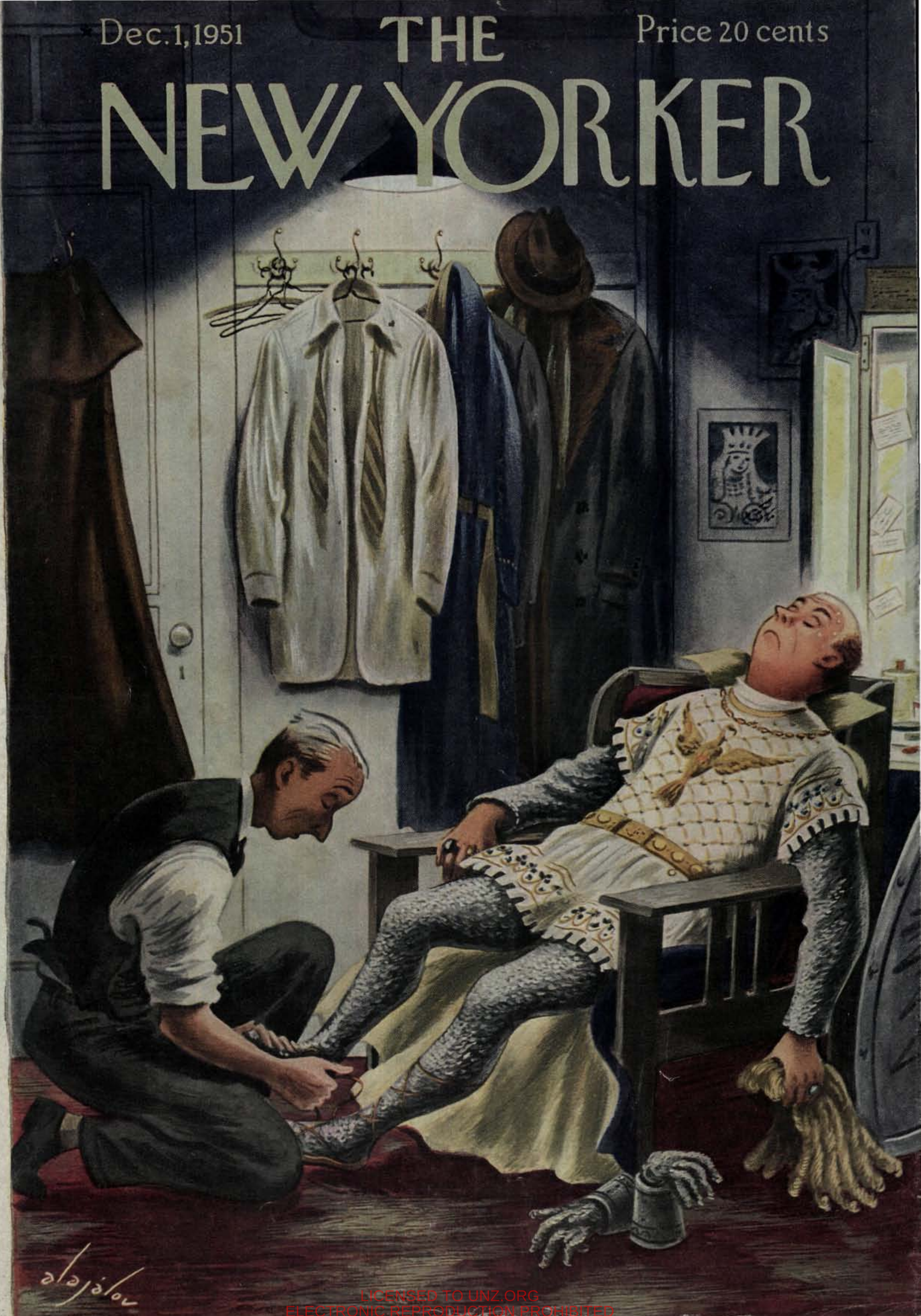

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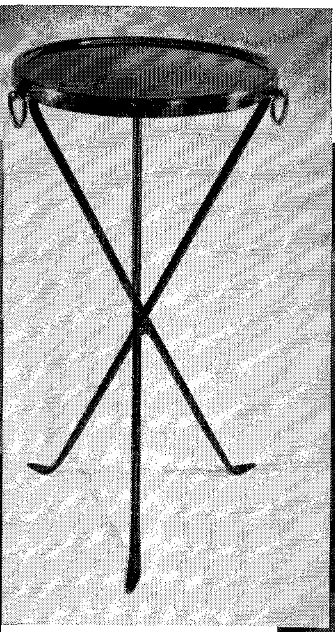

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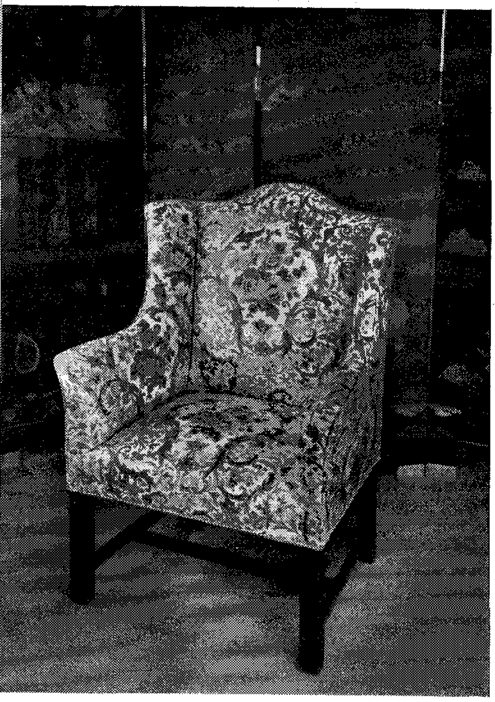

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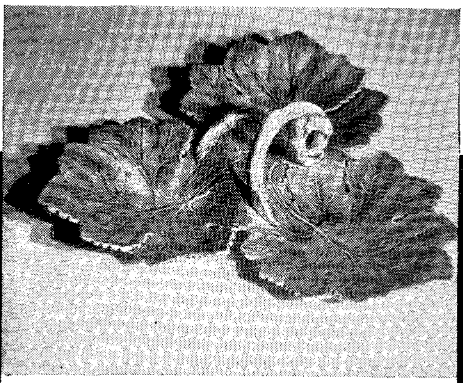

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ON THE PLAZA

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Faithfully Yours**—A comedy, to use the word loosely, that deals with psychoanalysis. With Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Fourposter**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Gigi**—Anita Loos's adaptation of a novel by Colette has to do with a young Parisienne who grows up in rather unusual surroundings, and it is one of the delights of the season. Audrey Hepburn plays the title role and she is most competently assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, Josephine Brown, and several others equally accomplished. Gilbert Miller has given the play one of his characteristically handsome productions. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Glad Tidings**—Illegitimacy is the theme of this comedy by Edward Mabley, and though the author does his best, he isn't quite capable of sustaining things for three acts. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are entrusted with most of the variations on the central joke. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Love and Let Love**—Ginger Rogers is quite glowing as a pair of sisters in this evanescent piece of foolishness. Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore assist her ably. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 1.)

**The Moon Is Blue**—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Number**—George Abbott directed this melodrama about the numbers racket, and while his gifted hand is occasionally visible, the show is by no means as exciting as it ought to be. With Murvyn Vye, Martha Scott, and Dane Clark. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Remains to Be Seen**—Young love and violent death are the principal ingredients of this comedy melodrama by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, which may be something of a disappointment to the admirers of both these great men. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Saint Joan**—A revival of Shaw's fine play, and a really worth-while event. The Theatre Guild produced it, and Margaret Webster has directed a more than usually accomplished cast, in which are Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Stalag 17**—A rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, that will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |

**Long Run—affairs of state:** June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**I Am a Camera**—A new play by John van Druten, adapted from Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories," with Julie Harris and William Prince. Produced by Gertrude Macy in association with Walter Starcke, and directed by Mr. van Druten. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**The King and I**—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Paint Your Wagon**—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very satisfactory, and James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, James Mitchell, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Top Banana**—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy about an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, and Walter Dare Wahl. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A Tree Grows in Brooklyn**—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and moving adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, and Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

**Two on the Aisle**—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—call me madam:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Don Juan in Hell**—Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead in a reading of the dream sequence from Shaw's "Man and Superman." Staged by Mr. Laughton and presented by Paul Gregory. Opens Thursday, Nov. 29. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Monday, Dec. 31.)

**Nina**—A Parisian comedy by André Roussin, adapted by Samuel Taylor, with Gloria Swanson, David Niven, and Alan Webb. Presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd., and directed by Gregory Ratoff. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 5. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Constant Wife**—Katharine Cornell, Brian Aherne, and Grace George in a revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy. Produced by Miss Cornell and staged by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Saturday, Dec. 8. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director, Vol. XXVII, No. 42, December 1, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**New York City Ballet Company**—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 29: "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," "Four Temperaments," "The Cage," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Friday evening, Nov. 30: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," "Lilac Garden," and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 1: "The Duel," "The Fairy's Kiss," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," and "Cakewalk." ...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 1: "Card Game," "Prodigal Son," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 2: "Jinx," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Trois," and "Firebird."...¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 2: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Age of Anxiety," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 4: "Symphonie Concertante," "The Pied Piper" (première), "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 5: "The Duel," "Lilac Garden," "Pas de Trois," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 6: "Serenade," "Tyl Ulenspiegel," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 7: "Swan Lake," "The Pied Piper," "The Cage," and "La Valse."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 8: "Swan Lake," "Card Game," "Lilac Garden," and "Bourrée Fantasque."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 8: "The Fairy's Kiss," "Four Temperaments," "A la Françaix," and "La Valse." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

**La Meri**—And her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Janet Collins**—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Vaudeville**—Judy Garland, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Borscht Capades**—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 2.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler's string quartet make drinking music in the rotunda at cocktail time.

**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

**Carlton House,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

**Gogi's Larue,** 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from nine-thirty on. Pancho weighs in now and then with his rumba band. In the lush little Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Thursday, Nov. 29, is, like the final Thursday of every month, black tie. Closed Mondays.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The social headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

**New Yorker,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Oh, everyone has seen an ice show. This one, too, has its ups and its downs. It also has puppets (yes, puppets) and pretty girls, but, luckily, none of the usual paralyzing pratfall humor. Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the dances of Tony and Sally De Marco are the very best poetry of motion. Robert Maxwell, a young man with a hot harp, does complex tricks with Gershwin and his peers. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Celeste Holm, a vivid topper for a Christmas stocking, is having a barrel of fun in the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte emit the dance music. Closed Sundays....¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is thoroughly devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty....¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo, who by now must feel that he owns the place. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a stately manse, there are songs by Margaret Phelan, who isn't quite sure whether she's trying to be a big bad wolf or Mother's angel child. On Thursday, Dec. 6, Polly Bergen, a newly hatched meadowlark, will take over. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

**Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, small but gala, Hugo Pedell and his boys play real nimble dance tunes when Hélène François, a suave Parisian bonbon, isn't singing sweetly to the music of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. On Thursday, Dec. 6, she and Mr. Pedell will be supplanted by Emil Coleman's band. Closed Sundays.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's band, which wouldn't know a stock orchestration if it saw one, is in high gear during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Basket parties not welcome.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The patter of tiny feet is again audible in this ancient château. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing a wide-awake musical-comedy setting for Carmen Torres' vivid and neatly done Spanish arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

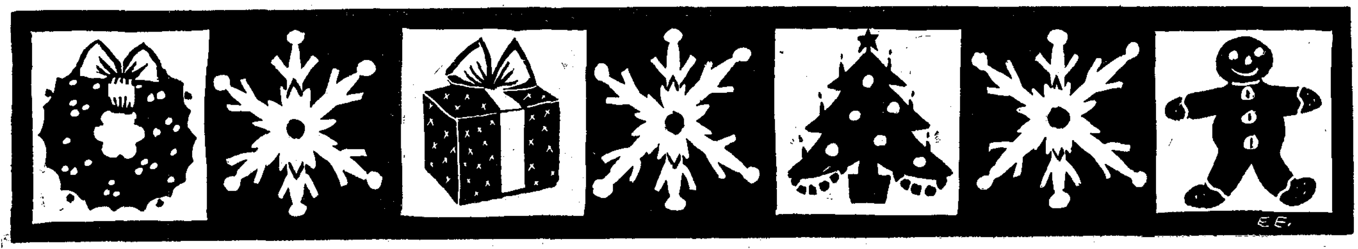
**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Mary McCarty, a sturdy and athletic romp, is having a high old time in the Empire Room (né Wedgwood). Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez toss off some pretty bright dances. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all night long, and the others show up at dinner and supper. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself....¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.

**Note**—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate rendezvous no larger than Texas, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The authoritative Pearl Bailey's crystal-clear thoughts on the uses and abuses of the male of the species. Harry Rosenthal's and Ernie Warren's trios play for dancing. The atmosphere is *la vie en* Times Square.... **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, wherein the food of love is provided after eleven by Hugh Shannon and Louis Hawkins, who keep the local piano in a fine state of resonance. Mr. Shannon also sings at his work, mostly about what fools we mortals be. Mr. Hawkins larks about from six to nine, too. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, except Mondays, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études.... **THE ALBERT,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The trappings are out of an old Welsh-rabbit dream, but the piano music is Cy Walter's, which should suffice. He's there after ten, except Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio whoop it up after ten, except Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore set. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays. ... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during din-



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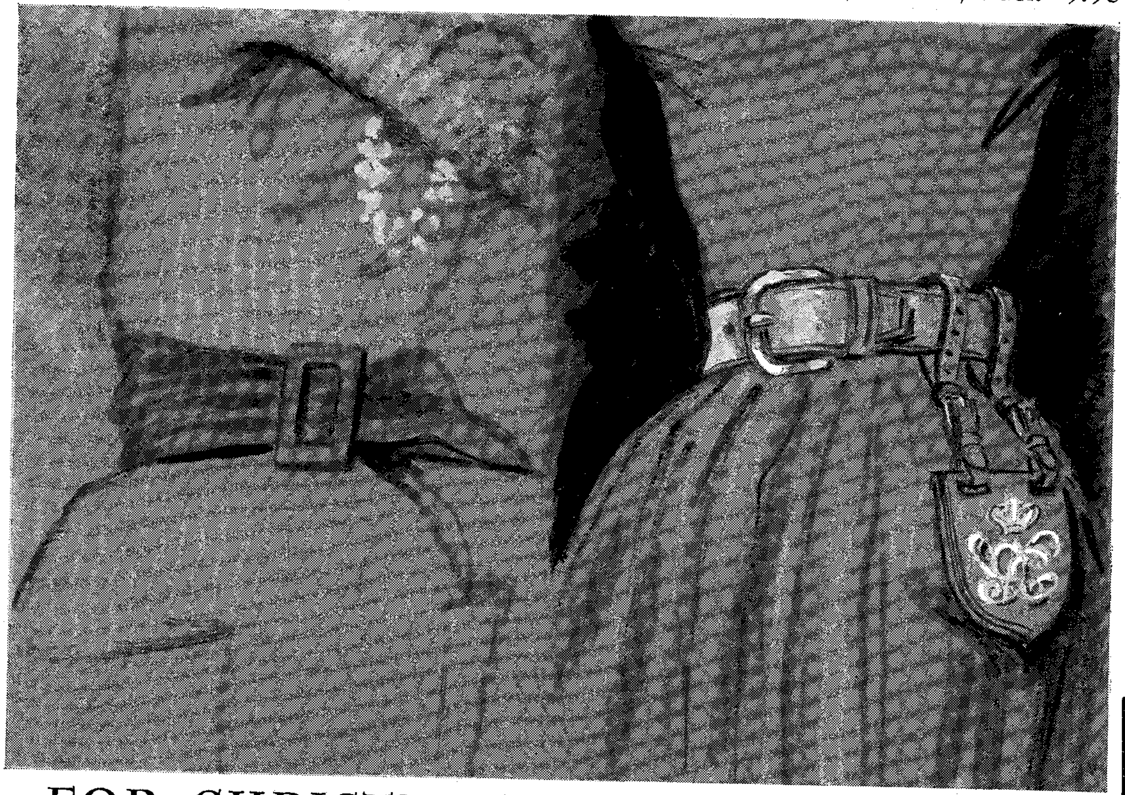

FOR CHRISTMAS, KING SIZE BELTS . . .

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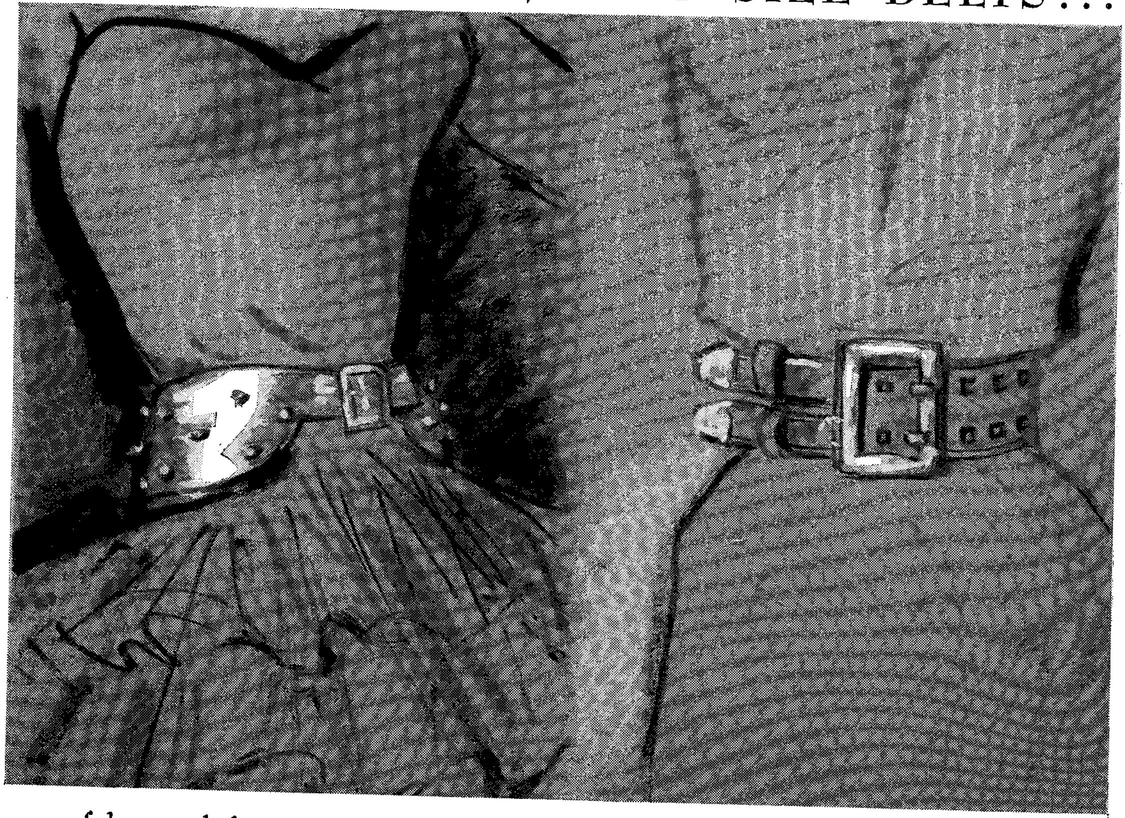

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, practically the last stand of the unelectrified guitar, amuses his dinner and supper guests with song, dance, banter, and romance. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan pours sparkling Burgundy from his piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cook presides.

### BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat and his motley bunch of Mexican jumping beans, plus Jack Carter and his jokes. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Humor by Oliver Wakefield, and dance music by none other than Claude Hopkins and his new quartet. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Life in the Tenderloin was never really like this, but the performers and the guests get a big kick out of pretending they think it was. Paul Killiam's running comment on some old silent movies is the icing on this particular cake. Visiting performers Mondays at midnight, amateurs Tuesdays at ten. No dishes or other door prizes. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL,** 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): An enormous floor show, Harlem in origin, whose jests are sort of lame, halt, and blind but whose dancing is joyously triple-jointed. On Thursday, Nov. 29, a new extravaganza moves in.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, there's educated fun for everyone—Charles Trenet's *contes drolatiques*, set to the blithe music of Eadie and Rack's pianos; Kirkwood and Goodman's tilting at some very vulnerable windmills; and Annette Warren's songs, which are sweet and low-down. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the cheery sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . ¶ Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano in the lounge at dinner, except Tuesdays, and after the theatre, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack while away the night with their piano duets. Sundays, Eadie and Rack do a reprise between five-thirty and seven. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's precocious assemblage of quiz kids: The analytical mind of Ronny Graham dissecting such modern phenomena as bop, Menotti, and Capote; the Three Riffs' song-and-dance festival; Pat Carroll's wise and witty monologs; and Ellen Hanley's pretty madrigals. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): One of the season's catches—Harry Belafonté, singing folk songs from everywhere. The balance of a good show is provided by Royce Wallace, who has a seductive soprano, and Phil Leeds, a diffident but entertaining humorist. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Adnia Rice, a small tidal wave, makes loud and generally humorous noises, and Jeff Warren sings youthfully and well. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The apparently shatterproof Mae Barnes is still rolling out her barrel-house ballads. Tony and Eddie, those vigorous spoofers of injudicious recordings, are back in town, and so are the Three Flames, whose words and music (especially those of Tiger Haines) have four-wheel drive. There are also songs by Jimmie Daniels, who's a romanticist at heart, and double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Closed Mondays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always thunderous. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This commodious chophouse is now open every night, affording, after nine, except Sundays, the unobtrusive fretwork of Red Norvo's inventive trio, which involves Tal Farlow on guitar, and the rollicking music of Teddy Wilson's quartet, featuring Mr. W.'s precise piano and Don Elliot's adventures with French horn, trumpet, and vibraharp. Irving Fields' trio plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, also except Sundays, when Bobby Hackett leads his commandos into action. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Chicago mob, paced by Muggsy Spanier's trumpet, has taken over this much of the Village. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, one of our top-drawer trombonists, has assembled here a useful collection of craftsmen, among them Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Freddy Moore, and even a banjoist, Danny Barker. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Cab Calloway's band gives way to James Moody's on Thursday, Dec. 6, but Dizzy Gillespie's will go right on bleating. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a roughhouse here every Friday night. This week (Nov. 30), it'll be handled by Ray McKinley, Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Gene Sedric, and kindred spirits. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Nov. 30), Kansas Fields, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Munn Ware, and the Conrad Janis band will lay down the law. Dancing.

## ART

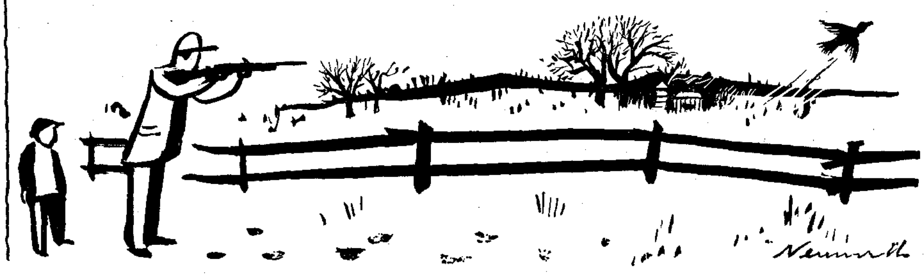
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

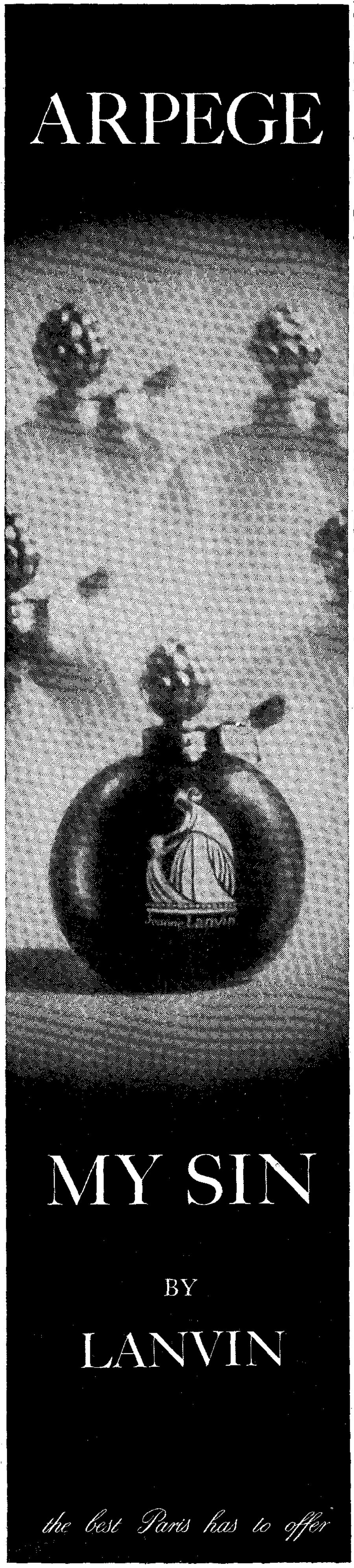
### GALLERIES

**AFRICAN SCULPTURES**—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Dec. 24. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

**ALTAMIRANO**—Broadly handled, bright-colored oils, chiefly of seaside subjects, by a Chilean artist new to this country; through Dec. 1. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

**AUDUBON**—A loan showing of animal paintings,

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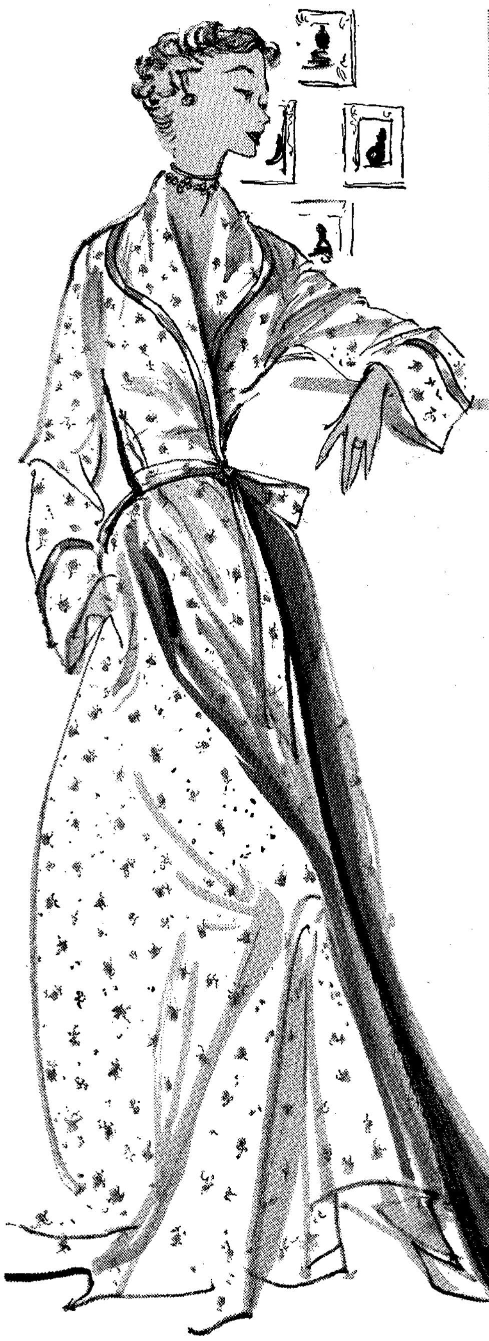
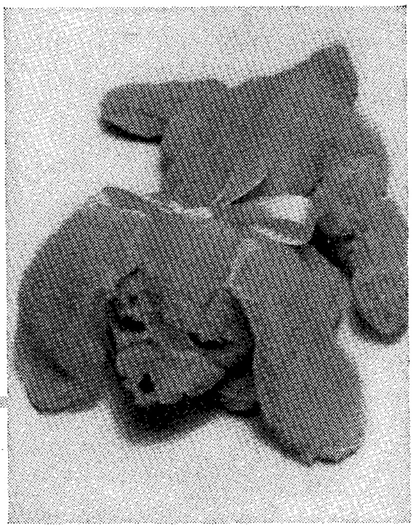
# FOR CHRISTMAS

Franklin Simon





LOVABLE "FLOPPY"... Bantam's huggable, cuddly pup that's irresistible to children of all ages. In soft rayon plush with soulful embroidered eyes. Pink, blue, white, beige, or black. 16½" size, **2.98** 22", **3.98**

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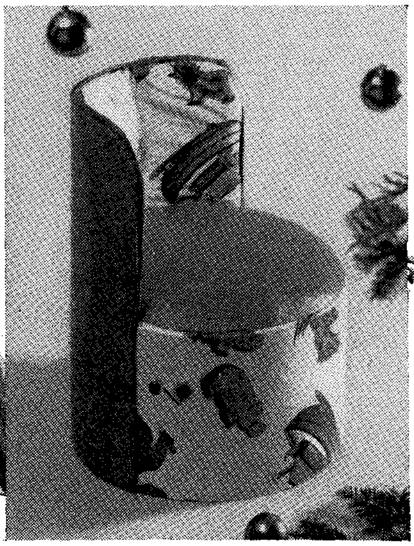

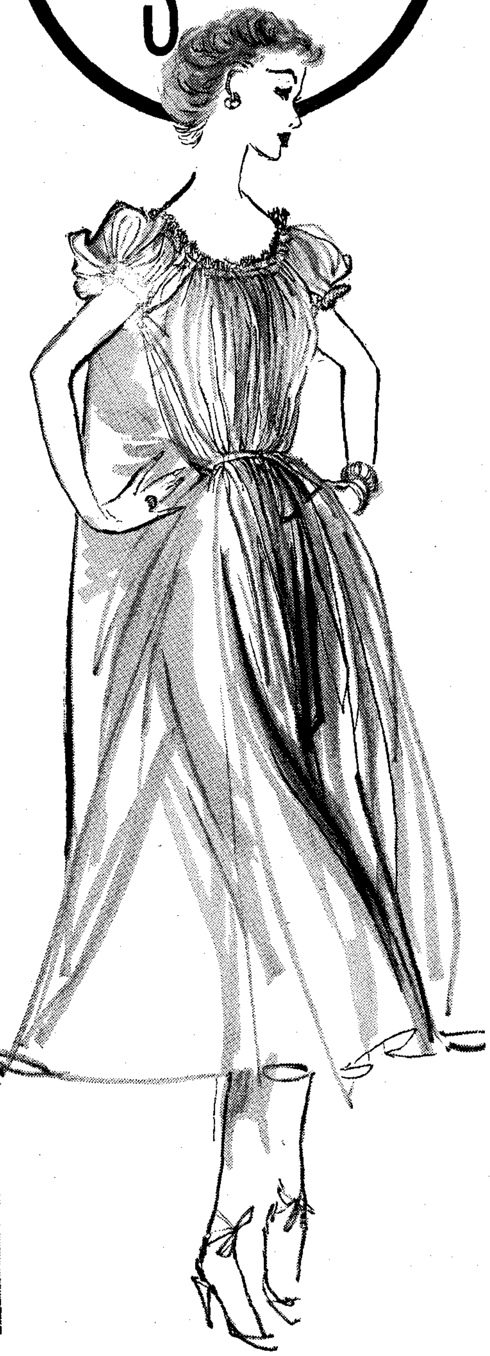

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Dec. 31. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**SAMUEL BRECHER**—Breezy Impressionist oils, principally of scenes around Boothbay Harbor, Maine; through Dec. 1. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

**BRIAN CONNELLY**—Exquisitely done but rather empty *trompe-l'œil* paintings; through Dec. 8. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.)

**ADOLF DEHN**—This well-known water-colorist turns his hand to oils, with good effect, in a series of briskly stylized Haitian studies; through Dec. 1. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**MAX ERNST**—New paintings, generally Arizonan in motivation, and featuring a number of the minutely executed, postage-stamp-size paintings he calls "microbes;" through Dec. 15. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

**HELEN FRANKENTHALER**—Abstract paintings, showing a good feeling for effective color, by one of the more talented younger artists; through Dec. 1. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Oils, water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints by about twenty artists, including Gretna Campbel and John Sennhauser; through Dec. 24. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso, as well as numerous others, are represented in this group of modern French artists; through Dec. 31. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Modern French paintings by such men as Picasso, Braque, and Utrillo, shown here for the first time; through Dec. 1. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Contrasting paintings by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, and Joseph Glasco; through Dec. 1.

**LOUIS GUGLIELMI**—New paintings, still mainly on city subjects but more abstract in style than before, in his first showing in several years; through Dec. 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**HANS HOFMANN**—New paintings, some of them more strictly linear in style than usual, by the elder statesman of the abstract-Expressionist group; through Dec. 1. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

**HENRY KOERNER**—Crisp, sometimes slightly enigmatic, drawings; through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

**MASTERPIECES FROM MUSEUMS AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS**—A loan show, and a superb one, of paintings of the fourteenth century through the nineteenth, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**WILLIAM C. MCNULTY**—A retrospective display of work done during fifty years as a newspaper artist, a magazine and book illustrator, an etcher, and a painter by this artist, who has been an instructor at the League for twenty years; through Dec. 8. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 8; Saturdays, 9 to 4:30.)

**JOAN MIRÓ**—Early paintings covering the period from 1916 to 1923; through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**PAINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES**—Loan showing of paintings, 1720 to 1920, and rather uneven in quality, from the collection of the International Business Machines Corporation, for the benefit of the Music Research Foundation; through Dec. 5. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

**WALTER QUIRT**—Abstract paintings, deftly combining a touch of the Japanese with a vigorous personal note, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Dec. 1. (New Gallery, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

**HENRI ROUSSEAU**—A loan show, including a number of little-known pictures from abroad, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society; through Dec. 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**SCULPTURE BY PAINTERS**—A remarkably comprehensive survey, containing many obscure pieces by artists from Géricault and Daumier

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to André Masson and Max Weber; through Dec. 15. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Sculpture of the South Pacific**—A small but magnificent collection of examples of Polynesian and other Oceanic native carvings, many of them rare; through Dec. 31. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

**Paul Signac**—Oils and water colors, mostly landscapes, painted in France by this post-Impressionist, who died in 1935; through Dec. 1. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Rufino Tamayo**—New abstractions, a bit more muted in color than previously, but marked by his established and powerful anatomical style; through Dec. 15. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Some of This Week's Openings**—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Abraham Harriton; through Dec. 15.... **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Aristodemos Kaldis; through Dec. 20. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.... **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Walter Stuempfig; through Dec. 22.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Joe Lasker; through Dec. 15.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Arthur K. D. Healy; through Dec. 15.... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Jackson Pollock; through Dec. 15.... **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Raisa Robbins; through Dec. 15.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Major French paintings; through Dec. 15.

### MUSEUMS

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A large and well-organized loan exhibition, analyzing and illustrating the various trends in American painting from 1900 to the present; through Jan. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings and other works from the Lewisohn collection, including some notable Impressionist and post-Impressionist examples; through Dec. 2.... ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through April 1.... ¶ Sculptures by a hundred and one contemporary Americans selected through a nationwide competition sponsored by the Museum; starting Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints and illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; through Jan. 13. ... ¶ Photographs from *Life* magazine chosen by Edward Steichen and taken by Margaret Bourke-White, Alfred Eisenstadt, and Gjon Mili, among many others; through Dec. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A new group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Riverside Museum,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixth annual exhibition of the Creative Arts Associates, comprising ninety paintings and sculptures; starting Dec. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, a lively and well-balanced show; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Anne Bollinger, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Frank Valentino.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Hilde Gueden, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Paula Lenchner, Giacinto Prandelli, and Renato Capecchi.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:15:

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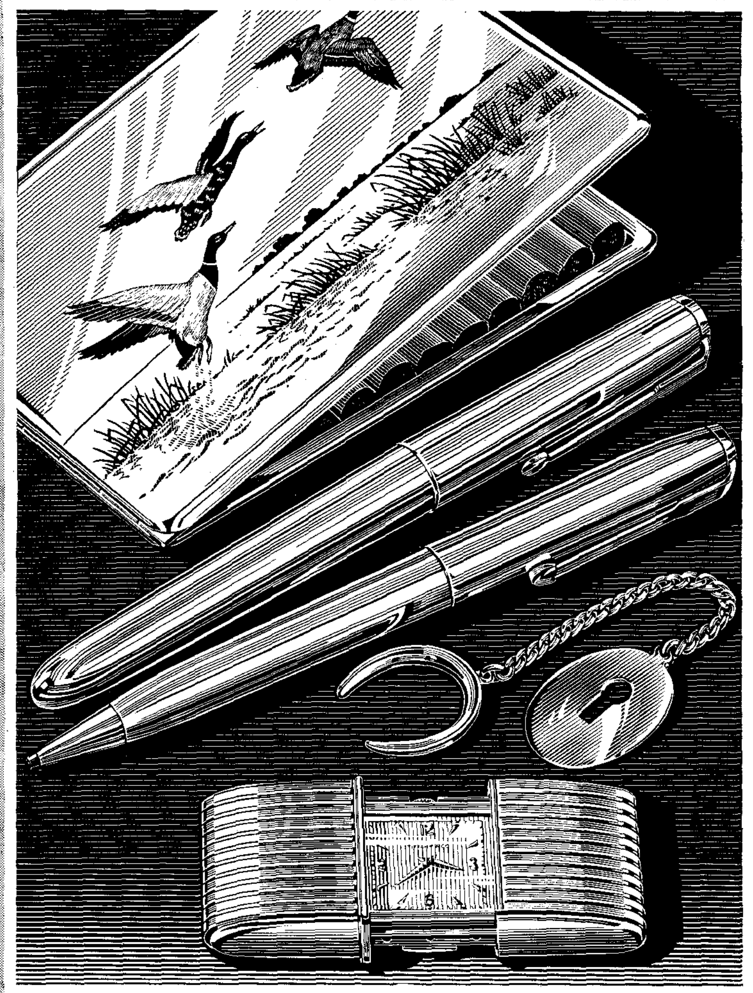

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 3, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, and Frank Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Regina Resnick, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Manon," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Madeira, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Aïda," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi.

**Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company**—Through Saturday, Dec. 1: "The Sorcerer." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 6-8: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:15.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 30, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 1, at 8:45; and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:30 (all with Michael Rabin, violin). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting: Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:45, and Friday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 (both with Jascha Heifetz, violin).

**Boston Symphony**—Pierre Monteux conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:45, and Saturday, Dec. 8, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

**Saidenberg Little Symphony**—Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Bach program, with Mitchell Miller, oboe, and other soloists. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:40.)

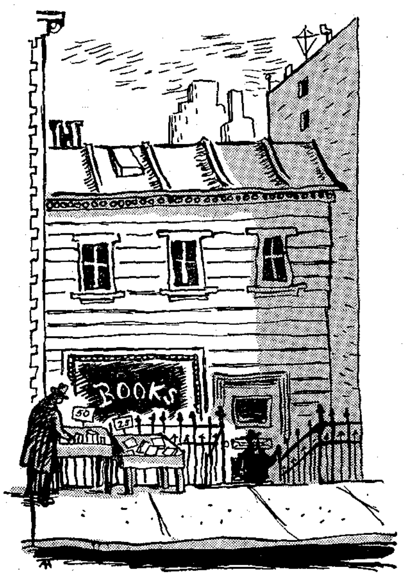
**Bach Aria Group**—William H. Scheide, director, with Marian Anderson, contralto; Erna Berger, soprano; and Norman Farrow, baritone; along with a chorus and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

**New York University Glee Club**—Alfred M. Greenfield directing, with Nadia Reisenberg, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**Freda Trepel**—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Folk singer. (McMillin



Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

**Ray Lev**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

**New Friends of Music**—Claudio Arrau, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 5:30.)

**Olga Coelho**—Brazilian soprano and guitarist. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

**Ossy Renardy**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

**Maryla Jonas**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

**Musicians' Guild**—The Kroll Quartet; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Frank Sheridan, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

**Graciela Rivera**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

**Paganini String Quartet**—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Rudolf Serkin**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

**Friedrich Gulda**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Jazz Concert**—Billy Eckstine, vocalist, and George Shearing's quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and midnight.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 30: Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 7: Paddy DeMarco vs. Sandy Saddler, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**College Football**—On Saturday, Dec. 1 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2:05.)

**Dog Show**—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 8.)

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

**Indoor Polo**—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concerts**—By the **philharmonic-symphony:** Igor Buketoff conducting, with Sally Day, harp. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11.) . . . **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, who will draw cartoons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

**Operetta**—"The Mikado," presented by the Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2:30. Tickets at the box office only, after 1:30 on the day of the performance. Children under six not admitted.)

**Junior Theatre**—"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

**Children's Carnival**—"Dizzy, the Clown, in the Broken-down Circus," a playlet, with dancers and singers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 2, at 2.)

**Marionettes**—By the **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Texas Tim." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 11.) . . . **folktale puppet studio:** "Aesop's Fables" and "The Nutcracker." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

**Miscellany**—A program of magic and comedy, along with puppets. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 1, at 3.)

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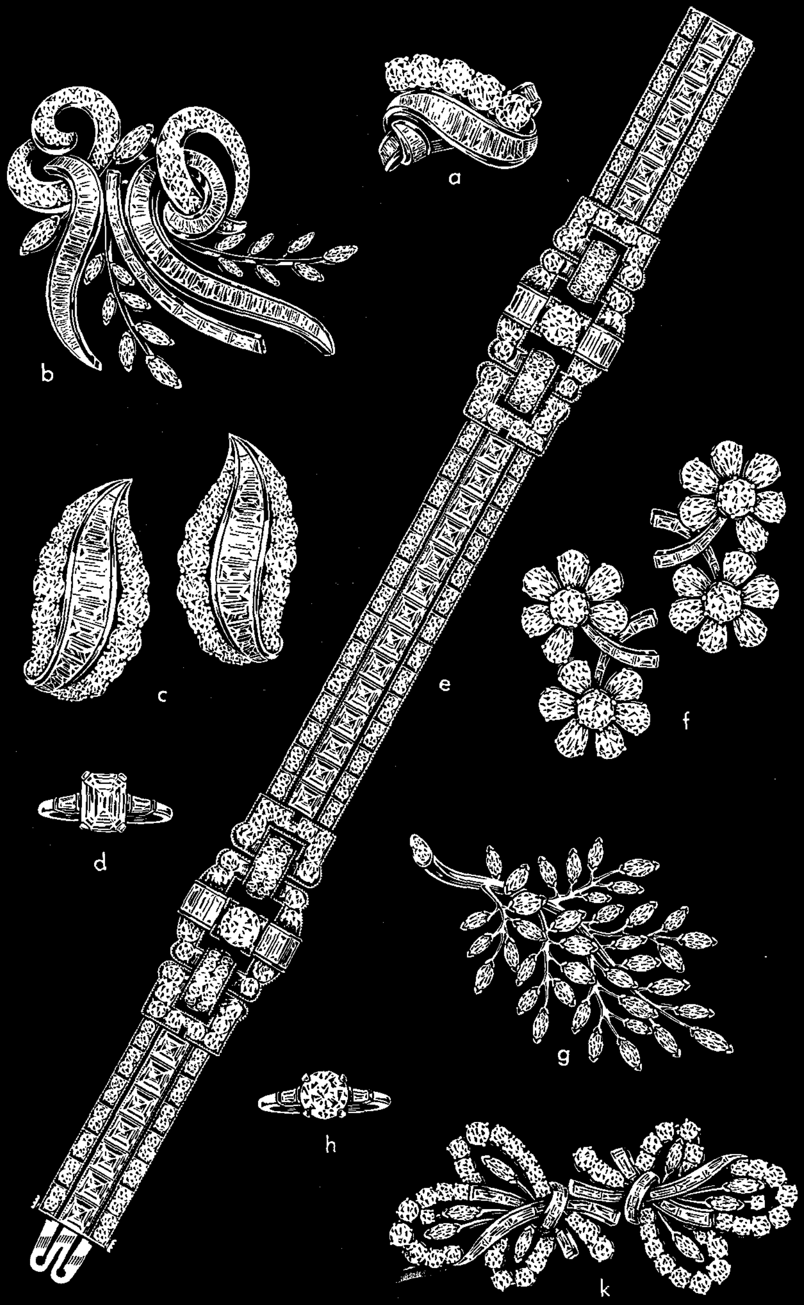

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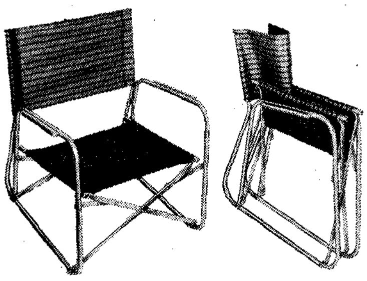

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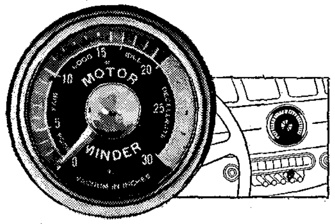

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as cattle cars, with cattle that troop in and out, and milk cars from which a toy man removes milk cans. (Lionel Showroom, 15 E. 26th St. MU 3-2707. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 3.) . . . ¶ More trains, a dozen of them on a seventy-foot miniature railway system; Erector models (a merry-go-round, for instance); and an atomic-energy lab (complete with cloud chamber and radioactive ores) plus numerous scientific displays that youngsters can operate by means of push buttons. (Gilbert Hall of Science, Fifth Ave. at 25th St. OR 9-1161. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**MOVIES**—"A Christmas Carol," with Alastair Sim. (Guild Theatre, Rockefeller Plaza. PL 7-2406. Through Saturday, Dec. 8, tentative.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Jan. 26. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here a day later over WCBS-TV, Mondays through Fridays at 6, and Sundays at 3. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM**—The current show is called "Conquest of Space." Starting Saturday, Dec. 1, there will be a new show, "The Christmas Star." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)—Friday, Nov. 30, at 10:15 and 1:45: Viennese and Russian silver and enamel, carvings, and decorative porcelains, the property of Louis H. Resnik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 1, at 1:45: French and Italian furniture and works of art, as well as paintings by Continental and American artists, sculptures, and silver, from the collection of the late David Warfield. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 3-4, at 1:45 and 8, and Wednesday, Dec. 5, at 8: First editions of English and American authors, incunabula including à Kempis's "De Imitatione Christi," and other early books, from the estate of Edward Hubert Litchfield. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7-8, at 1:45: Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Art, Gothic and Renaissance sculptures, furniture, decorative objects, and stained glass, belonging to the estate of William Randolph Hearst. Exhibition starts Dec. 1.

●

**NOTE**—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court

House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

### COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Dec. 14: Kid Gavilan vs. Walter Cartier, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Dec. 21: Roland La Starza vs. Dan Bucceroni, heavyweights, 10 rounds.

**Hockey**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 9, 12, 16, 19, 23, 26, and 30, and Jan. 2, 6, 9, and 13.

**Horse Show**—Ox Ridge Hunt Club (Indoor) Horse Show, at Darien, Conn., Jan. 5.

**Professional Football**—At Yankee Stadium—Yanks vs. Chicago Bears, Dec. 9, and Yanks vs. Giants, Dec. 16.

**Skating**—Silver Skates finals. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 7.)

**Music**—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 12. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 11 and Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Smith-Harvard Glee Clubs, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's concert, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ First program in Robert Shaw's Choral Masterwork Series, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Edmund Kurtz, cello, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Anahid and Maro Ajemian, violin and piano, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Jan. 15. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Irmgard Seefried, soprano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ New Friends of Music, Dec. 9 and 16, and Jan. 6 and 13. . . . ¶ Josef Marais and Miranda, folk singers, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 10 and Jan. 7. . . . ¶ American Bach Society, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's concert, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Hufstader Singers, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Seymour Lipkin, piano, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ The Weavers, folk singers, Dec. 21-22. . . . ¶ Trapp Family Singers, Dec. 22-23. . . . ¶ Interracial Fellowship Chorus, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Fernando Valenti, harpsichord, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, Jan. 14.

**Ballet**—Uday Shankar and his Hindu ballet, at the ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W., Dec. 25-Jan. 6.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A new play by Elmer Rice, "The Grand Tour," with Beatrice Straight and Richard Derr in the leading roles. . . . ¶ "Lo and Behold," a play by John Patrick, with Leo G. Carroll, Jeffrey Lynn, and Lee Grant. . . . ¶ Henry Fonda starring in "Point of No Return," a play by Paul Osborn based on the John P. Marquand novel. . . . ¶ Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." A limited engagement, during which the plays will be alternated at every performance. . . . ¶ "Fancy Meeting You Again," a new comedy by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, in which Miss MacGrath will have a major part. . . . ¶ An import from London, "Legend of Lovers," adapted by Kitty Black from a play by Jean Anouilh. Dorothy McGuire and Richard Burton will head the cast. . . . ¶ The New York City Theatre Company will offer revivals of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," with Maurice Evans, and O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Celeste Holm. . . . ¶ A revival of "Pal Joey," the Rodgers and Hart musical for which John O'Hara wrote the book. The company will include Vivienne Segal and Harold Lang.

**Other Dates**—First day of winter, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Tuesdays. . . . ¶ National Motor Boat Show, at Grand Central Palace, Jan. 11-19. . . . ¶ Quarterly federal-income-tax payments are due Jan. 15.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**The Brave Bulls**—What goes on in a bullfighter's head after it occurs to him that his occupation is not as casual as twirling a cape at the opera. Although the toreador's brooding takes up quite a bit of time, there are some stimulating shots of bulls in action in the arena. Mel Ferrer is the most prominent human actor. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 30-Dec. 3, tentative.)

**The Browning Version**—Once again, an English film about an English school. This one centers on a crotchety professor of Greek, who goes to pieces when he realizes he has lost his knack for getting his pupils interested in Aeschylus. Michael Redgrave is admirable as the schoolmaster, and is supported by an able cast. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Detective Story**—An uproarious view of a police precinct in action, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. Kirk Douglas is the storied detective, and milling about him are Eleanor Parker, Horace McMahon, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

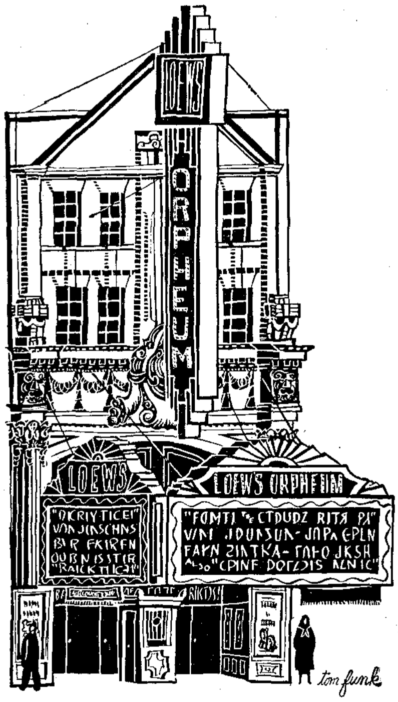
**The Lavender Hill Mob**—A funny English film in which Alec Guinness is happily cast as a mousey employee of the Bank of England who manages to steal a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**Odette**—The adventures of a French lady who, serving with the British Military Intelligence, was an underground agent in France throughout most of the last war. Based on fact, this English picture is livelier than almost any trumped-up spy drama you ever saw. Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard head the trilingual cast. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 2-3.)

**A Place in the Sun**—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' engrossing interpretation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Nov. 30-Dec. 3. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Dec. 4.)

**Quo Vadis**—Christians vs. pagans in a first-century bout that suffers from the lack of a timekeeper. Robert Taylor, 29,999 other actors, and a zooful of livestock are fitfully visible. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240. Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Continuous showings.)

**The River**—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and colorful Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)



**Tales of Hoffmann**—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215; through Dec. 5, tentative. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Tony Draws a Horse**—An English film that gently spoofs a number of the homeland's peculiar mores. Cecil Parker, Anne Crawford, and an excellent supporting cast. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 30-Dec. 3, tentative.)

**The Well**—Race-rioting and the rescue of a small girl from a well are turned into a rousing melodrama. The cast features Henry Morgan, Richard Rober, Barry Kelly, and Maidie Norman. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Dec. 2-4. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 3-4.)

### REVIVALS

**Un Carnet de Bal** (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 1.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-4.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 2-4.)

**Immortal Sergeant** (1943)—A British patrol lost in the Libyan desert. With Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Dec. 1.)

**Last Holiday** (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 4, tentative.)

**Madeleine** (1950)—Love and arsenic mingled in a British mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. With Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Dec. 4-5.)

**The Magnet** (1951)—William Fox as a small boy in confused conflict with the world of adults. An English film. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 2-4.)

**Man of Aran** (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish Island life. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Dec. 4, tentative.)

**Mourning Becomes Electra** (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Dec. 4, tentative.)

**My Little Chickadee** (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

**Never Give a Sucker an Even Break** (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

**Ninotchka** (1939)—Garbo full of laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; Dec. 3-4.)

**Pépé le Moko** (1941)—Life in the Casbah. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Dec. 5, tentative.)

**The Talk of the Town** (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Dec. 2-4.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Dec. 2: Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ "Night Must Fall" (1927), with Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Dame May Whitty. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**QUO VADIS.**

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **TALES OF HOFFMANN.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**QUO VADIS.**

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Warpath," Edmond O'Brien, Dean Jagger.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
**DETECTIVE STORY.**

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Dec. 5: "Too Young to Kiss," June Allyson, Van Johnson.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Dec. 4 (tentative): "Two Tickets to Broadway," Tony Martin, Janet Leigh.
From Dec. 5 (tentative): "The Racket," Robert Mitchum, Lizabeth Scott.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Fixed Bayonets!," Richard Basehart, Gene Evans.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Golden Girl," Mitzi Gaynor, Dale Robertson.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through Dec. 4: "Across the Wide Missouri," Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban.
From Dec. 5: "Callaway Went Thataway," Dorothy McGuire, Fred MacMurray.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Dec. 4: "Come Fill the Cup," James Cagney, Phyllis Thaxter.
From Dec. 5: "The Tanks Are Coming," Steve Cochran, Philip Carey.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (in French), revival.

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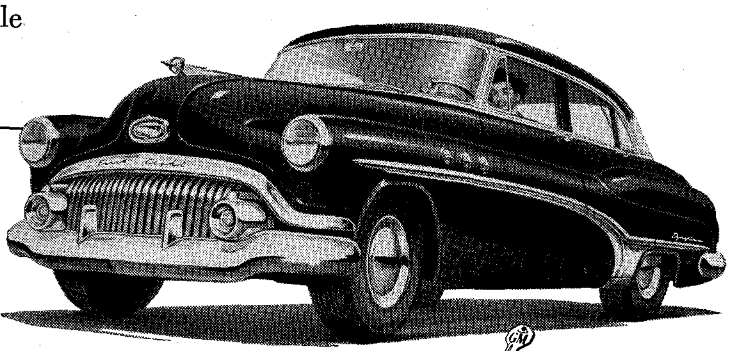

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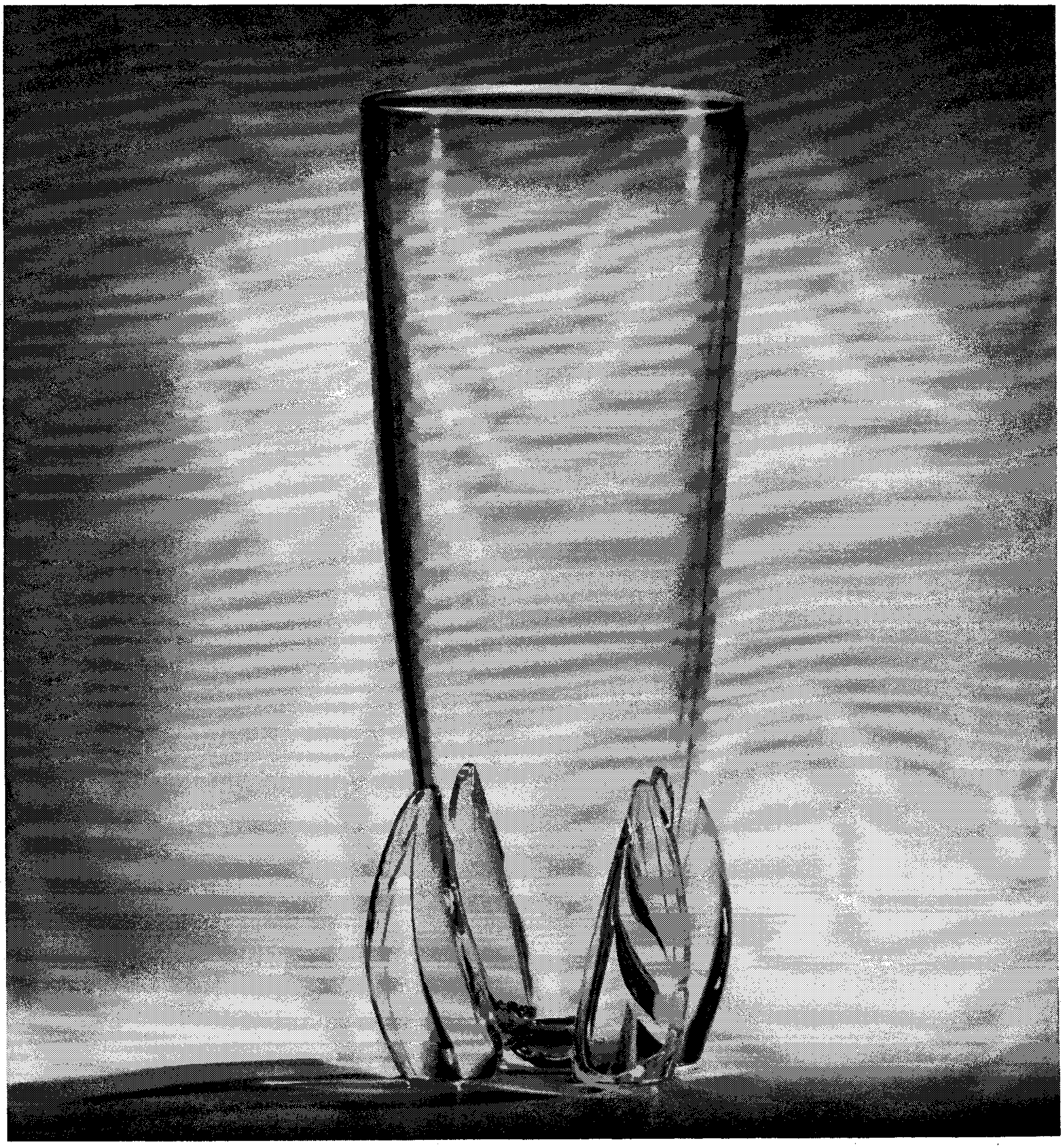

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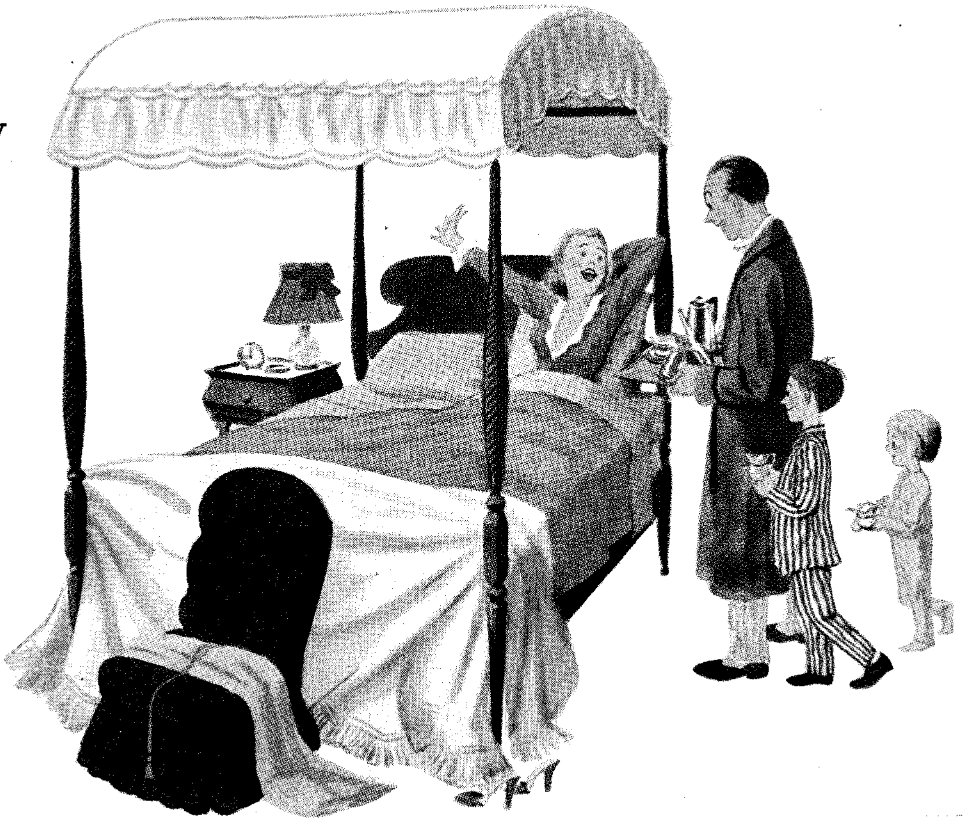

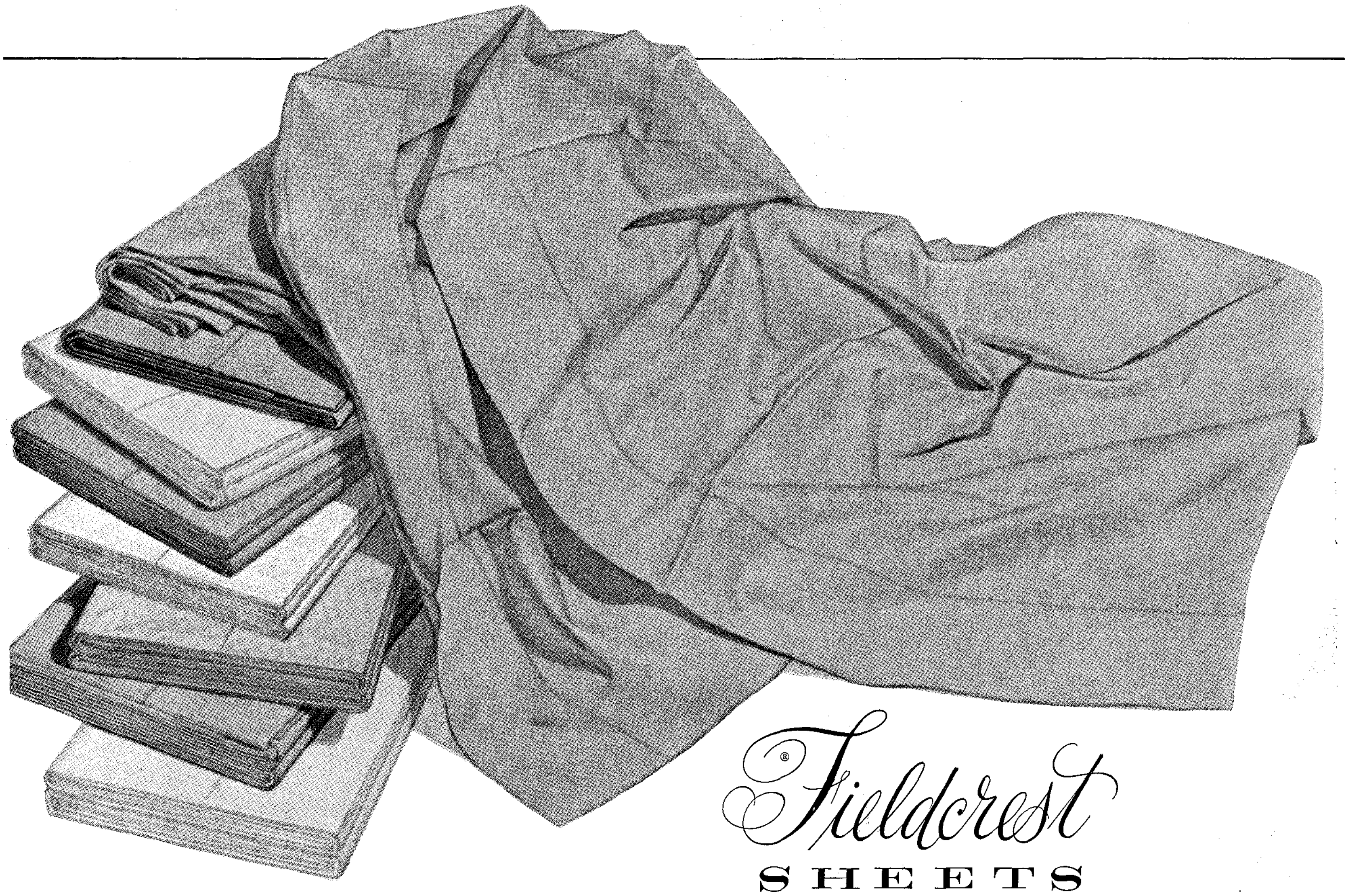

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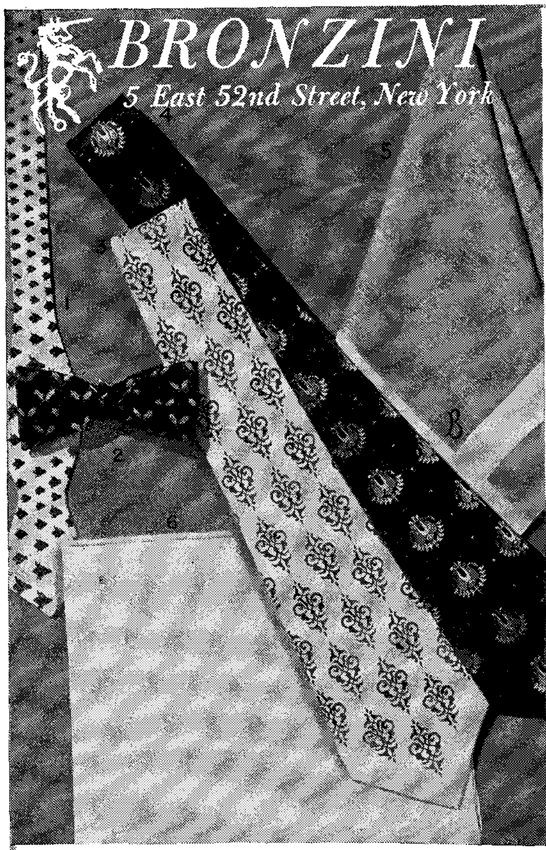

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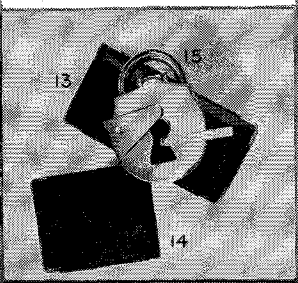
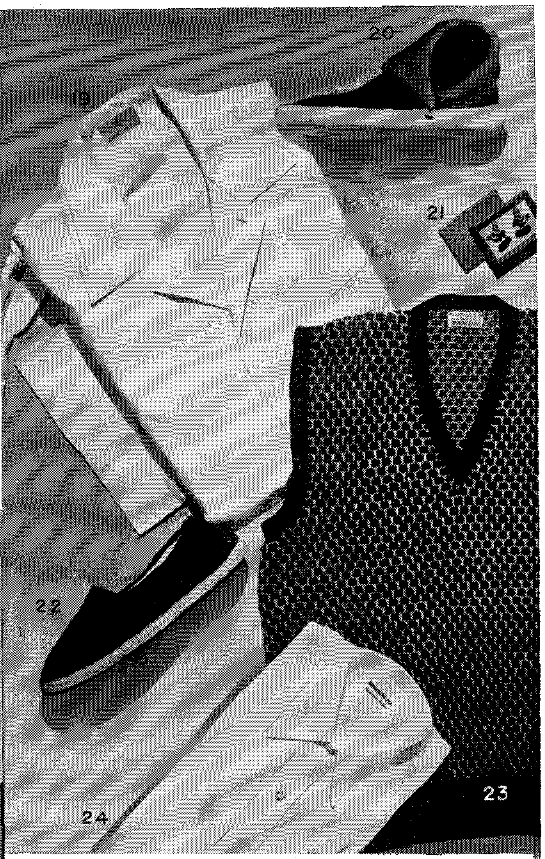
6—Linen and cotton, single initial close to center of handkerchief, (3.50 each.) doz. ...... 42.00





7—Stitched suede pullover, wool knit back, navy, grey, beige, brown ........ 25.00
8—Fine gabardine pullover, knit back, navy, beige, grey, brown ........ 22.50
9—Hand knit socks with colored clocks, navy, grey, brown...... 10.00
10—Sport Belt of hand woven ribbon, navy, wine, brown, grey...... 12.50
11—Imported belt of pigskin ........ 24.00
12—Soft pigskin gloves, backs of hand knit wool, navy or beige ........ 21.50
13—Wafer thin theatre wallet of black pin seal, four gold corners ........ 24.00*

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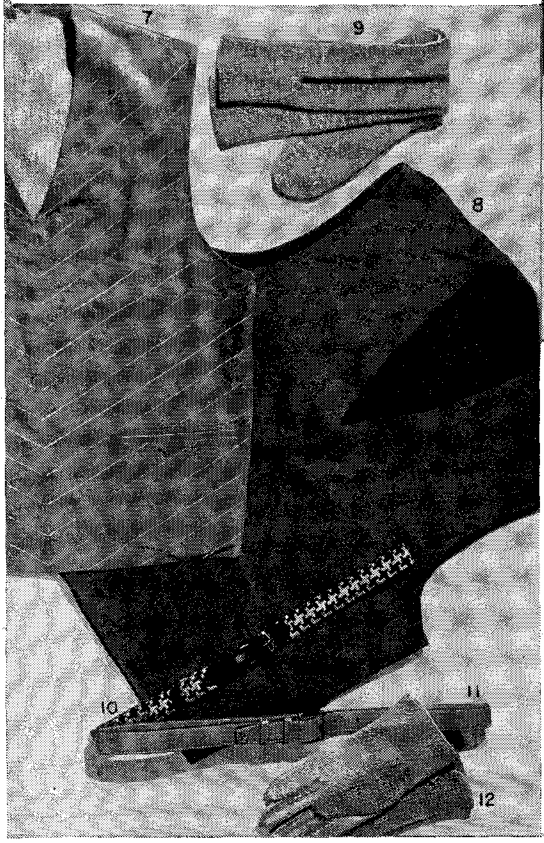
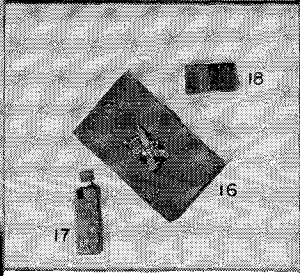
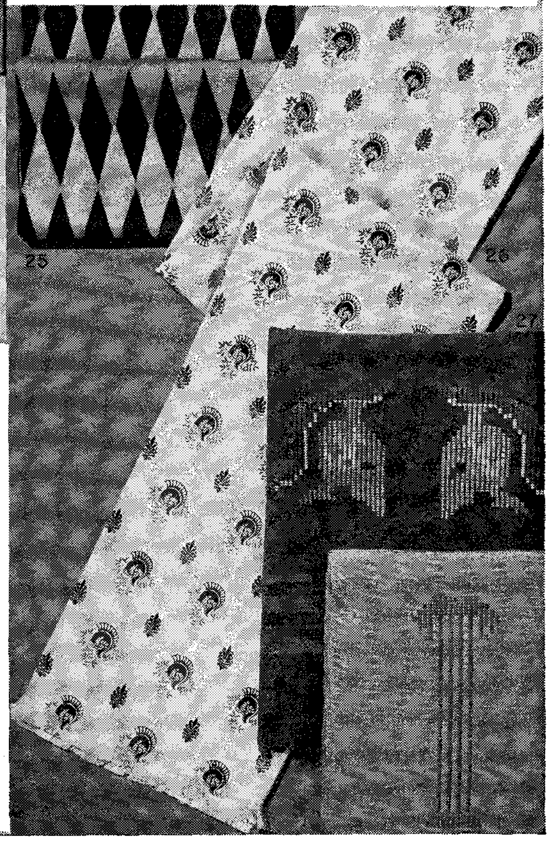
14—Hip wallet—black pin seal—four gold corners ........ 30.00*
15—Ash tray in form of large heavy brass padlock ........ 10.00
16—Cigarette case, oxidized silver and 18 kt. gold ........ 350.00*
17—Pocket lighter, same as above ...... 195.00*
18—Belt buckle, same as above ........ 150.00*
19—Heavy silk crepe English pajamas—off-white only ........ 55.00
20—House shoes of soft black buckskin, rawhide sole ........ 19.50
21—Flying duck cuff links, hand carved and painted ........ 18.00*

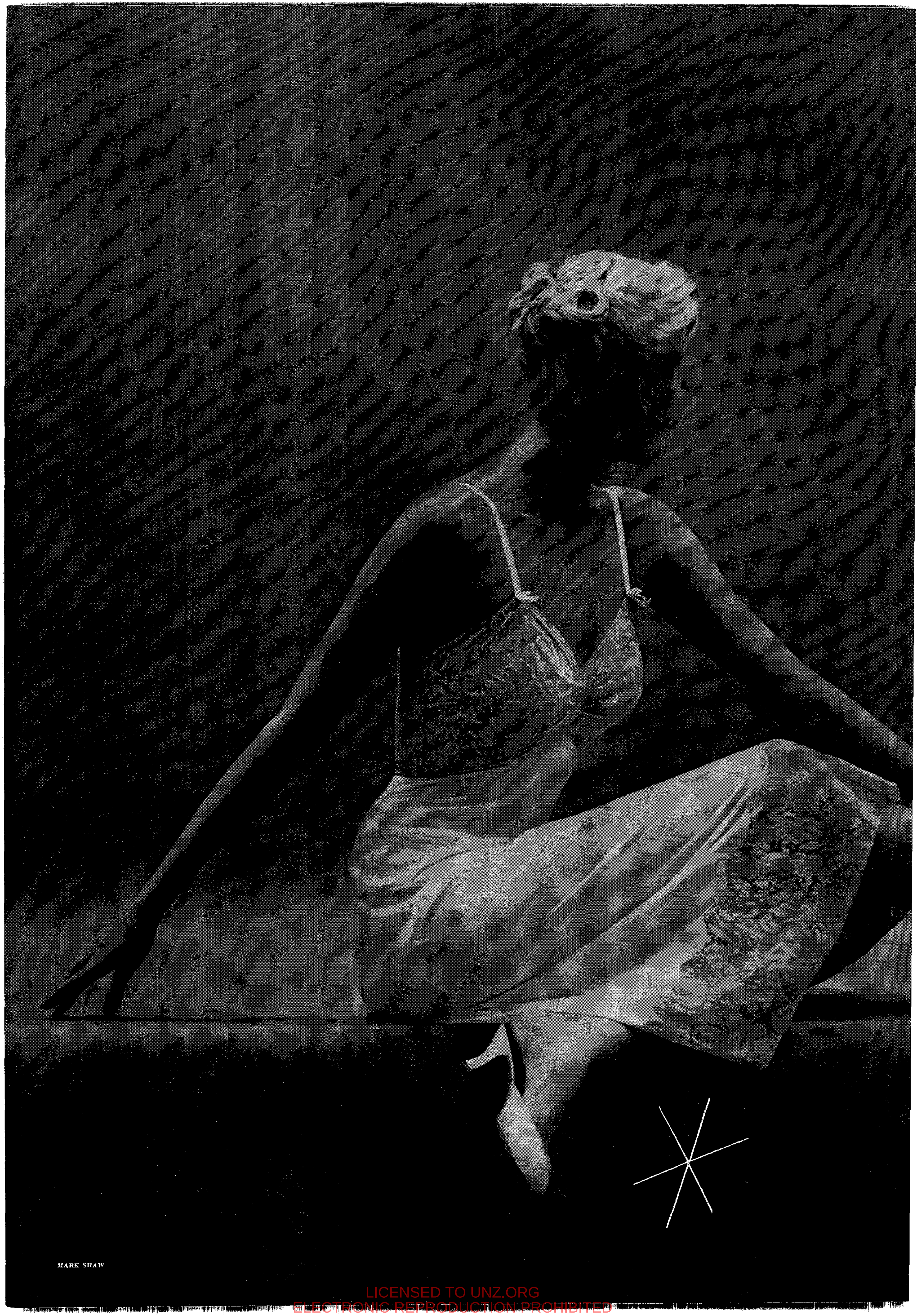




22—Black velveteen house shoes, rope sole. 7.50
23—Handknit cashmere sweater, navy and wine, grey and navy ........ 45.00
24—Bronzini shirt of imported broadcloth, French cuff, wide or narrow point collar. 12.50
25—Pure silk scarf, navy and gold, wine and navy ........ 19.50
26—Silk print scarf, grounds of garnet, white, navy, grey...... 19.50
27—Hand woven scarves of wool, assorted designs and colors ........ 18.50

***Fed. tax incl.**





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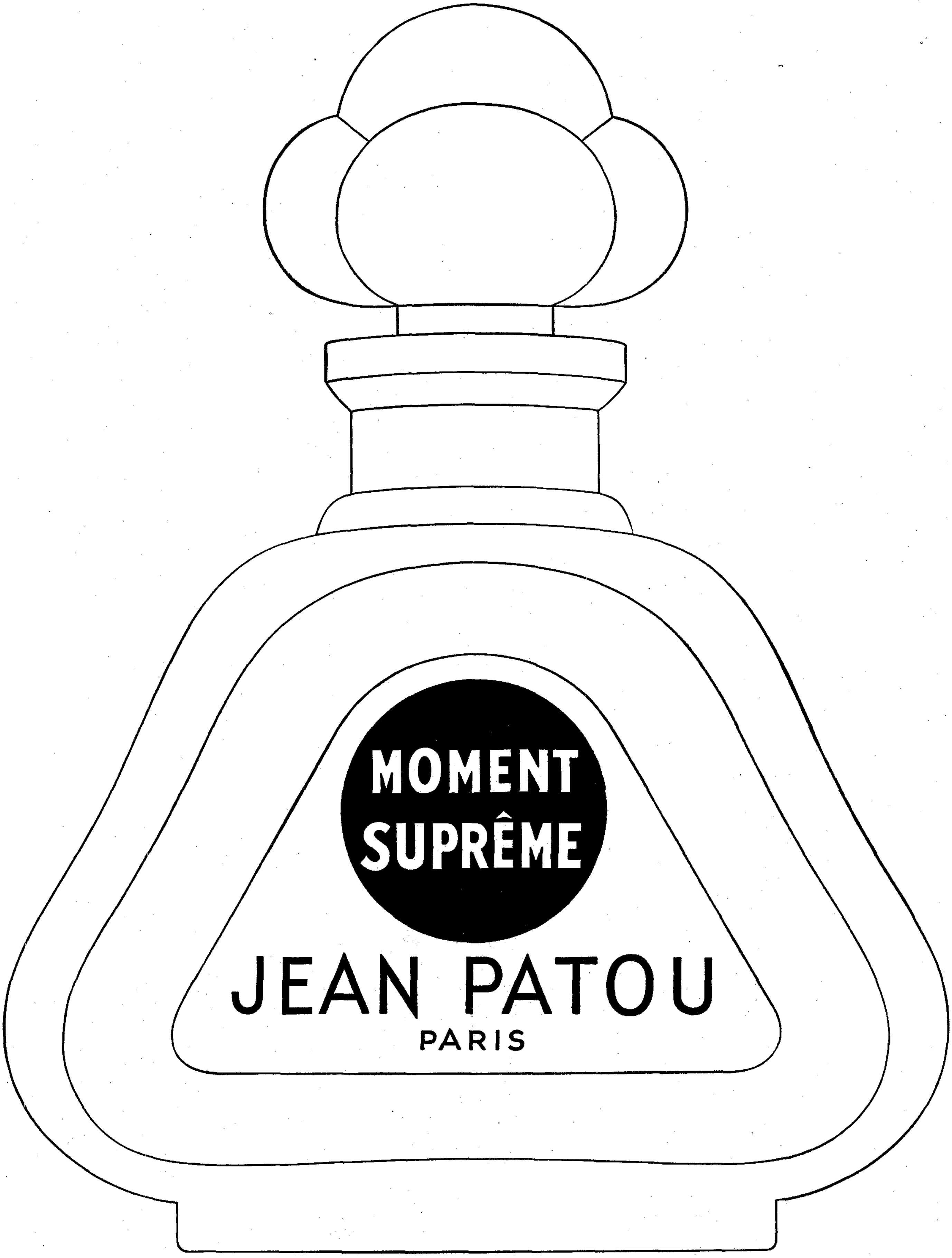
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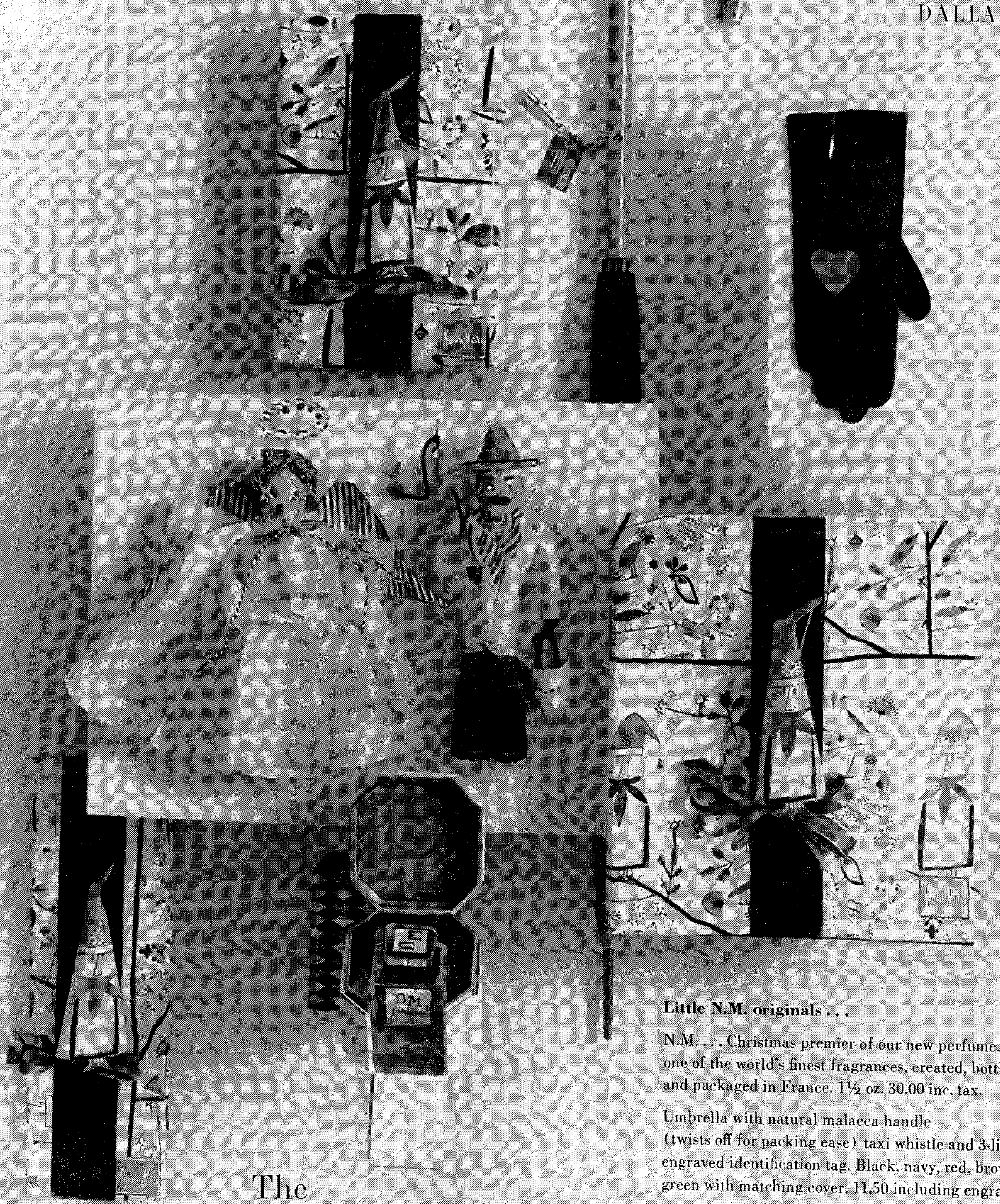

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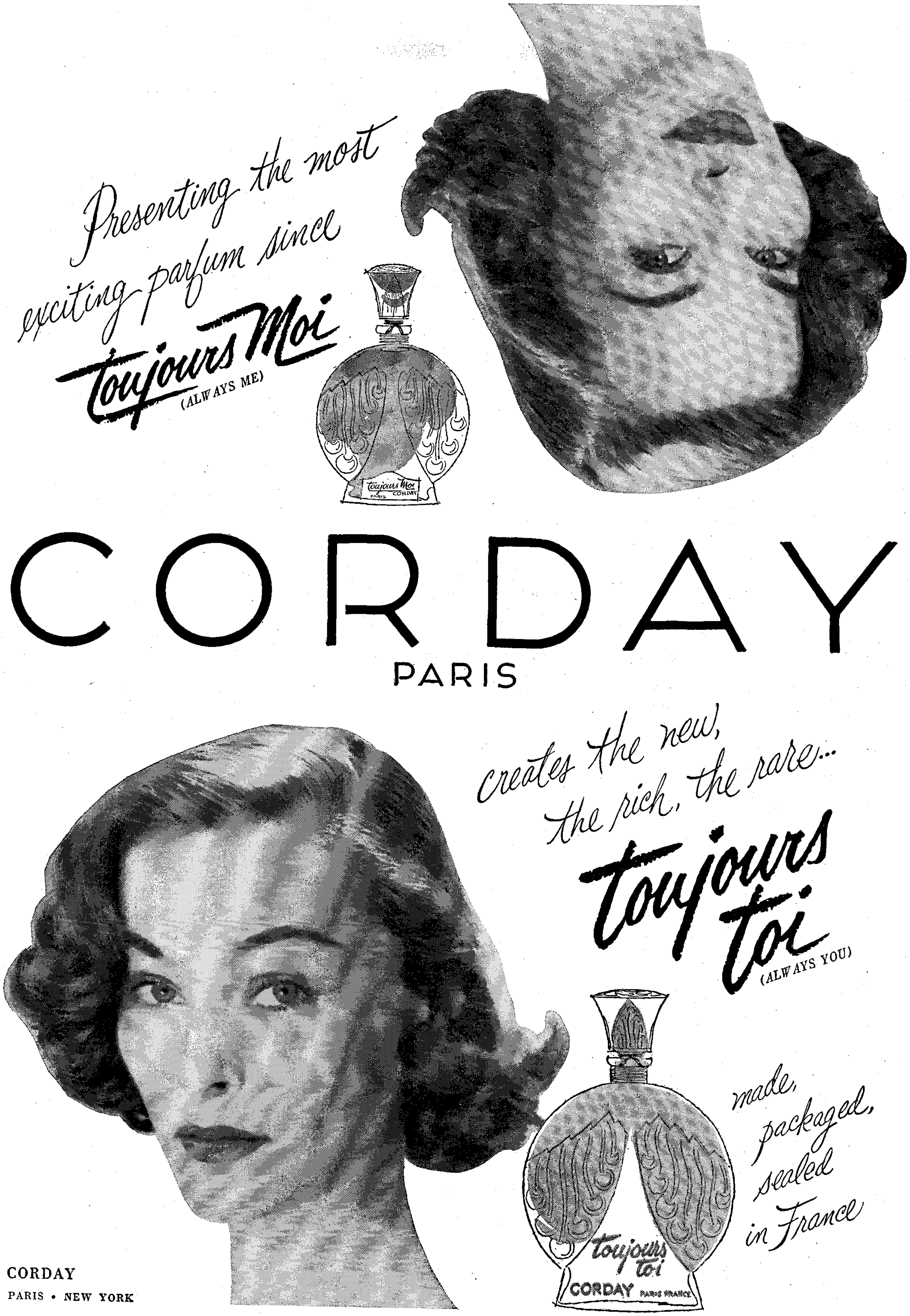
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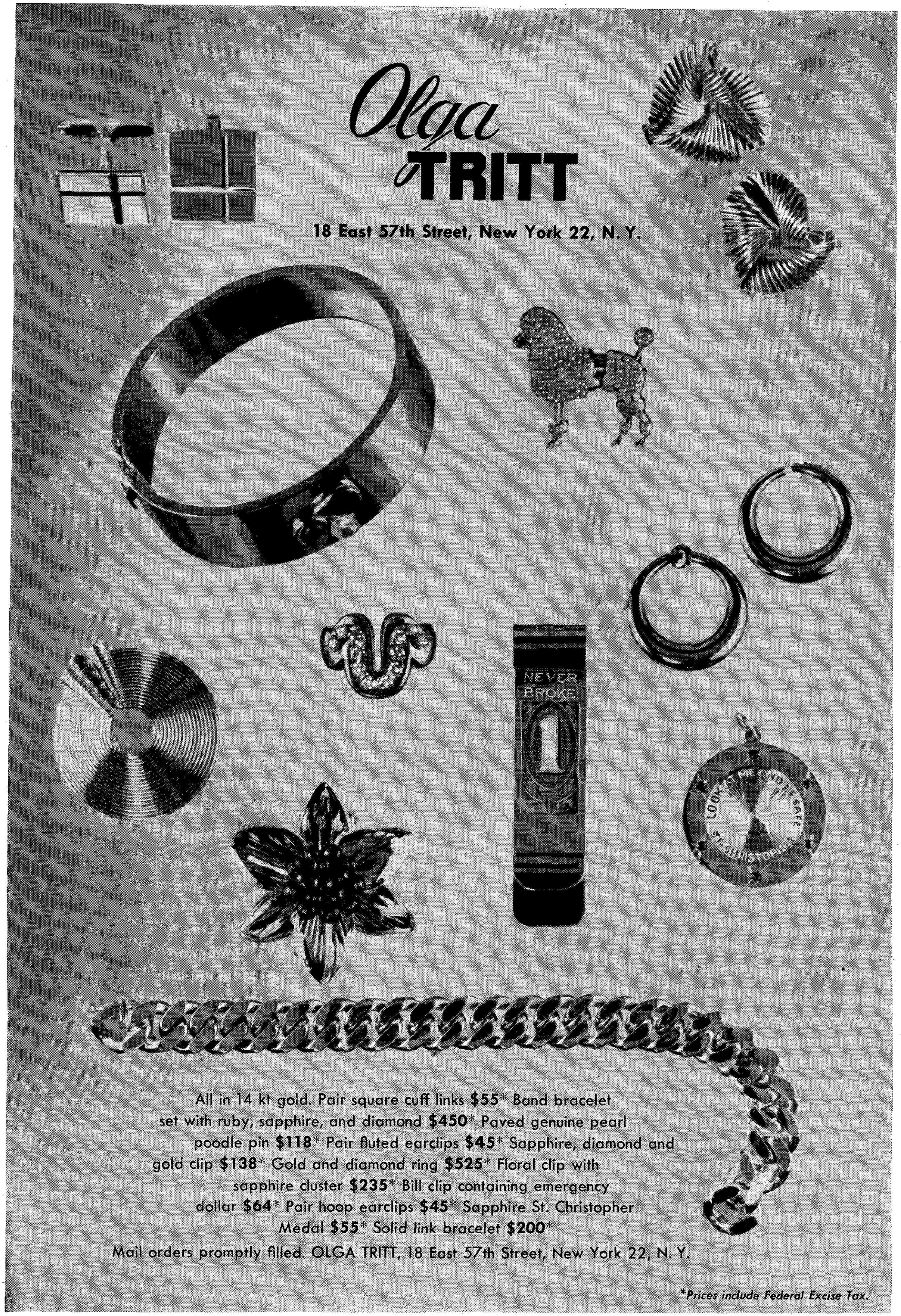

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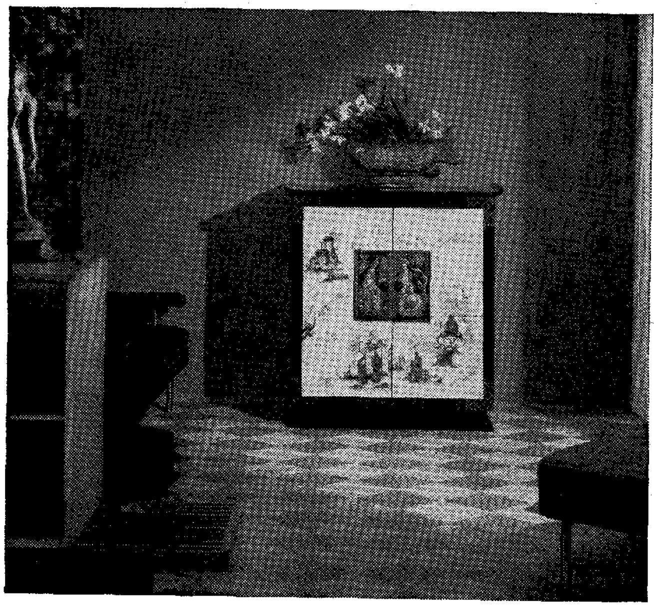

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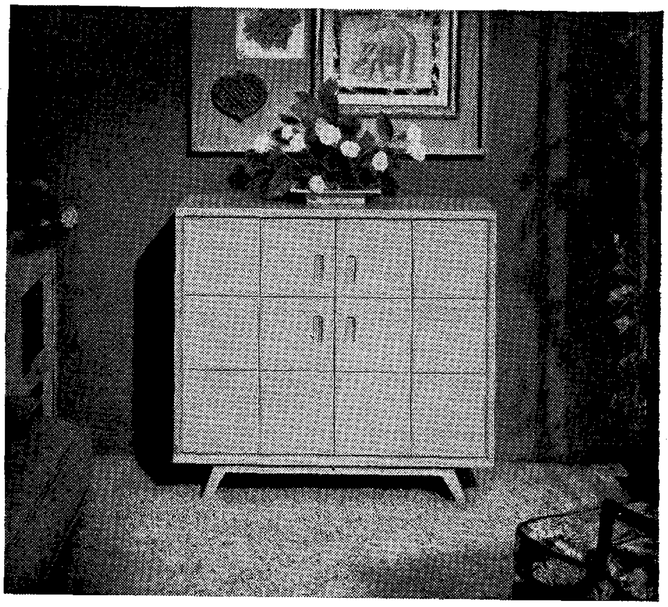

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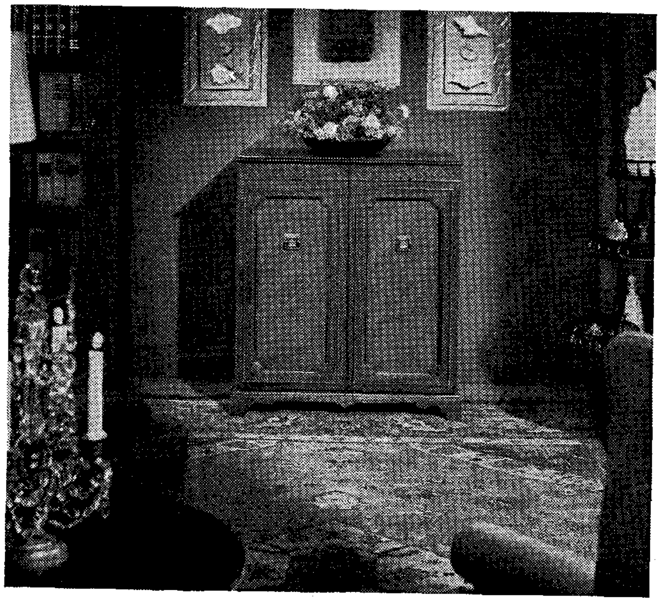

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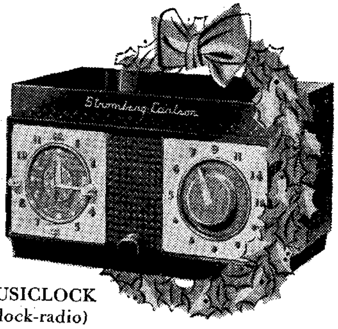

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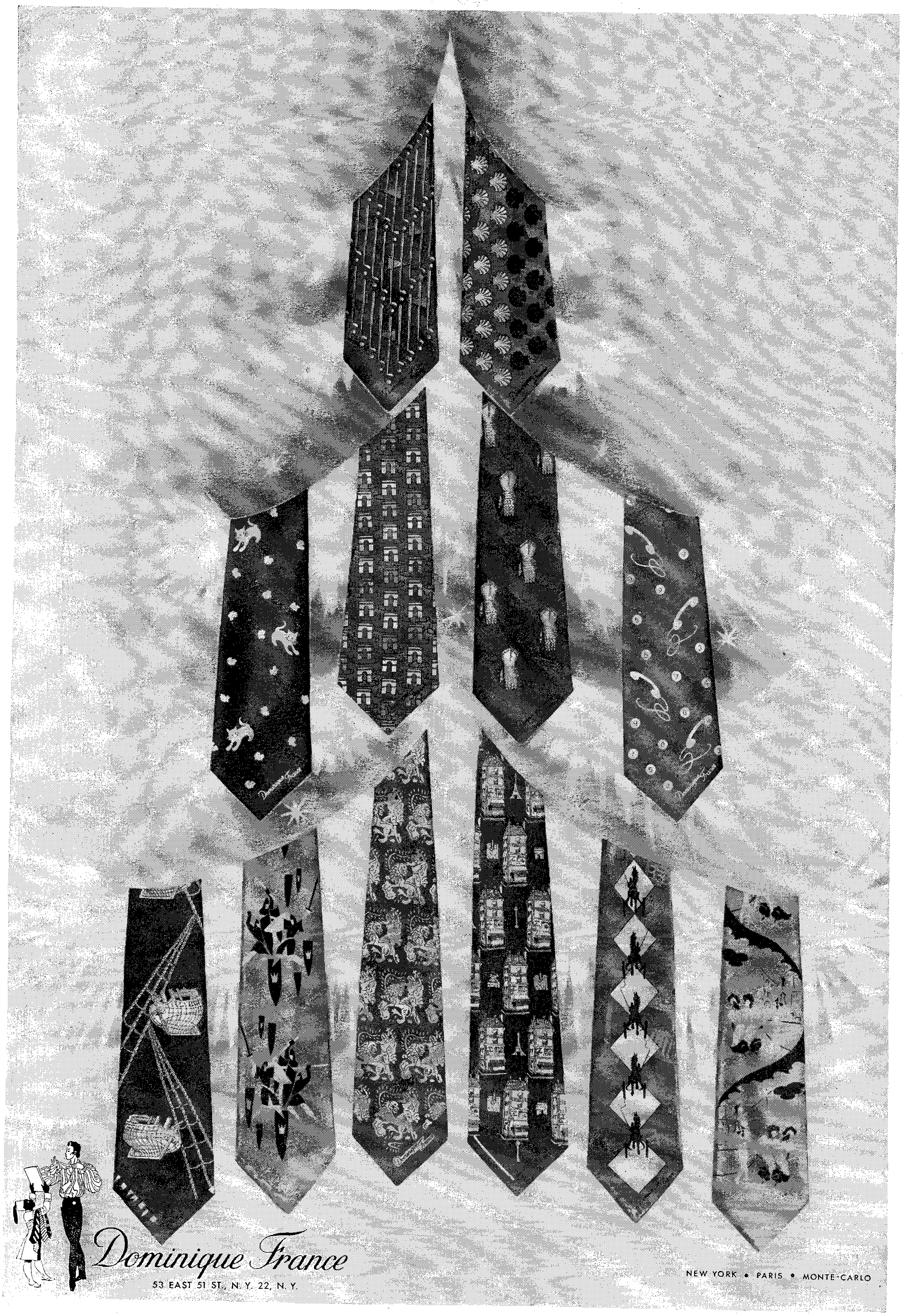
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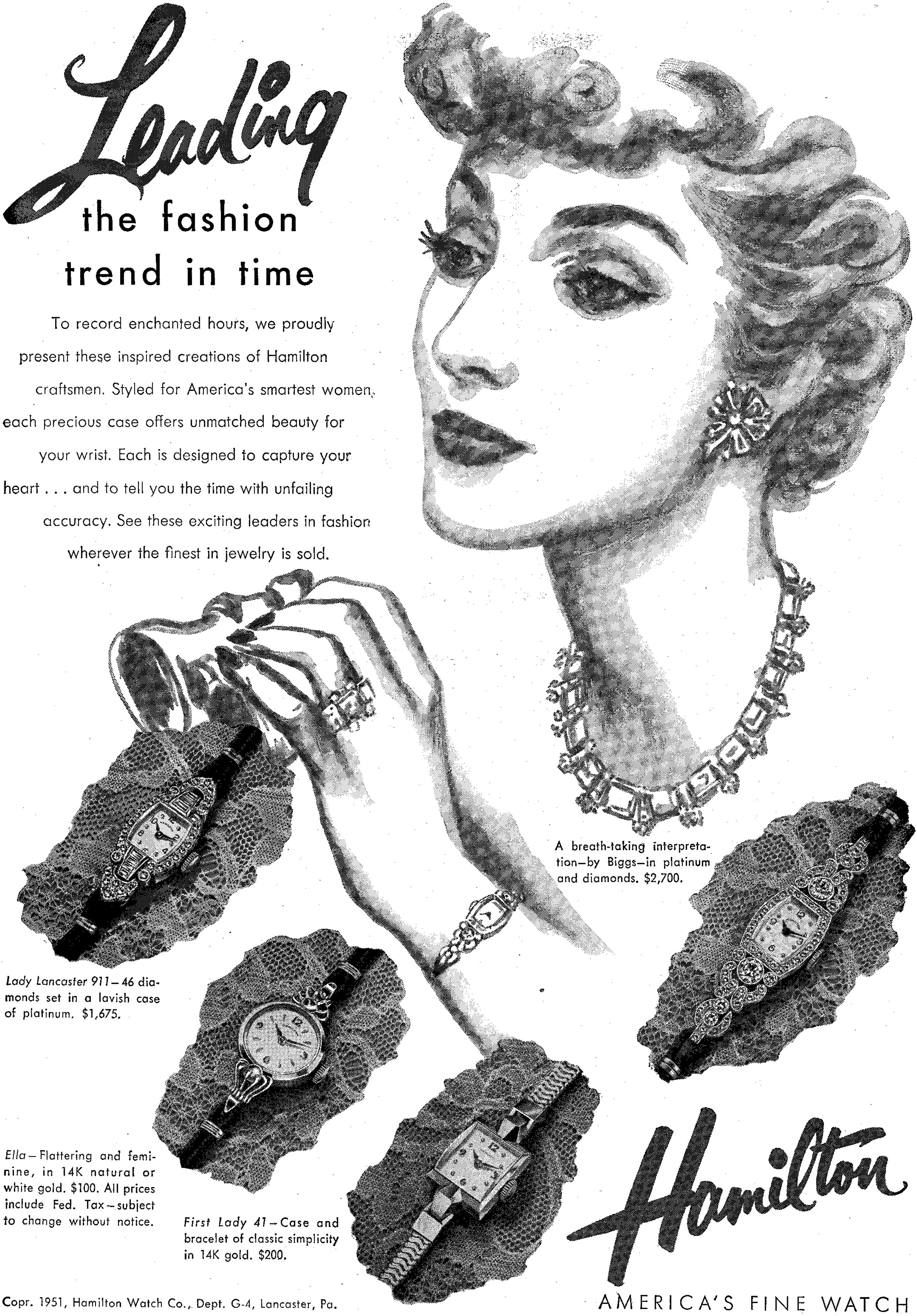

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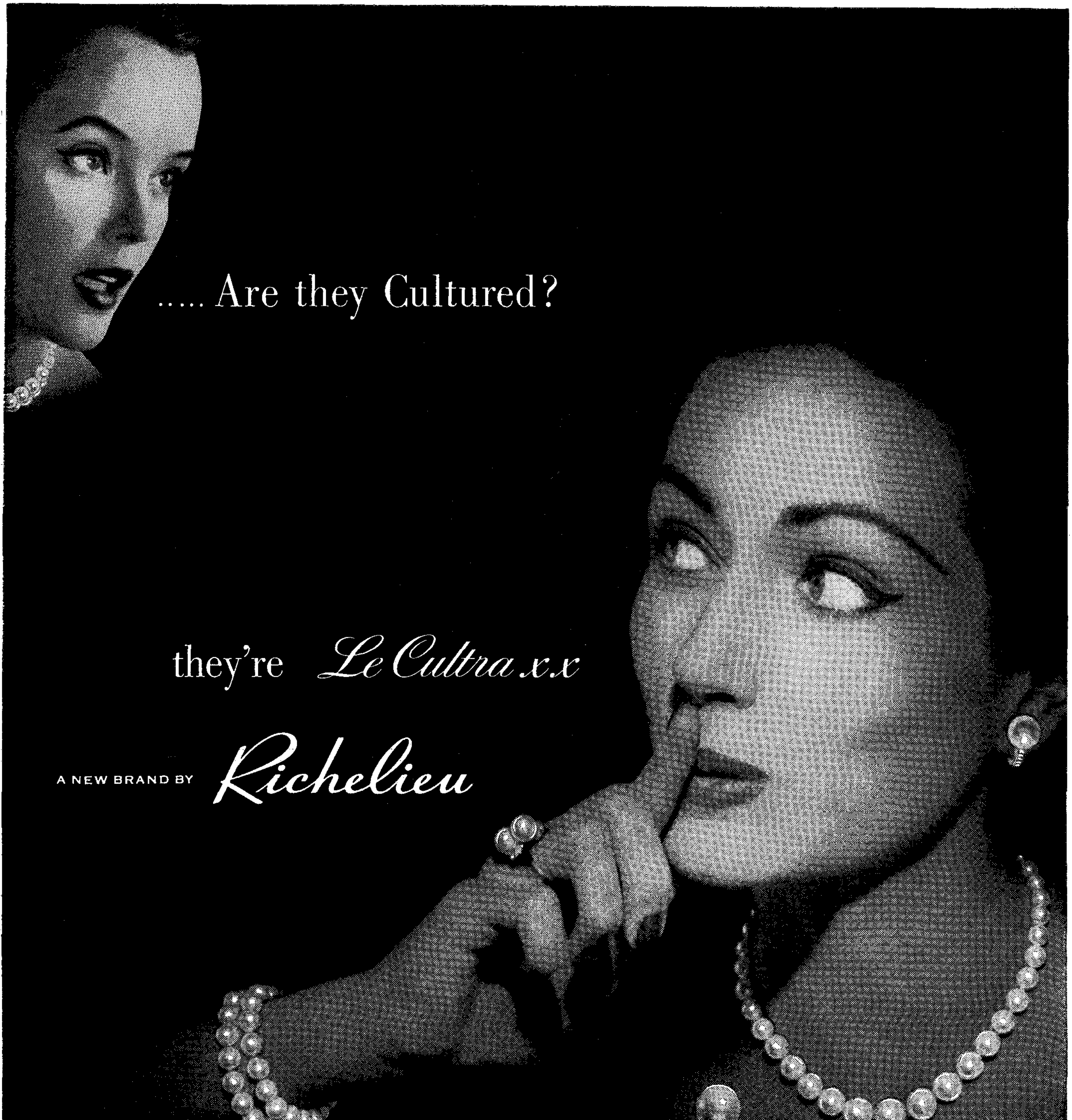

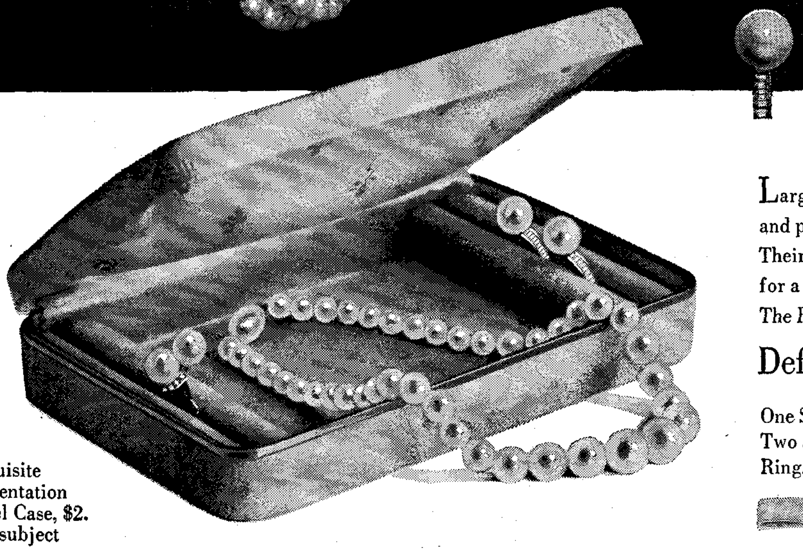

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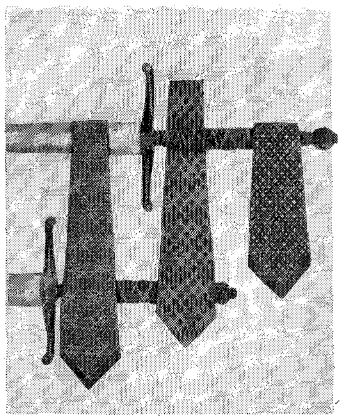

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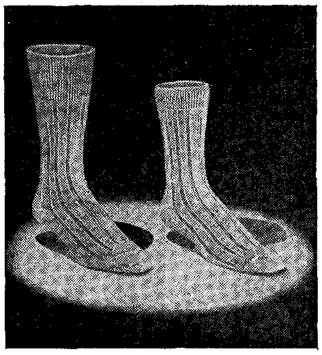

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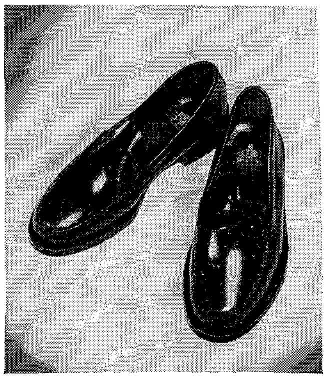

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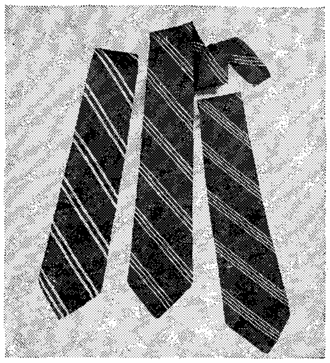

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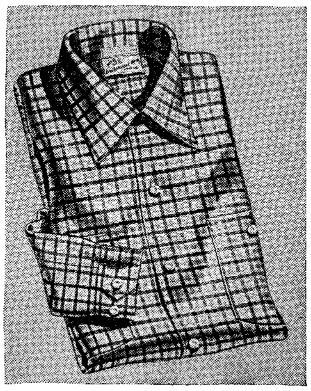

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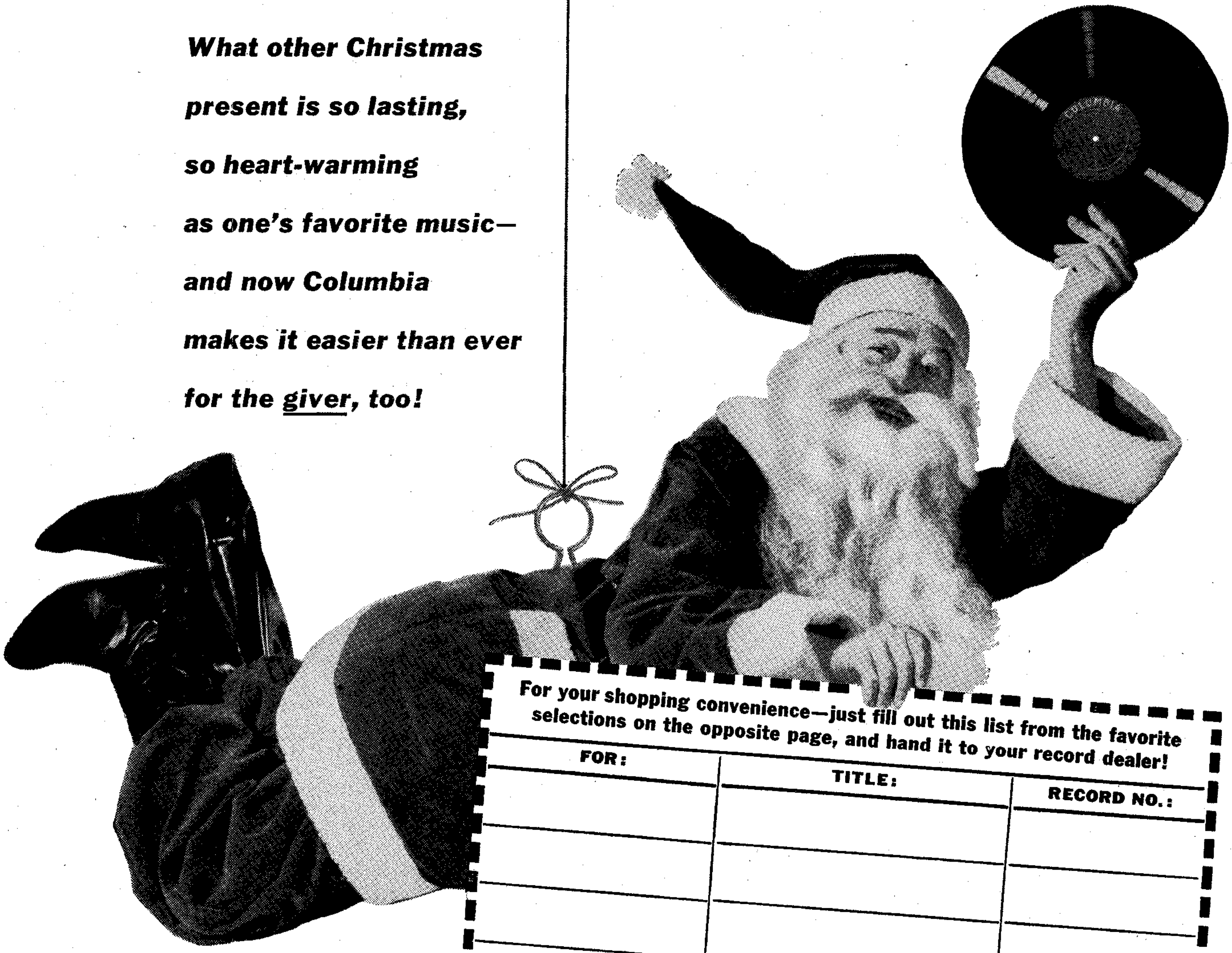

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**A Tree Grows In Brooklyn (Schwartz-Fields).** Shirley Booth, Johnny Johnston and Original Broadway Cast. ML 4405.

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Robin-Styne).** Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair and Original Broadway Cast. ML 4290.

**Kiss Me, Kate (Porter).** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Lisa Kirk, Harold Lang and Original Broadway Cast. ML 4140.

**Pal Joey (Rodgers-Hart).** Vivienne Segal, Harold Lang and outstanding supporting cast. ML 4364.

## OPERAS

**Pagliacci (Leoncavallo).** *Complete.* Tucker, Amara, Valdengo and others; Cleva conducting Chorus and Orchestra of Metropolitan Opera Association. SL-113 (boxed with Libretto).

**Fledermaus (J. Strauss).** *Complete.* Pons, Welitch, Tucker and other members of the original cast; Ormandy conducting Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association. SL-108 (Boxed with Libretto).

**Faust (Gounod).** *Complete.* Steber, Conley, Siepi, Guarrera; with Cleva conducting Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association. SL-112 (Boxed with Libretto).

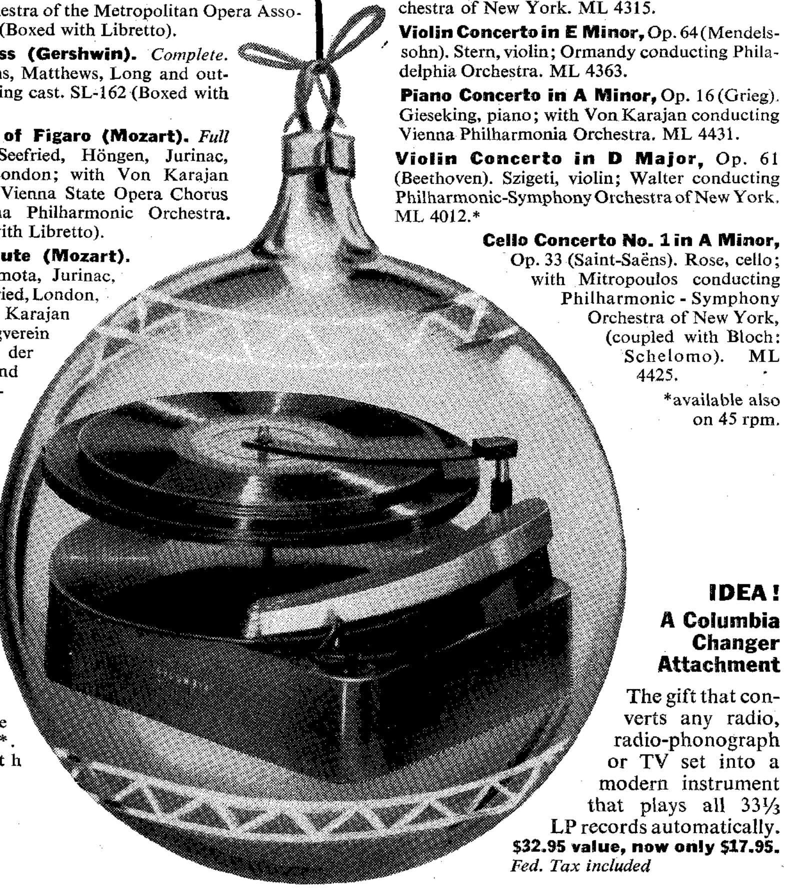
**La Bohême (Puccini).** *Complete.* Sayão, Tucker, Baccaloni, Benzell; with Antonicelli conducting the Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association. SL-101. (Boxed with Libretto).

**Porgy and Bess (Gershwin).** *Complete.* Winters, Williams, Matthews, Long and outstanding supporting cast. SL-162 (Boxed with Libretto).

**The Marriage of Figaro (Mozart).** *Full length.* Kunz, Seefried, Höngen, Jurinac, Schwarzkopf, London; with Von Karajan conducting The Vienna State Opera Chorus and The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. SL-114 (Boxed with Libretto).

**The Magic Flute (Mozart).** *Full length.* Dermota, Jurinac, Kunz, Lipp, Seefried, London, Weber; with Von Karajan conducting Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. SL-115 (Boxed with Libretto).

**Carmen (Bizet).** *Complete.* Michel, Angelici, Jobin, Dens; Cluytens conducting Chorus and Orchestra of the Théâtre National de L'Opera Comique de Paris. SL-109*. (Boxed with Libretto.)



## SYMPHONIES

**Symphony No. 2 in E Minor,** Op. 27 (Rachmaninoff). Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4433.

**Symphony No. 3 in E-Flat Major,** Op. 55 ("Eroica") (Beethoven). Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4228.

**Symphony No. 5 in E Minor,** Op. 64 (Tchaikovsky). Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4400*.

**Symphony No. 5 in C Minor,** Op. 67 (Beethoven). Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4297.

**Symphony No. 5 in E Minor,** Op. 95 (Dvořák). Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4023.

**Symphony No. 7 in A Major,** Op. 92 (Beethoven). Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4414.

**Symphony No. 41 in C Major,** K. 551 ("Jupiter") (Mozart).

**Symphony No. 38 in D Major,** K. 504 ("Prague") (Mozart). Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4313.

## CONCERTOS

**Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-Flat Major,** Op. 73 ("Emperor") (Beethoven). Serkin, piano; with Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4373.

**Violin Concerto No. 1 in D Major,** Op. 6 (Paganini). Francescatti, violin; with Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. **Violin Concerto No. 3 in B Minor,** Op. 61. (Saint-Saëns) Francescatti, violin; with Mitropoulos conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4315.

**Violin Concerto in E Minor,** Op. 64 (Mendelssohn). Stern, violin; Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4363.

**Piano Concerto in A Minor,** Op. 16 (Grieg). Gieseking, piano; with Von Karajan conducting Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra. ML 4431.

**Violin Concerto in D Major,** Op. 61 (Beethoven). Szigeti, violin; Walter conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. ML 4012.*

**Cello Concerto No. 1 in A Minor,** Op. 33 (Saint-Saëns). Rose, cello; with Mitropoulos conducting Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, (coupled with Bloch: Schelomo). ML 4425.

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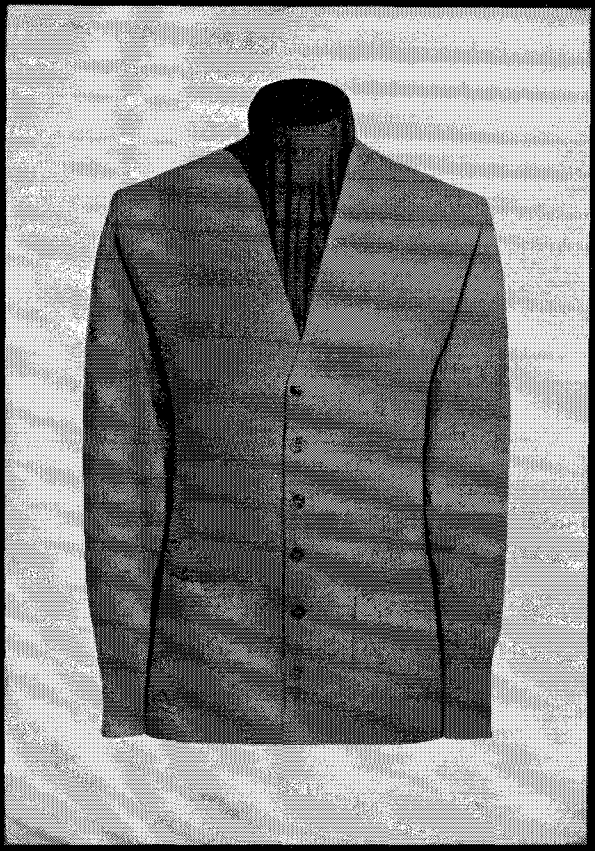

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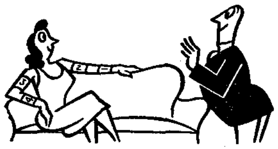
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A WOMAN we know (and with whom we are desperately in love) has the itch. She itches all over. When she got round to presenting the problem to her doctor, the doctor pronounced it an allergy and set to work skin-testing her. We encountered the lady shortly thereafter and found her arms patched with adhesive—two patches to the arm, each patch neatly numbered. We inquired, somewhat guardedly, what substances were under suspicion, thinking that it would be something like house dust, weed pollen, or cat hair. Well, we were hopelessly out of date; she had been scratched for nail polish, nylon, chrome, and chrysanthemums—probably the big pompon type, which costs a dollar a bloom. If anything, this rather chichi experiment has increased her allure. The patches are pretty, and all that remains is to await a reaction, which will determine, among other things, whether we can go forward with our plan to give her a nylon nightgown for Christmas or must switch to Canton flannel.



ANOTHER bit of chichi that has come to our notice lately is Eleanor Roosevelt's letterhead. The *Tribune* reproduced a letter she wrote to the Hammer Galleries about the sale of F.D.R.'s collection of glass, porcelain, books, and stuff, and we happened to glance at the heading. It read:

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
The Park Sheraton Hotel
202 Fifty Sixth Street West
New York 19, N.Y.

There is, of course, no such address. Old West Fifty-sixth Street is incapable of being minked up in this manner, even by our favorite ex-First Lady. It is all the sillier when you remember that the Park Sheraton is simply the old Park Central, where Arnold Rothstein was murdered in Room 349. Fifty Sixth Street West indeed!

THE Telephone Company, the pioneering blood of Alexander Graham Bell in its veins, has now blazed a trail in the wilderness of outdoor fun; along with our last month's bill, it sent us a leaflet, commencing:

> "Let's Go for a Drive" . . . These words have a familiar ring in most households this time of year. You can take along a picnic lunch and make a day of it or just go for a half-hour's spin along the back roads. Either way, it's fun for the whole family.
>
> Part of the fun of taking a drive is getting out and seeing things. Well, next time you're out, keep your eyes open and chances are you'll see evidence of the big construction program which the telephone company is carrying on to expand and improve service. You may see cable being strung or poles being placed—telephone crews busy near an open manhole or splicing and testing overhead cable—perhaps a new building going up or an existing one being enlarged. There's lots to see because there's lots being done.

We welcome, and we assume automobile manufacturers will also welcome, the novelty of this approach to the beauties of fall, placing, as it does, the burgeoning telephone pole, the newly strung cable, and the flowering manhole on the same salubrious, gets-you-out-in-the-open, observational basis as the Florida-bound monarch butterfly, the migrating scarlet tanager, and the hibernating Indian arrowhead. Bird-spotters and new-building-going-up-watchers belong to one outdoorsy fraternity, and bully for the Telephone Company for joining their ranks! We're not sure about those back roads, though. Better stick to the main highways or you'll have the children wailing, "No cables being strung! No poles being placed! No splicing! No testing! We want to go home!"

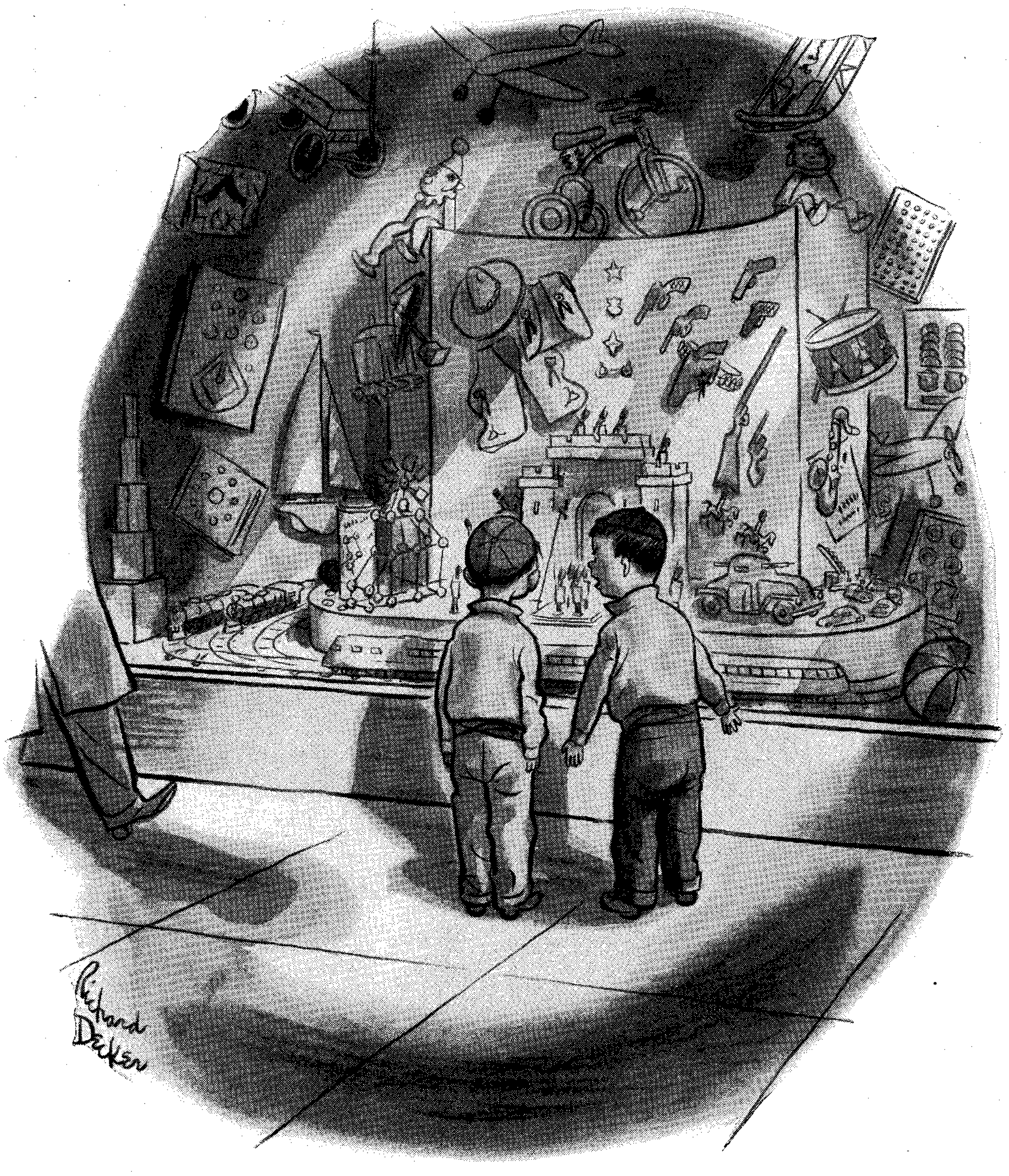
## *Safe*

WHENEVER an atomic something-or-other is exploded on the testing grounds out near Las Vegas, the New York office of the Atomic Energy Commission, at 70 Columbus Avenue, gets a number of telephone calls from local residents who want to know whether the air they breathe is about to become dangerously contaminated. It used to be that the Commission office would reply that there was nothing to worry about and let it go at that. Ever since October 1st, however, it has been able to be much more specific about the radioactive content of the air, dust, and rain hereabouts. On that date, the Commission put into operation what it calls its national-radiation-monitoring system, by means of which it keeps close tabs on the varying amounts of radioactive substances floating about in different parts of the country. The headquarters of the monitoring system is also at 70 Columbus Avenue, and its boss is Merril Eisenbud, whose main job is to look out for the health and safety of A.E.C. employees. We visited Eisenbud the other day, and found him to be a pleasant man in his mid-thirties, with a comforting absence of scientific side. "I don't blame people a bit for getting worried," he said. "Everyone knows that the prevailing winds are from west to east and that dust can be blown great distances. The fact is atomic explosions out West do markedly increase radioactivity in the East. We take daily samples of air, dust, and—when there is any—rain, and that gives us a background against which to measure increases. We take our own samples and analyze them at this office. Elsewhere, the system depends on fifty U.S. weather stations to collect samples and on seven A.E.C. installations to analyze them."

The A.E.C. can now tell laymen the precise amount of local radiation in terms of milliroentgens, but Eisenbud assumes that such a measurement is meaningless to most people, and he prefers to talk in terms of chest X-rays. He told us that in the fraction of a second required for a chest X-ray, the amount of radiation to which the body is exposed is at least seventeen thousand times as great as the amount to which it would be exposed in twenty-four hours of the highest radiation levels normally recorded in this vicinity. During the series of tests that have recently been made in Nevada, the highest radiation level noted in Eisenbud's office over a period of twenty-four hours was the equivalent of one three-hundredth of the radiation received during a chest X-ray. By way of showing how safe this fraction is, Eisenbud explained that the dosage of radiation permitted A.E.C. workers is the equivalent of one-sixth of a chest X-ray daily *for life.* The one three-hundredth to which we were exposed lasted only a day. (It was a rainy day, when radiation is at its highest. Rain weights down the radioactive matter and prevents it from being thinned out by winds.) The next day, the count was one six-hundredth of a chest X-ray, and on the day after that it was one one-thousandth—the normal radiation level for New York.

As flatly as any scientist can say anything, Eisenbud said that New Yorkers have not been harmed by any American atomic experiments to date and will not be harmed by any future American atomic experiments. "When an atomic explosion is set off," he said, "the stem of the mushroom consists of radioactive dust, which is sucked up six or seven miles into the atmosphere. There the dust, whose radioactivity quickly and constantly diminishes, is dissipated by high-level winds. Sooner or later, it all settles onto the ground, and if it takes long enough to settle, it ends as inert dust; that is, its radioactivity is too slight to measure." The A.E.C. takes its samples of air, dust, and rain on the roof of 70 Columbus Avenue, which is twelve stories high. Dust is collected in a large tray or on small squares of rubberized paper, rain is collected in another large tray, and air is collected and tested in a shack provided with Geiger-Mueller tubes and a tracer-pen recorder. The dust and rain are analyzed in a laboratory on the floor below.

Besides reassuring a bomb-conscious citizenry, the monitoring system provides a safeguard for manufacturers of products sensitive to changes in radiation. Among these products are instruments for oil-well-logging, radiation-measuring instruments of the kind the A.E.C. itself uses, and film; the radiation levels that can damage these things are much lower than the levels that can damage human beings. A third purpose of the monitoring system is wholly scientific—to learn more about the movement of large air masses. "This is the first time air masses have been tagged and kept track of day after day," Eisenbud said. "We can't say definitely what our idea will lead to, but our data will be analyzed by a team of A.E.C. and weather scientists, and we expect to get a little better understanding of how



*"First they give 'em to you, then they start nagging at you—pick 'em up, pick 'em up, put 'em away, put 'em away."*

dusts are carried over long distances by air masses.”

* * *

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Public Library, and this goes for the central building and all branches, doesn’t own a single copy of any of the Rover Boys books.

At a recent auction, the House of Duveen offered a Louis XV Beechwood Television Cabinet with Grille Doors and Table Stand.

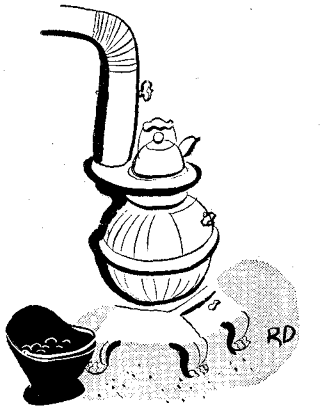
On Route 22, just above Armonk, there’s a scarecrow wearing a fur coat.

## *Autre Temps*

NEW YORK woman visiting Cooperstown became a patient in a local hospital, which was so crowded she had to share a room with another patient. She ordered the New York *Times* to be delivered every day, and after reading it the first morning offered it to her roommate, who said, “No, thanks. I don’t know anyone down there.”

## *Traveller*

THE most mobile gentleman we’ve met in a long time is Harry Alan Towers, a thirty-year-old Englishman who is the world’s largest international producer and distributor of transcribed commercial radio programs, and who was on the final lap of his seventh business trip around the world this year when we landed him in his apartment at the Delmonico one afternoon last week. He is the producer of thirty radio shows, including “Sir Thomas Beecham Turns the Tables,” “The Gracie Fields Show,” “Much Binding in the Marsh” (a half-hour comedy show), and “The Lives of Harry Lime,” all of which are transcribed. “The Lives of Harry Lime” is for sale in Spanish, French, Hebrew, Dutch, German, and English, and is based on the villainous character in the movie “The Third Man.” Orson Welles does the English-language version; other actors take the part in other languages. Mr. Towers, a lithe, medium-size man with dark curly hair and wearing a camel’s-hair overcoat, beckoned us inside his apartment quickly and ran to the telephone, which was off the cradle. “Carry on,” he said to the party at the other end, glancing at his watch. “This is how I work while I’m in New York,” he said to us, holding his hand over the mouthpiece and listening to whoever was at the other end of the line. “My apartment is my office in the daytime and my dwelling quarters at night.” Still listening, he slipped out of his coat, then glanced at his watch again, and slipped back into his coat. “Orson seemed keen on the project when I last talked with him,” he said into the phone. “However, he will want to hold the schedule reins himself, without a doubt, if I know Orson. I shall, whatever happens, send you a cable confirming your position in the matter. . . . O.K., chief.” He hung up.

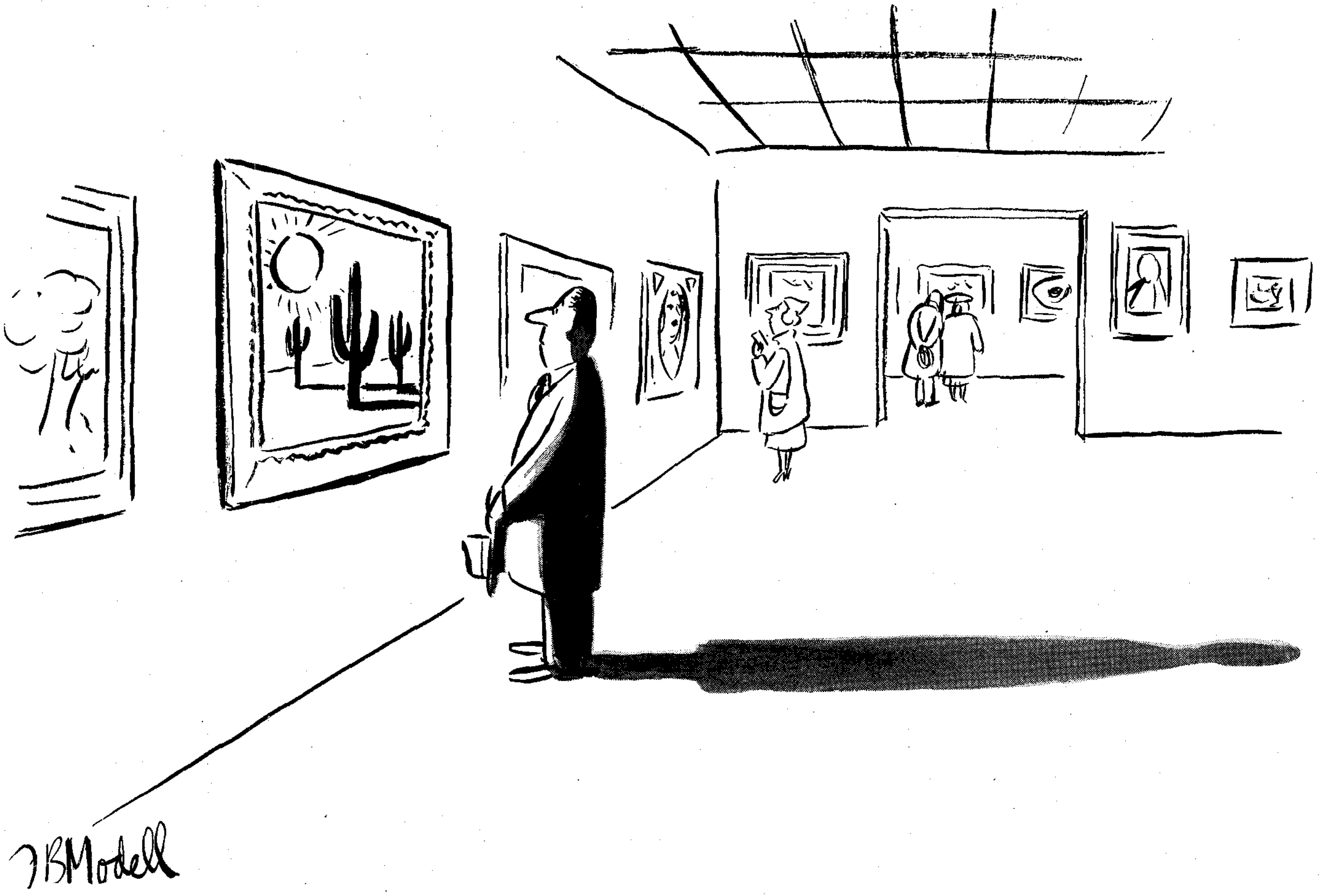


Mr. Towers stared at us in a puzzled way, handed us a Scotch-and-soda, and sat down on a couch. We asked him if he had just got in. “I’m just going out,” he said. “I have to sign some contracts with WMGM for the new Orson Welles show.” We asked him how Welles was. “He’s never been better,” Mr. Towers answered, with a short laugh. “Orson is Harry Lime and Harry Lime is Orson. At least, that’s England’s reaction. Orson was in Newcastle recently, doing ‘Othello’ on the stage. Newcastle is like Pittsburgh. ‘How did you like it?’ he asked a member of the audience when the thing was over. ‘The Lives of Harry Lime’ has been on the B.B.C. now for five months, you know, so the Newcastle man replied, ‘Muster Welles, for us you’ll never be nothing but Harry Lime.’ And Orson, on hearing this, shouted, ‘All black top and no zither!,’ which I daresay frightened the poor Newcastle man no end. But Orson was made for Europe and Europe was made for Orson. It’s a mutual romance.” Mr. Towers moved from the couch over to a chair, and then sprang up again as the phone rang. “*Je suis en route*,” he informed the party at the other end, looking at his watch, and, hanging up, said to us, “I have to go to WMGM instantly, to sign those contracts.” We followed him out the door, into the elevator, and into a taxi that had fortuitously stopped in front of the hotel. “Seven eleven Fifth Avenue,” he said to the driver. “Where’s that?” the driver asked. “Between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth,” Mr. Towers replied knowledgeably, and turned to us. “Now you,” he said.

On the way over to WMGM, we picked up from Mr. Towers, a fast talker, a little of his background. He was born in London, attended Balham Grammar School, went to work for the International Broadcasting Company, in England, at the age of fifteen, joined the R.A.F. a couple of years later, wrote programs for the B.B.C. and produced and recorded radio shows for the Overseas Recorded Broadcasting Service while in the R.A.F., and after he got out decided to produce radio shows as a civilian. Since the B.B.C. doesn’t have any commercially sponsored programs, it doesn’t pay a great deal of money, and Mr. Towers became interested in foreign markets. “I flew around the world a couple of times, lining things up,” he said. “The markets were there, so my mother—Margaret M. Towers—and I set up as Towers of London, Ltd., and began utilizing artists like Noel Coward and Sir Thomas Beecham and getting things done. It was a great victory for me when I got Sir Thomas to refer to his show as a disc-jockey show. He preferred ‘talks with music.’ Now I have more shows running, I fear, than anyone else in the whole wide world.”

Mr. Towers likes to make his appointments twelve days in advance, we learned, and never jots down reminders. He never forgets them and he’s never late, he said. He flies everywhere. “I loathe boats,” he said. “You’re in one place for such a long time.” He pulled out a pair of plane tickets—one for Los Angeles and one for London. The planes left at the same time. “I’ll have to cancel one of these,” he said. “I generally get plane reservations in pairs, in case one of my deals doesn’t look as though it would go through. I like to set deals up on one trip and let them simmer. On the next trip, I consummate them. If one of my deals doesn’t go through tonight, back home to the tight little island.”

A good many of Mr. Towers’ deals on this world tour, it developed, were too secret to mention—they were in the simmering stage—but he did admit having seen some radio producers, some radio writers, some advertising men, and some actors. Ordinarily, when he puts on shows in foreign languages, he visits the countries involved and has the parts spoken by native actors. He’s in favor of England’s starting up commercial broadcasting to supplement the B.B.C. “It’s that way in New Zealand, and ev-



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erybody's pleased," he told us. "When I have a show for sale, I'd just as soon sell it to the B.B.C. for reasons of prestige, but for moola you've got to get somebody like Hoover, the vacuum man."

## *Exchange*

ONE night last week, a taxi turned east off Park Avenue at Fifty-fourth Street and stopped in the middle of the street to discharge a fare, thus blocking traffic. The driver of a sedan directly behind honked his horn; the cabdriver cursed, then became speechless as he looked back and saw that the protesting car was full of uniformed policemen. The driver of the sedan ordered the cab to pull over to the curb, and as it did so, he ripped a fender off the taxi in an effort to park *his* car ahead of it. The cop driver conferred with his fellows, got out, approached the cabdriver, who was inspecting the damage, said "O.K., let's forget it," returned to his wheel, and drove off.

## *Big Terminal*

THE Port Authority Bus Terminal, the largest bus terminal in the world, opened up just a year ago, and the other morning, in the company of Lee C. Webb, its superintendent, we made a quick tour of most of it, picking up stray facts as we went. Some stray facts are: The terminal, bounded on the north and south by Forty-first and Fortieth Streets and on the east and west by Eighth and Ninth Avenues, is on five levels, including a basement and a roof; handles an average of a hundred and twenty-five thousand bus travellers a day, a hundred and twenty thousand of whom are commuters (a commuter is defined as someone who regularly travels on a short-haul bus) and five thousand of whom are long-distance riders; lets in and out fifty-two hundred buses a day, forty-eight hundred of which are short-haul buses; and contains, among other things, thirty-one sets of moving stairs, four elevators, a hundred and seventy-one public phones, twelve bus-information phones, thirty-five electronically controlled clocks, one car-parking lot on top (capable of holding four hundred and fifty autos), thirty-one ticket windows, one theatre-ticket office, one information booth, thirty bowling alleys (the greatest number of bowling alleys on a single floor anywhere in the city), one drugstore (Walgreen's, with the city's longest counter—a hundred and thirty-five feet), two waiting rooms (with a total of fifty-three mahogany benches), one bake shop, one florist's shop, one cocktail lounge, one restaurant, one book bar, several snack bars, one optometrist, one chiropodist, one barbershop, one shop that repairs hose, umbrellas, garments, and pocketbooks, one Food Fair, nine hundred and twenty-nine baggage lockers, two baggage checkrooms, one cutlery store, four shower rooms, one tow truck to remove stalled buses from the concourses (it's used about once a week), and four hand-propelled, foam-operated fire engines, none of which has been used yet.

"Just about the only thing that could catch fire here is a newsstand," said Mr. Webb—a slender, gray-haired, bespectacled Kentuckian who was assistant general manager of American Buslines before he joined the Port Authority—as he led the way from his office, on the mezzanine. "The rest of the place is marble, concrete, structural steel, reinforcing steel, granite, and bricks. At least two and a half million bricks. They tell me that if the terminal were stood on end, it would be almost as high as the R.C.A. Building. Our busiest day here is Tuesday and our slowest is Sunday."

Mr. Webb led us across a stretch of

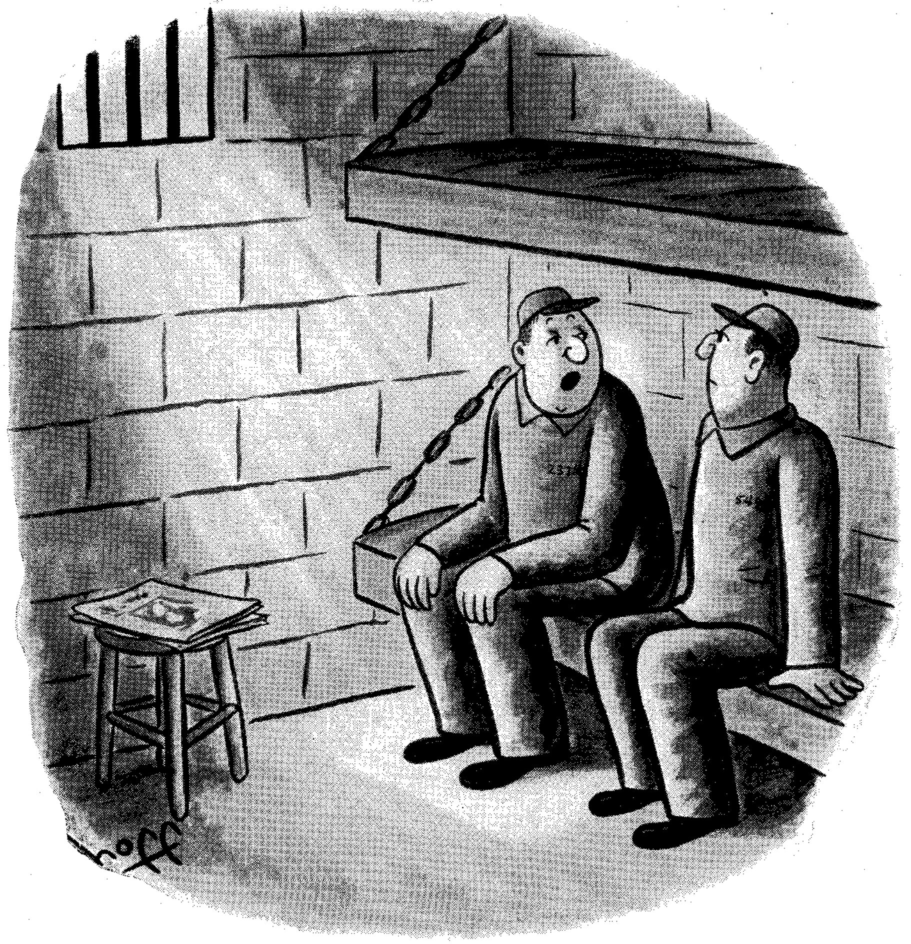
the mezzanine, a brightly lighted, marble-floored area, and turned right. We next followed him through one of a row of glass doors, walked past the cocktail lounge, and found ourself in the bowling alley. One lone man in shirt-sleeves was twisted over horribly in an effort to influence his ball to veer to the left. It didn't. Mr. Webb introduced us to the manager, a stocky, brown-haired man named Joe Doran, who informed us that the busiest time of day is between five-thirty and nine in the evening, and that about thirty per cent of the bowlers are commuters who bowl to kill time between buses and the remainder are members of local teams, such as the Photoengravers, the National Biscuit Company, General Motors, and the Combustion Engineers. "Lady Iris Mountbatten bowls here on Saturdays," he told us.

Mr. Webb led us up an escalator, which deposited us on one of the many islands dotting the immense suburban-bus level—the fourth—which was empty of both commuters and buses. Without pausing, he continued, hopping from island to island, to another escalator, and up to the parking lot, a roofless area above the bus level and filled with cars, and then explained that things are slow up there late in the morning and remarked that the concrete runways leading from the terminal to the Lincoln Tunnel are warmed in snowy and icy weather by pipes underneath. "Some are filled with anti-freeze and some are heated by New York Steam," he said. "There's a thermostat that keeps the temperature from rising more than ten degrees an hour, or we might have cracked concrete. So far, no cracks, and we've saved a lot of buses from slipping and sliding." He took us down a flight of steps back to the mezzanine, where we passed several stores and then entered the florist's shop. A man was wrapping up a bouquet for a lady customer. While he rang up the sale, we asked him what he sold, mostly. "Roses," he said. Mr. Webb then led us out of the shop and across the mezzanine to the Peggy Ann Service Shop, a small room with a sewing machine near the door. Inside, he introduced us to the proprietor, a tall, white-haired man named John V. H. Leary. "Americans aren't repair-conscious," Mr. Leary said sombrely. A lady in a cream-colored suit came in and handed him a blue coat. "I just found out all my luggage is in Egypt," she announced, "and all I have to wear is what I have on my back and this coat, which has a hole on the pocket." Mr. Leary examined it. "We'll have to do what they call inweaving," he said, looking up. "How did you find things in Egypt?" "Confused," said the lady.

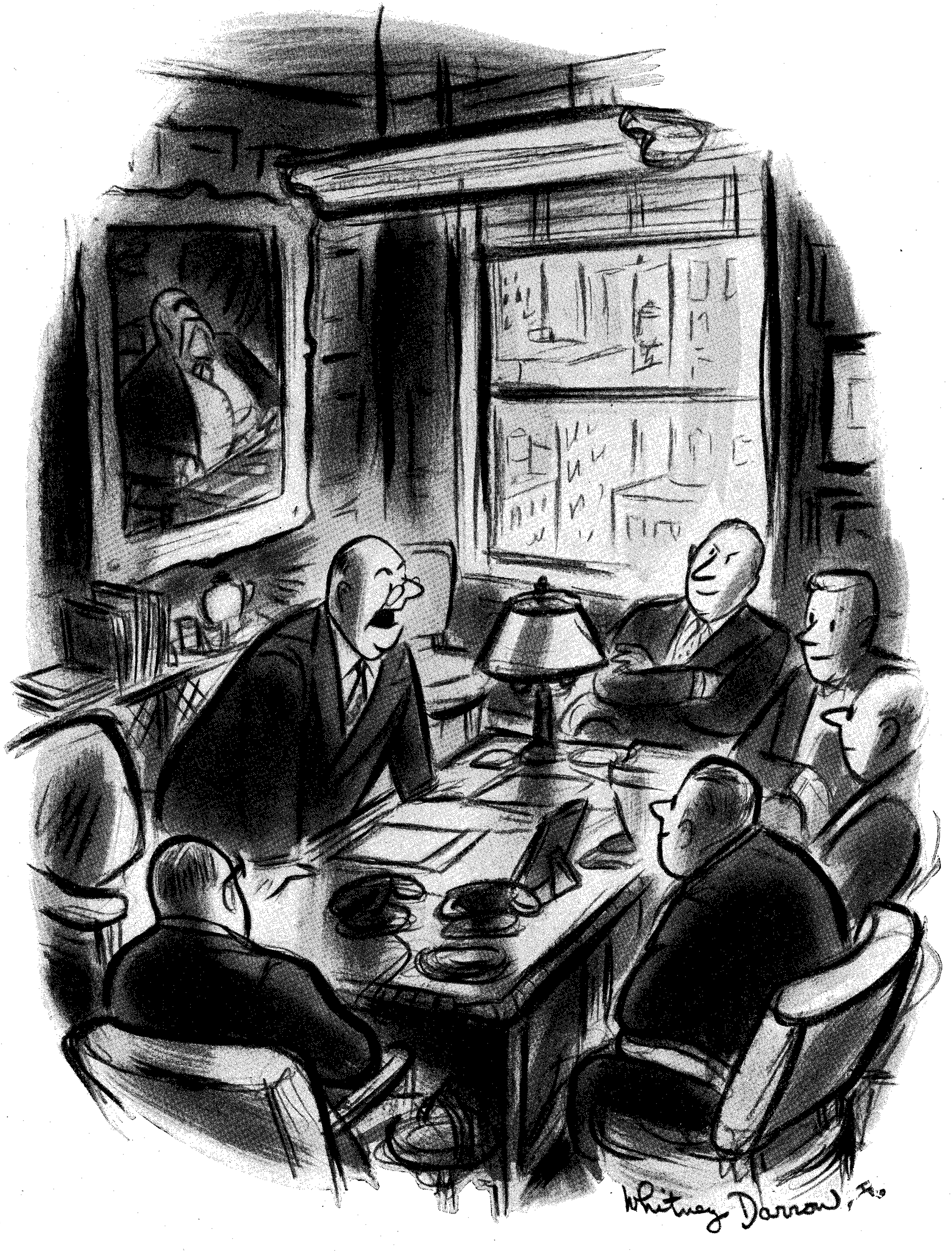
Mr. Webb beckoned, and we followed him out to a battery of escalators and rode one down to the main concourse, on the street level. We learned during the ride that the Port Authority had at first hopped up one of the escalators leading from the main concourse to the mezzanine to travel a hundred and twenty-five feet a minute, but a few hours after the building opened had slowed it down to ninety feet a minute, and some time later to the standard seventy-five. "We thought commuters would be in a hurry," Mr. Webb said. "But apparently they'd rather be safe than sorry." We walked along the bustling concourse toward Ninth Avenue and came to the Food Fair, a large meat-and-grocery store. The upper part, which consists of an overhanging balcony, is on the suburban-concourse level, and is patronized mostly by commuters; the street-level part is patronized mostly by neighborhood people. A sandy-haired man came over and introduced himself as John Simon. "I'm really supposed to be in Rahway," he told us, "but the manager of this branch is sick, so I took over. We found that we can expect to sell commuters flour and sugar packed in five-pound bags. We thought they'd balk at carrying that great a weight, but actually they're game as hell." We thanked Mr. Simon for his information, and followed Mr. Webb out of the store and down another escalator to the long-distance-bus level. A voice came booming from the wall: "Last call for Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Dallas, El Paso, Phoenix, Los Angeles, and San Francisco."

## *Costly Education*

THE difficulties of helping an eleven-year-old son with his homework are weighing heavily on a young widow in Chappaqua, who recently complained to a friend, "It's bad enough having to learn Latin at this new school, but the arithmetic problems are even worse. I have to phone Father practically every night to get them explained." The friend asked where her father lives. "Chicago," she said.



*"In a way, I'm glad I did it. This place would be absolutely intolerable if I were innocent."*


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"*In the words of our great founder, gentlemen, 'Get out and* sell*!'* "

# PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

## LENGTHS AND SHADOWS

Ohio State University lies in a region of literacy and slurred enunciation, literary tradition and careless diction, vivid vocabulary and flat pronunciation. There the words "Mary" and "marry" are pronounced the same as "merry," and there, too, Gudda is spoken ("Where's he gudda go? What's he gudda do?"), which results from a partial immobility of the lips in speaking. (A stone-deaf lip reader instantly identified me, not many years ago, as a native of Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois. "You say most words as if you were saying 'king,'" she said.) As a result of this regional indifference to the graces and subtleties of the mother tongue, Ohio State's Department of English has had its work cut out for it from the time that land-grant university was founded, eighty-one years ago. In my time there, the reckless use of the language often invaded the campus itself. There was a director of athletics with a doctor's degree who pronounced "cereal" to rhyme with "wheel," and who told his freshman classes in Physical Education that the healthful stuff came in a "cartoon." And there was Chic Harley, our greatest athlete, who once announced that he thought he had "brucksed" (or maybe it is "bruxxed") one of his ribs in practice. Of the professors of English who fought the good fight against Slur and its grammatical allies during my years, two stand out especially in the memory of myself and my contemporaries. They are William Lucius Graves and Joseph Villiers Denney, familiarly known as Billy Graves and Joe Denney. (I have already discussed, in these academic pages, Joseph Russell Taylor, but I unaccountably failed to report that he was once handed a theme entitled "The Huanted Yatch.")

William Lucius Graves (son of one Lucius Velorus Graves, who spared him the "Velorus") was the most popular professor in the history of his university. Joe Denney, like Joe Taylor, was loved and admired by the appreciative few, but Billy Graves was known for more than forty years as the friend of freshmen, the confidant of seniors, and the chum of alumni. Every night before going to bed, he wrote at least one personal letter, and most of this correspondence was with his former students, literally hundreds of them. They recognized the tall, well-groomed bachelor, forever young in heart, as a mere visitor in the intellectual world, like themselves, and not one of its awesome, withdrawn first citizens. They liked him because he never missed an issue of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine, and made no bones about it, and because he sometimes openly confessed his inability to understand certain so-called masterpieces of writing that had set his colleagues to twittering. When the intellectuals were talking profoundly about "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," he was still praising the simple beauties of one of his own favorite books, "The Inn of the Silver Moon," by a man named Herman Knickerbocker Viele. Billy Graves, his myriad young friends told people, was a good guy; he could go along with a gag; he was fun to have around.

At the Faculty Club, Billy Graves stood out among smaller and less fastidious professors like a sunflower in a cornfield. Some of his more retiring and hard-working colleagues looked upon him, in wonder and envy, as a species of man of the world. One of them, a superior scholar but a man of a single subject and interest, was once inspired to exclaim about Billy, with a sigh, "Knows his music, knows his art, knows his literature!" It was generally known that Professor Graves occasionally sold felicitous verses to *Scribner's* and the *Century*, that he played the piano and even the organ, and that he took in the theatres, the art galleries, the concerts, and possibly even the cabarets on his frequent trips to England and the Continent. His associates pictured him moving amiably about London salons, charming both ladies and gentlemen and holding up his poised end of any conversation. As a matter of fact, he was not always too comfortable in company, especially at cocktail parties, for he rarely drank a cocktail or highball, and when he smoked a cigarette, which wasn't often, he did it with a curious self-conscious air, blowing out smoke without having inhaled it. He was an attentive listener and a good conversationalist when the talk did not encroach on areas that distressed him: four-letter realism in prose, modern experiments in dissonance, and violent techniques of painting. He was most at ease at quiet dinner parties and in genteel drawing rooms, where his jolly laughter and his sparkling fraternity pin were often heard and seen. Faculty hostesses, and downtown Columbus wives, too—many of them his former students—turned to Billy Graves when they needed a pleasant and attractive male guest to seat next to a distinguished or difficult woman at dinner. (He wrote several articles about American table manners, and in one of them denounced the use of "those infernal little silver corncob-holders.") He was also known for his ability to fill in awkward drawing-room pauses with his piano playing. He had his special favorites, mainly Chaminade, but he could read new music swiftly and expertly, and fifty years ago he used to join, for quintets, a campus string quartet whose second violin, daughter of the university president, was a variously talented young woman named Dorothy Canfield. He became a lifelong friend of the late Hugh Walpole when the novelist happened into a room where the Professor was playing the piano and fell under the charm of the Graves personality. For more than four decades, he entertained the members of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, with his ragtime variations on familiar themes. One of his Beta brothers estimates that Billy visited the chapter house five thousand times between his graduation in 1893 and his death in 1943.

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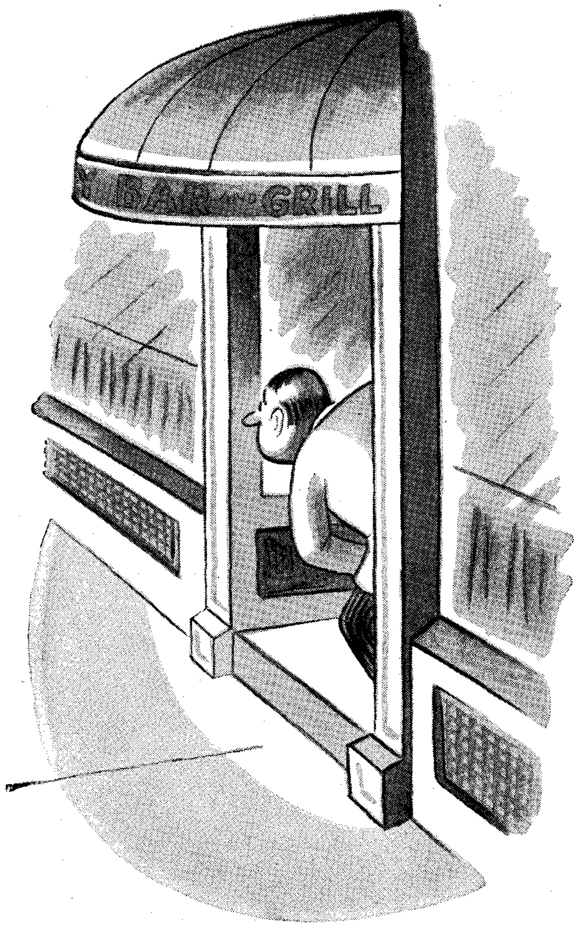
Brother Graves was one of the most intense fraternity men in the history of Beta Theta Pi, or of any other Greek-letter society. I found out almost as soon as I registered as a freshman at Ohio State that Professor Graves was a Beta, but I was a senior before I learned that Professor Denney was a member of the fraternity I belonged to myself. Billy often served as a state or national officer of Beta Theta Pi, and in the course of his duties travelled thousands of miles, giving the grip thousands of times, without getting tired or even bored. When he was twenty-nine, he wrote, for his fraternity's national magazine, a loving tribute called "The Miracle of Brotherhood," and it was reprinted forty years later, when he was sixty-nine. The salute to ΒΘΠ begins with a comparison of the friendship of David and Jonathan to the ties that bind fraternity brothers. He confesses that he cannot explain the miracle of brotherhood. "I could as soon tell you what sends a bobolink into the sky on a sunny May morning, to drop earthward again amid the golden bells of his own chiming song." Billy goes on to say, "As the years continue to widen the gulf between me and my active college days, I become more and more persuaded that in Beta Theta Pi, as in no single one of our kindred fraternities, there is a tenderness of appreciation for the fraternity spirit, a loyalty of regard for the fraternity ideals, and a strength of endurance in the fraternity sentiment. I have yet to hear from a Beta what I heard from a member of another great brotherhood who could not be sure of his fraternity's name, or from a second, only the other day, who told me he had not heard or thought fraternity for so long that he hardly knew what the word meant." The tribute ends with this sentence: "If I am glad of any one thing this night, it is that for me the miracle of brotherhood has come to pass, and if I am proud of anything, it is that the badge on my breast is a Beta badge."

I ENTERED Professor Graves' short-story course in the somnolent September of 1916, one of the last of the becalmed years that preceded the Liberation of Literature in the twenties. "The Spoon River Anthology" was the most daring book of the time, "This Side of Paradise" and "Main Street" were unborn, Hemingway was only seventeen years old, and there was little to ruffle the poise and placidity of professors of creative writing west of the Alleghenies. Professor Taylor, to be sure, labored nobly to interest his students in the short stories of Henry James, and another professor came out boldly with his admiration of O. Henry, but for the most part such timeworn classics as "Markheim," "The Necklace," and "A Piece of String" were held up as perfect examples of short fiction, to be revered and imitated. A group of precocious avant-garde students got out a rebellious magazine called *Sansculottes*—it withered in the dead weather of the period—but most of the literary-minded boys and girls dreamed of selling something to the *Smart Set* for forty dollars, or at least of getting a personal note of rejection from Mencken or Nathan. In the midst of all this, Billy Graves went his own special way, introducing his classes to Fannie Hurst's "Gaslight Sonatas," Robert W. Chambers' "The King in Yellow," Gouverneur Morris's "Spread Eagle," Josephine Dodge Daskam's "The Madness of Philip," Richard Harding Davis's "Gallegher," and Quiller-Couch's "The Householder." I am told that he later found Hemingway's stories of "blood and death" distasteful, but admired "The Killers," in which there is only the threat of blood and death.

I got what was known as a "deferred pass" in Professor Graves' short-story course, which meant that I hadn't turned in enough themes. He stubbornly insisted on outlining ready-made plots for his students to follow in writing their "original" short stories. There was the one about a paralyzed woman who beseeches her daughter not to get married and leave her, and the one about the cowardly condemned youth who goes bravely to his death before a firing squad after his mother tells him that the real bullets have been replaced by blanks. It was a matter of awe to many of us that Billy Graves' mind, or the mind of any mortal, could stand up under countless variations of these monotonous situations. Occasionally he did allow his students to write short stories out of their own imagination, and he always hoped that some of them would be bought by magazines. In 1921, one of his young men made it, with a story called "Larry Pyramids," which appeared in the *Smart Set*. It had, however, never been submitted to Billy Graves. I have always wondered what he thought of it. It dealt with a Catholic who shot craps to win enough money to provide a Mass for his dead father. (In the same issue, incidentally, there was another story that must have disturbed Professor Graves. It was called "Miss Thompson" and was written by W. Somerset Maugham.)

IN February, 1924, Billy Graves was thrown open to the public in an article in *Collier's*, written by Frederick L. Collins and entitled "Everywhere I Go I Find a Pal." I was only twenty-nine when I first read this remarkable piece of journalism, but its flavor has lingered with me through the years. I had forgotten its actual phrases, however, so I looked it up the other day and read it again. Mr. Collins, best known for his "The F.B.I. in Peace and War," published in 1943, had gone to Columbus in the fall of 1923 for the Ohio State-Illinois Homecoming Game—it was one of the Red Grange years—and in looking around for a local figure notable enough to be written up he kept hearing about Billy Graves. One Ohio State graduate, in his thirties, told Mr. Collins, "He is closer to the youth of the Middle West, exerts a greater influence than any other man since Roosevelt." (The reference was, of course, to Teddy Roosevelt, since at that time Franklin Delano Roosevelt was mainly known for having recently been defeated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.) Like many another man, Frederick L. Collins was enchanted by Billy Graves. They had lunch and went to the football game together, where Billy was affectionately greeted by scores of students and alumni.

Early in his article, Mr. Collins spoke of Billy Graves' "kewpie figure," and later enlarged on this. "Did I say Graves had a kewpie figure? That's not fair to the professor or the kewpies.



For, if it was strictly so, the latter wouldn't be so funny or the former so nice. He looks more as your mother always likes to have you look: 'heavier than you used to be.' Perhaps it's his complexion that's kewpyish; perhaps it's his eyes, beady and smileful, like a very wise baby's. Perhaps it's the jolly young soul that shines through his great comfortable personality. Anyhow, he's something awfully nice to play with—and he's more like a kewpie than a Teddy bear." I am sure that Mr. Collins' strange nursery mood made Billy Graves squirm, but he took it in his stride. "Well, at any rate," he laughed, "I'm not on sale in the stores."

It is hard to believe, reading Mr. Collins' report of his luncheon conversation with Billy, that the year was 1923, in the midst of the Scott Fitzgerald era. " 'I suppose, among ten thousand boys and girls,' said Billy, 'there must be some drinking and considerable "petting"—I believe that's what they call it nowadays—but either I don't see it or the boys and girls I know don't do it. I rather think that the latter is true. . . . Of course, there's some rouge, and the other day I heard a girl swear right on the steps of our building. At least, she said "My God!"—and I call that swearing. But then, she had just seen the mark I had given her on an examination—and I didn't have the heart to reprimand her.' " Billy Graves, his admirers will protest, was neither as naïve nor as prim as all that. He had a trick of throwing away such remarks with a laugh that took the edge off them, but Mr. Collins failed to catch this in his piece. The Collins article continues like this: "Just then we passed a tall boy and a wee girl in busy conversation. It was too dark to see their young faces, but it's never too dark to listen. The boy was saying, '. . . And Billy Graves says, "not for him!" ' Graves turned around with a laugh. 'Good evening,' he said. The boy wasn't embarrassed. He laughed, too. 'I was talking about you, not to you. I was quoting one of your articles.' "

The article the wee girl's young companion referred to that day had probably been printed in either the *Daily Lantern* or the *Ohio State University Monthly*. Billy Graves was the faculty's most prolific writer. In 1900, he was asked by an editor of the *Lantern* to write a weekly piece on any subject, and he agreed to do it until school closed the following year. Forty-two other *Lantern* editors came and went, and Billy kept on writing his pieces, more than two thousand of them in all, containing a total of more than two million words. He also found time, for many years, to write a monthly piece for the alumni magazine. He discussed new books and plays; the movies, which he usually scornfully dismissed, although he liked some of the old silent films, including one based on Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges;" professors—Kittredge was his favorite among the eminent men; dogwood, hawthorn, and white lilacs in bloom; and country rambles in every weather, on which he took along a camera and a sack of chocolates. He would accompany friends on a hunting trip, but always turned his head away when a rifle was aimed at a squirrel. There was tinkle and chime and fragrance in the Graves clear prose, which charmed some readers and annoyed others. One campus critic damned the body of his writing as "sweetly innocuous," and another curmudgeon came to the conclusion that Billy was capable only of crushes and grudges, and lacked temper and passion. Then, in 1940, Professor Graves, who called his *Lantern* pieces "The Idler's Chronicle and Comment," astounded and shocked the critics of his bland style and his mild subject matter. He came out with violent attacks on his once beloved England for having instigated, as he put it, the Second World War, sharply criticized our "pro-British Congress," mysteriously discovered the

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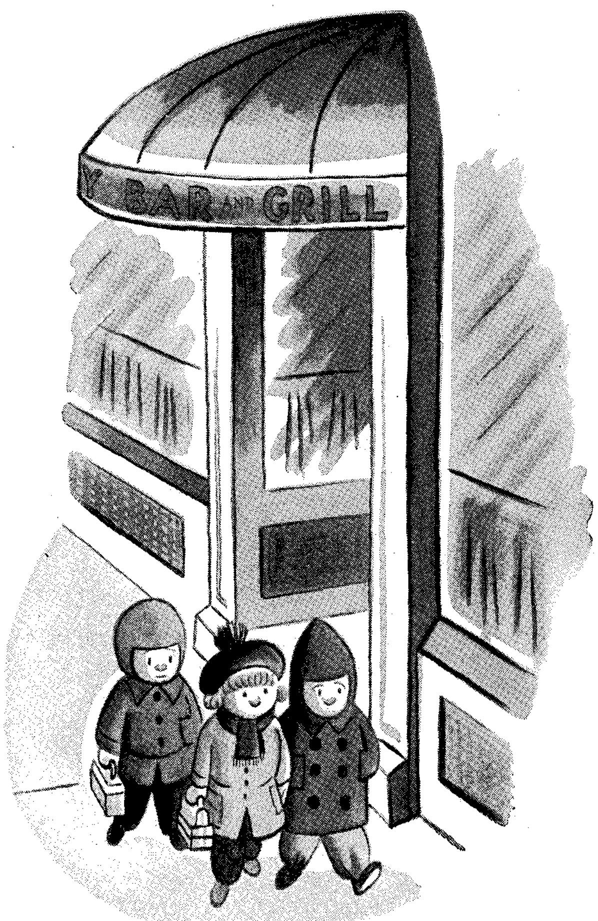

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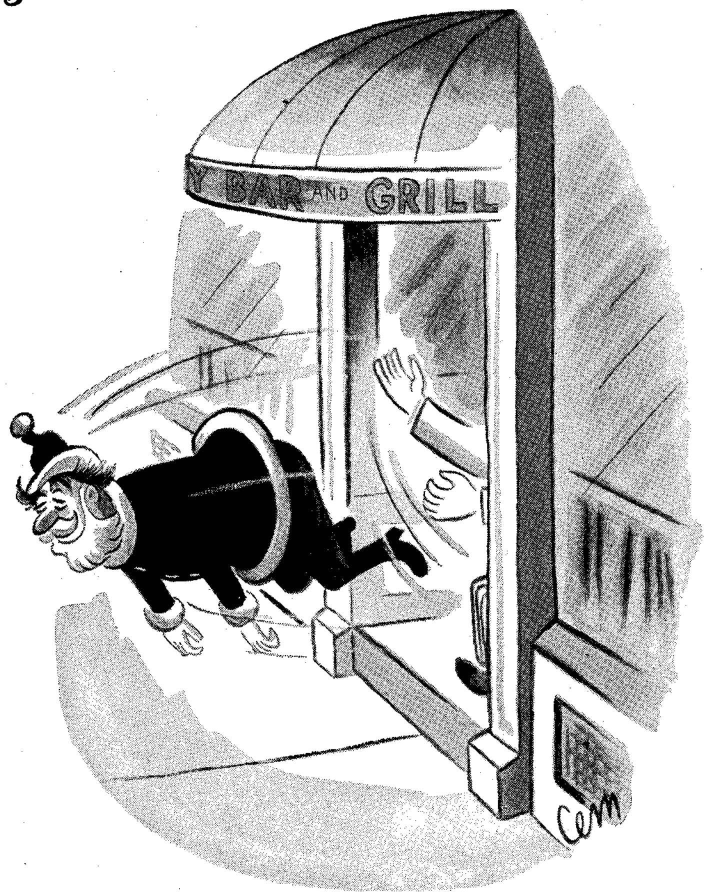
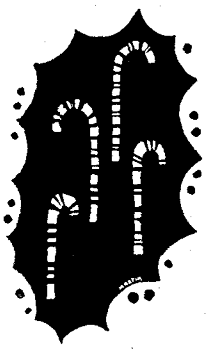


gaiety of Paris under the Germans and the city's relief at the departure of British and American tourists, and praised Charles A. Lindbergh in a brief, extravagant paragraph.

The identity of the Iago—or Emilia—who had whispered evil of England in the ear of her erstwhile ardent admirer (he had often told friends that he planned to spend his last years in some English town) remains a mystery of the Ohio State campus, or, at any rate, one of its few faculty secrets. It was taken for granted that the senescent political views and vehemence of the Idler, so alien to his younger nature, were inspired by some persuasive person he had listened to with his usual attentiveness. However that may be, every now and then, between the spring of 1940 and Pearl Harbor, one of the Professor's essays, after starting out in his familiar gentle vein, would abruptly turn into hard tirade. In the *Lantern* of May 28, 1940, his column began: "I was not looking to see, in this late and capricious spring, such luxuriance of bloom in the lilacs and the dogwood. I can remember no year in which these glorious things have flourished as they have this year. A drive in almost any direction along the country roads takes one through something like an aisle of lilac bushes, simply loaded with these exquisite fragrant blooms, waving and tossing in the spring winds at the ends of their pliant branches." The little country ramble ended with these sentences: "Somebody out on Bryden Road has a wonderful dogwood tree, now in bloom; and several on the north side of the city attract instant attention. They take second place only to those brilliant hawthorns whose colors fascinated us a week or two ago." At this point, Professor Graves suddenly began to whoop it up for Lindbergh. "It is easy to see," he wrote, "why Lindbergh will never again be a great hero to the American masses. He knows too much, he is too intelligent, too fair-minded, he has too much accurate information, he has had too many contacts of the sort that demagogues avoid and would not, in their ignorance, want to make anyway, lest they might learn something that would shut off their empty spoutings. . . ." From here, the Idler drifted into an amusing squib about diplomas.



Not since 1916 (I think it was), when a *Lantern* editor printed a front-page story about the electrocution at the state penitentiary of a murderer who had no connection whatever with Ohio State, had the college paper contained anything so provocative as the Idler's political outbursts. The Lindbergh comment called forth an indignant, well-considered reply, running to two columns in the *Lantern*, from the able Professor Joseph A. Leighton, of the Department of Philosophy. The rest of the faculty, without known exception, joined him in opposing Graves on Lindbergh, and in defending England, France, and the international policies of the American Congress. Billy was not the equal of Professor Leighton in ratiocination or implementation, and he did not pursue the debate in the *Lantern*, but he kept repeating his views privately, so forcefully and so often that his colleagues began avoiding his company. Many of them were permanently alienated, others dismissed the Idler's beliefs as nonsense, and one man observed that every professor should be allowed one sabbatical from soundness. Since few alumni had ever subscribed to the *Lantern*, Billy's host of graduate pals was largely ignorant of his strange transfiguration.

The last column the Idler ever wrote appeared in the *Lantern* of June 3, 1943. It was a return to the kind of sweetly flavored theme that had marked his writing since the election of President McKinley. Entitled "Well! Well! How Are You?," it dealt with the coming fiftieth reunion of his Ohio State class of 1893. "We will smile and talk of ancient days," he wrote, "and afterward tell our wives or husbands how awful everybody looked. 'Poor old Billy Graves. He certainly is failing. Isn't it a shame? He used to be so . . .' " Three months later, William Lucius Graves, sitting in his living room and talking to his wife—he had astonished everybody by marrying, late in life, one of his former students—collapsed in his chair and died instantly of a heart attack, at the age of seventy-one. Letters of condolence came from men and women all over the country, and newspaper eulogies were filled with tribute, anecdote, and reminiscence. "Billy Graves is dead," mourned the Columbus *Citizen*, "gentle, lovable Billy Graves." There was no mention anywhere of his dark sabbatical. It must be reported, in fairness, that the well-remembered charm and affability of Ohio State's professor-plus has obliterated, like a ramble of morning-glories, his flaws and frailties. The Billy Graves legend remains as bright as ever, time having quietly erased its most prominent stain. In his final years, he had successfully removed from his name the stigma of kewpie, and this must be counted, I think, in spite of its cost, among his triumphs.

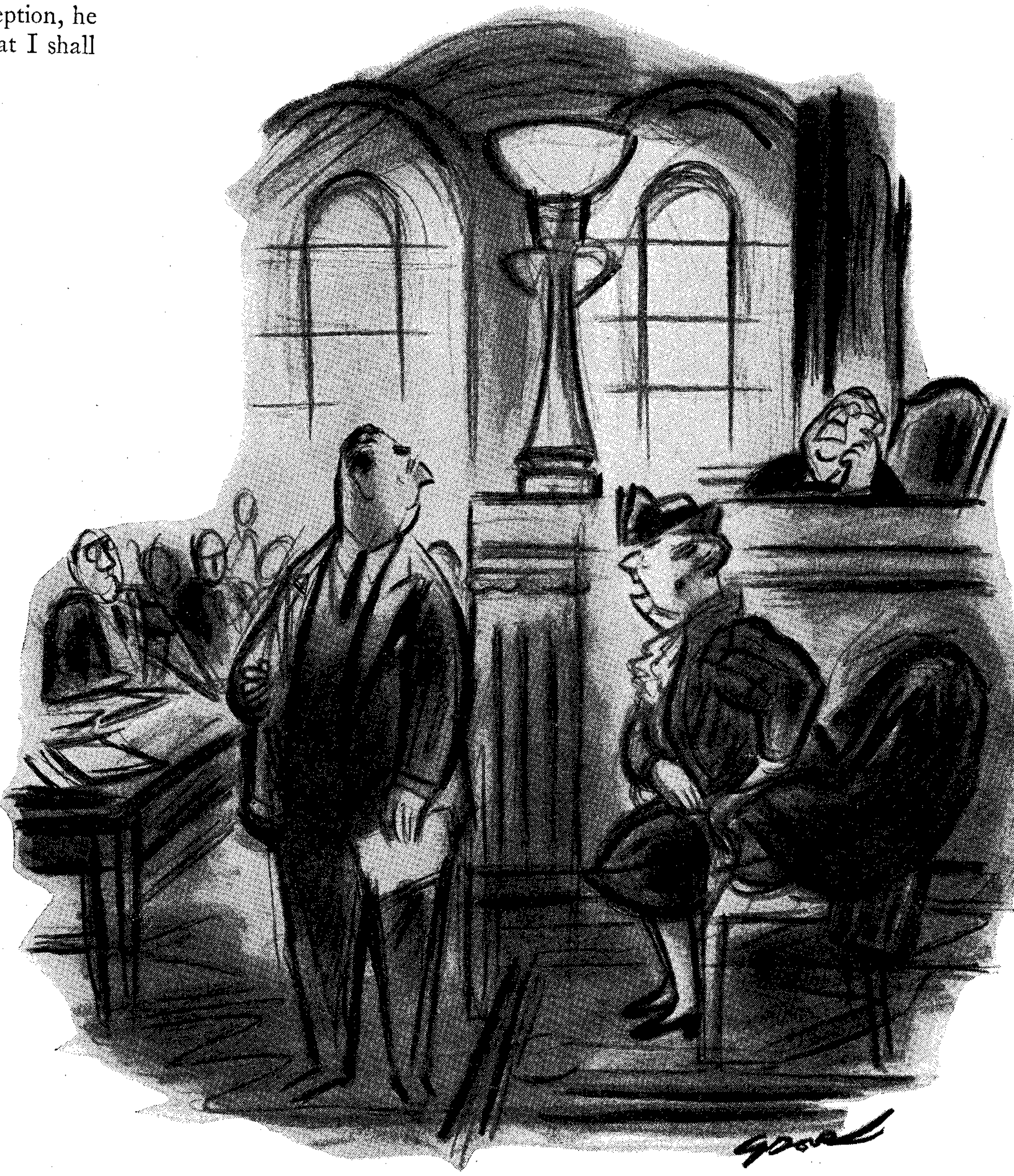
Billy Graves was capable of a fine composure, seated behind his tidy desk, but Joe Denney was always standing restlessly at his lectern when his classes assembled, and he would gaze at them over his reading glasses with a look of mild astonishment, as if he were sure that they, or he, had come to the wrong lecture room. He had his real faraway moments, in class and out, but not often; his absent-mindedness was usually a whimsically studied effect. "I have either just appointed that committee, or I am just about to," he solemnly told a reporter after he became president of the American Association of University Professors thirty years ago. He knew darn well he had just appointed the committee, and he presently recited the names of its members without a miss. When he had retired as Dean of the College of Arts, to devote more time to this presidency, a scroll of tribute to him, in Latin, was read aloud at a ceremony. After alarming everybody by searching his pockets for notes that weren't there—he rarely made notes—he replied in elegant Latin, without stumbling over a single ablative absolute. In class, his air of bewilderment sometimes served as a kind of impish ambush from which his alertness would leap suddenly to pounce on a serious point, or to outwit a waggish student. One of these, a roguish young lady—she would be in her fifties now—tried to throw her fast ball past him in his Shakespeare class one morning. He had asked her "Who was Pinch?" and instead of identifying Pinch, she came out with the name of a character who is arrested in one of the comedies. Joe Denney peered at her helplessly over his glasses for a moment, and then said, "My dear young lady, if I should ever succumb to the frivolous temptation to phrase my oral examinations in slang, the question you have just answered would go like this: 'Who was tossed in the clink?' "

Joseph Villiers Denney, as his command of slang indicates, had been around, outside ivied walls. After college, he had edited an Illinois paper, the Aurora *Beacon*, and then travelled in all the states of the old Confederacy, writing special articles about the New South for the Chicago *Tribune*. His interest in journalism did not last long. He was still in his twenties when he took up an academic career, beginning as principal of an Aurora high school, and then going on to teach at the University of Michigan, and later at Ohio State. As he grew older, his journalistic sense diminished. In 1923, for example, he actually expected the unscholarly Gus Kuehner, city editor of the Columbus *Dispatch*, to print a front-page story based on the fact that the Ben Greet Players would be on the campus during the Tercentenary of the First Folio. I was a *Dispatch* reporter at the time, and Dean Denney asked me to break the news of the exciting coincidence to Kuehner, which I did. He looked at me quizzically, like a beagle examining a turtle, and said "Goody!" When I told Dean Denney of this cold reception, he sighed and said, "I suspect that I shall never be able to excite Mr. Kuehner's imagination." He was right about that, as he was about most things.

Dean Denney was for many years the busiest man on the faculty, and he became the first to make *Who's Who*. He seemed frail enough to be blown away in a high wind, but this was as deceptive as his lost look, for he could outwork two ordinary professors and trot home at twilight, fresh as a daisy, to write a speech or read a book. For relaxation, he played the violin. He took on almost every administrative job in the university, and, besides being Dean for twenty years, was, at various times, Acting President, Chairman of the Entrance Board, Secretary of the Faculty, and Director of the Summer Session. Not the least of his distinctions was his academic fame as one of the most brilliant Shakespearean scholars of his day. In his spare time, such as it was, he collaborated on well-remembered textbooks and lectured on Shakespeare at Columbia and other universities. Sixteen years after his death, he remains one of the indestructible human traditions of his university and the shining figure of its fondest legend.

THE Denney legend may have got its start one day about 1905, when he ran out of blackboard space during an examination and, without hesitation, quietly wrote the last two questions on a bare, kind of chalk-colored wall. Another professor, after a reasonable interval, might have erased the first two questions or dictated the final ones to his class, but the young Dean—he was then forty-three—was not a man of hackneyed or conventional solutions. "Braque," said a painter, hearing of the writing on the wall, "would have done the same thing." That small, impulsive gesture of nearly fifty years ago has not been forgotten at Ohio State; several gentlemen, well into their sixties, learning that I was exploring the Denney yesterdays, wrote me that they were in his class that unusual morning.

Dean Denney was also a man of unhackneyed and unconventional explanations, and one of them forms the glittering keystone of the legend. Late one night some forty years ago, he boarded an owl car after making an address in downtown Columbus, possibly at a meeting of the sedate Kit Kat Club, and absently dropped a strip of six tickets in the conductor's hopper. "Hey, Mister," exclaimed that astonished man, "you only need *one* ticket!" Returning from the Forest of Arden, or wherever he may have been wandering (he was also an authority on Edmund Burke, international law, and the American Reconstruction period), he peered at the conductor over his glasses, out of ancient classroom habit. "It is my considered intention," he began,



*"Just a minute, Mr. Counsellor! I swore to tell the* whole *truth, and I haven't even got started yet."*

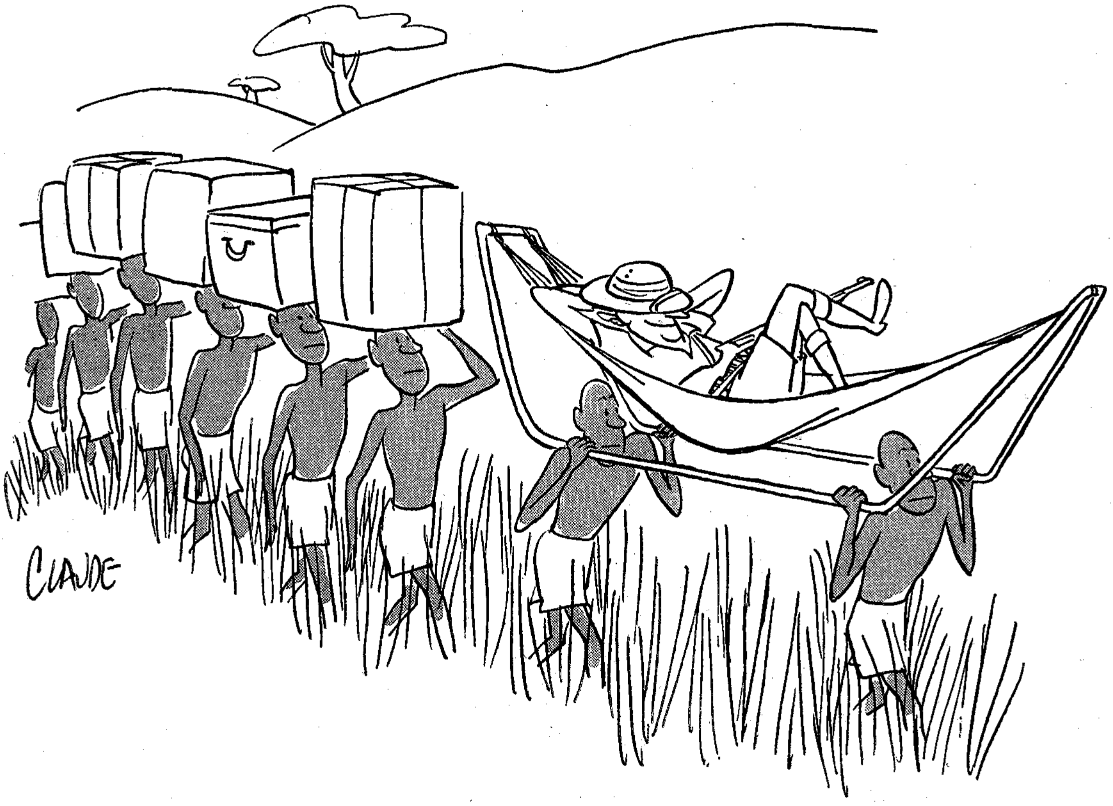
at last, "it is my considered intention," he repeated innocently, "to— ah— lie down."

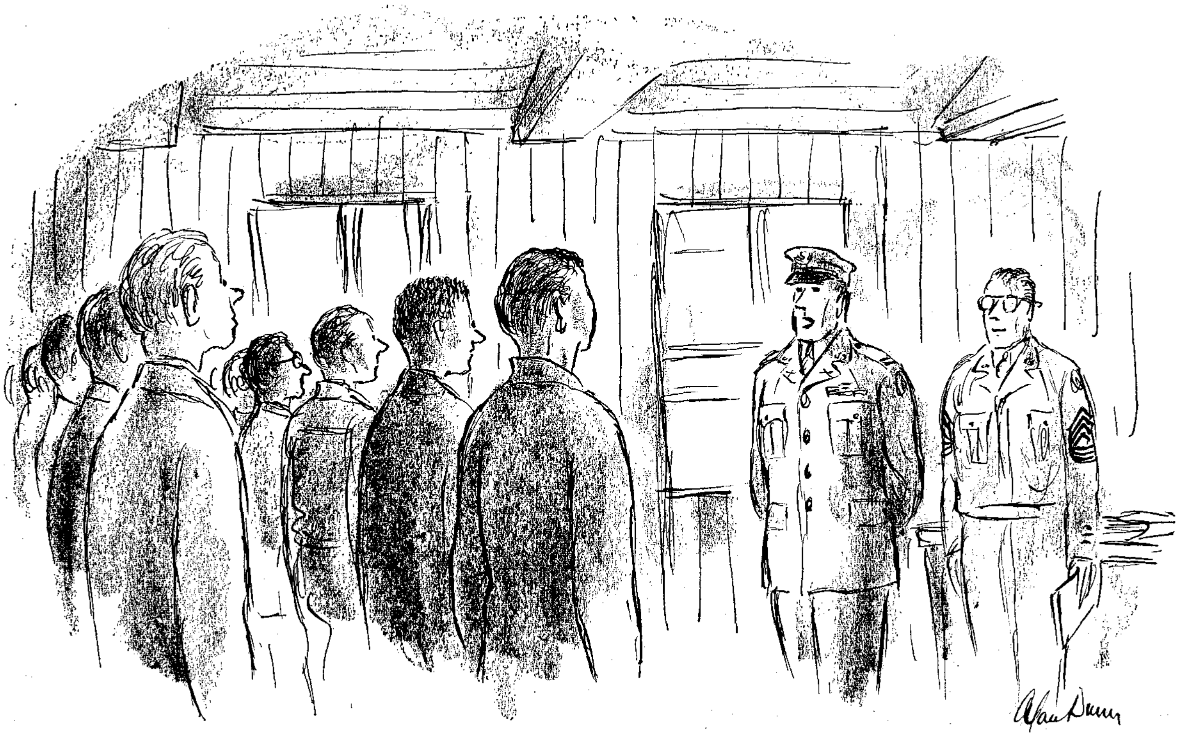
The Denney legend, like all legends, abounds in apocrypha, and professorial anecdotes common to other campuses have been hung on him, just as the incident of the streetcar has been falsely attributed to other men. He is said to have driven up to his house in a carriage with several other professors and, when his wife came to the door, to have said, "My dear, you'd better come out and get the one that belongs here." He might have said that, but the best Denney authorities regard it as pat and labored, and they point out that the man who confounded the streetcar conductor never built up any of his sallies in advance. They cite as a genuine Denney a story of his arrival home after midnight from a late faculty meeting, in the automobile of a colleague named Dr. Henneker. Mrs. Denney called down from an upstairs window, "Who is that with you, Joe? Who has kept you out so late?" Her husband leaned out of the car, peered up at her, and said, "My dear, I do not propose to betray my good friend Dr. Henneker." This was the authentic Joe Denney, imp of the faculty, who loved to tease his colleagues, especially the pompous ones, and whose wife was always his most appreciative and inspiring audience.

Although he was affectionately known as Joe to all the student bodies that came and went during his forty-two years, he lacked the Billy Graves urge to mingle with undergraduates on their own level. He wistfully hoped every September, often in vain, to encounter a few serious students interested in impersonal communion on an intellectual level. I never saw him at Ohio Field (he knew football, though, and once said, "There is no forward passing in learning; you have to cover the ground the hard way"), and his heart did not leap up when he beheld an athlete in his class. One athlete, executing a trick play, once scored ten points on a certain examination question, and Joe Denney didn't forget it. The question went something like this: "Write all you remember about 'As You Like It,'" and the student simply set down the sentence "I don't remember anything about 'As You Like It.'" Dean Denney felt that on this occasion he had been fairly outmaneuvered, but he was usually more than a match for the powerfully built and the fleet of foot. One such fellow, a track man, came to class fifteen minutes after the Professor had written duplicate questions on blackboards on opposite sides of the room—he often had to do that as his classes grew in popularity and size. The lightfoot lad, breathing heavily, his hair still wet with shower water, panted proudly that he was late because of practice for a coming track meet. Dean Denney studied him in silence, and then said, "In view of your labors on behalf of the glory of this institution of— ah— higher learning, I suggest that you may be happier answering the questions on *this* side of the room." The young man didn't find out until after class why everyone had laughed uproariously when he got up from his chair and crossed the room. He had mistaken his professor for one of those who pampered athletes, in a tradition that began in 1916, when Ohio State's football team won its first Western Conference title.

The teaching of Shakespeare was Dean Denney's life, and it was a hard life. In an address he once made to an assemblage of Phi Beta Kappas, Professor Denney spoke of a man driven to cynicism by "the infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge." After one of his effective pauses and peerings, he added, "Perhaps he had just finished reading a set of final-examination papers in which his best points were carefully missed, and his cherished theories, grotesquely distorted, were now handed back to him in such shocking and immoral disarray as to convict him of having 'most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm.'" Professor Denney had a vast fondness for the "preposterous ignoramuses" of Shakespeare's romantic comedies, and he was able to endure philosophically the long procession of Dulls and Shallows that clamored to get into his Shakespeare classes.

JOSEPH VILLIERS DENNEY was the last of the old-fashioned apostles of the classics and humanities at Ohio State. He was a fighting apostle, too, with a swift and memorable sword arm. "Millions for manure," he once said, "but not one cent for literature," a daring, and durable, crack at the Ohio Legislature, which was always glad to finance a new cow barn or horse building but guffawed at the idea of a theatre on the campus. (The cramped chapel stage was used for most plays, but Shakespeare's were put on outdoors.) The legislators, many of them farmers, were often a thorn in the side of the College of Arts. There were always a few who tried to throw out the teaching of Shelley, because of the rumor of the poet's un-Ohioan love





*"First I want to caution you fellows that Army life may be something of a letdown after those modern war novels."*

life, and if the legislature of 1917 did not instigate, it heartily approved of, the banning of German at the University. In that same year, Bible classes were held in the fraternity houses, in a cloudily patriotic attempt to substitute Jehovah's Word, in English, for the godless language of Goethe and Heine. This awkward and unpopular project, unnourished by any marked enthusiasm on the part of the Dean of the College of Arts, was soon abandoned. He resisted, during his long career, a hundred alien restrictions on the freedom of teaching at Ohio State, and his reputation as a firm and courageous crusader for teachers' rights became widely known in academic circles and resulted in his election as president of the professors' association. In his inaugural address to his colleagues, who had gathered from all over America, he boldly named their potential enemies: state legislatures, ecclesiastical bodies, and "powerful influence operating through trustees."

Dean Denney lived to see, sorrowfully, the disappearance of Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil from many secondary schools, and to watch his own university become one of the chief fortresses of the academic army opposed to liberal education and in favor of practical and empirical training in the useful modern sciences, crafts, businesses, and trades. I don't know what Joseph Villiers Denney would have made of a recent magazine article entitled "Gigantic Ohio State," which proudly records that you can no longer get a degree there in salesmanship or sanitary engineering without having endured a sprinkling of culture in the form of a required course in the humanities. A "campus leader" is reported to have said, "Do they think Shakespeare is going to get me a job with U.S. Steel?" There is one man whose answer to that question I would love to hear, but he is, God help us all, no longer living.

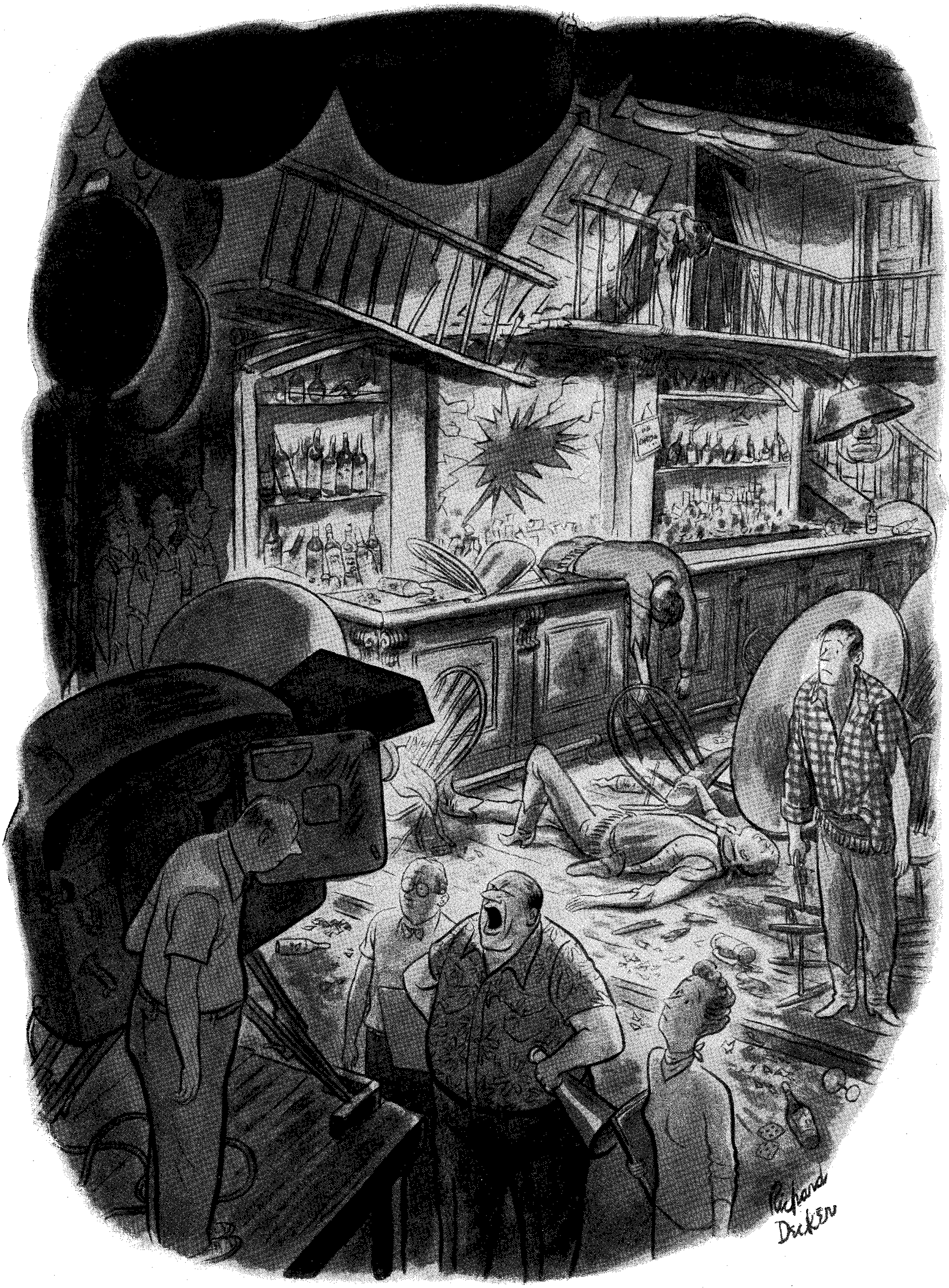
The day he retired from the university, his devoted colleagues, old and young, in the Department of English watched him gather up his books and papers and take a last look around his office. Ohio State University had taken enormous strides toward its destiny of giantism since he had first come there as a young instructor so many years before. No formal ceremony marked his going away, at least not that day, and there were no awkward or sorrowful moments of parting as the distinguished scholar and administrator, lecturer and wit, said goodbye to his friends. He came, last of all, to the late Herman Miller, one of the younger professors with whom he was fond of engaging in banter. He took Miller's hand, gave him the famous over-the-glasses peer, and said, "Herman, after forty-two years of teaching I have come to the conclusion that the human species is— ah— ineducable." Then he winked, poked his young friend in the ribs, made a little clucking sound, and left the campus forever. He didn't have long to live, but in spite of his years and waning strength he insisted on going to Ann Arbor in 1935 to attend the fiftieth anniversary of his Michigan class. He had always had a deep affection for his Alma Mater, and he was pleased to find at the reunion many friends of his campus days. He had a wonderful time. Two days after his return home, with the echoes and memories of the reunion still lightening his spirits, he quietly died. He had not been able to make the Columbus *Dispatch* with the story of that old link between the Ben Greet Players and the Tercentenary of the First Folio, but that newspaper, like dozens of others in the Middle West and farther away, appreciated his singular achievements. "Ohio State University is in large part," said the *Dispatch* obituary, "the length and shadow of Joseph Villiers Denney." I like to think that his incomparable length and shadow have not been completely lost in the towering and umbrageous wilderness of modern Gigantic Ohio State.

—James Thurber

## NEW YORK IS WHERE

New York is where those people live
Who sleep upon a cot and give
Their beds as well as their elixir
Along with ice, of course, and mixer
And hours when they would rather read
Or rest, if they should have the need,
To those who think New York is nice
To visit once a year, or twice,
But not a place in which to live
And sleep upon a cot and give
Their beds as well as their elixir
Along with ice, of course, and mixer
And hours when they would rather read
Or rest, if they should have the need,
To those who think New York is nice
To visit once a year or twice.

—Richard Armour


Richard Decker

"*What do you mean you forgot to load the camera!*"

# THE BRIDE OF THE INNISFALLEN

THERE was something of the pavilion about one raincoat, the way—for some little time out there in the crowd—it stood flowing in its salmony-pink and yellow stripes down toward the wet floor of the platform, expanding as it went. In the Paddington gloom it was a little dim, but it was parading through now, and once inside the compartment it looked rainbow-bright.

In it a middle-aged lady climbed on like a sheltered girl—a boost up from behind she pretended not to need or notice. She was big-boned and taller than the man who followed her inside bringing the suitcase—he came up round and with a doll's smile, his black suit wet; she turned a look on him; this was farewell. The train to Fishguard to catch the Cork boat was leaving in fifteen minutes—at a black four o'clock in the afternoon of that spring that refused to flower. She, so clearly, was the one going.

There was nobody to share the compartment yet but one girl, and she not Irish.

Over a stronghold of a face, the blue hat of the lady in the raincoat was settled on like an Indian bonnet, or, rather, like an old hat, which it was. The hair that had been pulled out of its confines was flirtatious and went into two auburn-and-gray pomegranates along her cheeks. Her gaze was almost forgiving, if unsettled; it held its shine so long. Even yet, somewhere, sometime, the owner of those eyes might expect to rise to a tragic occasion. When the round man put the suitcase up in the rack, she sank down under it as if something were now done that could not be undone, and with tender glances brushed the soot and raindrops off herself, somewhat onto him. He perched beside her—it was his legs that were short—and then, as her hands dropped into her bright-stained lap, they both stared straight ahead, as if waiting for a metamorphosis.

The American girl sitting opposite could not have taken in anything they said as long as she kept feeling it necessary, herself, to subside. As long as the train stood in the station, her whole predicament seemed betrayed by her earliness. She was leaving London without her husband's knowledge. She was wearing rather worn American clothes and thin shoes, and, sitting up very straight, kept pulling her coat collar about her ears and throat. In the strange, diminished light of the station people seemed to stand and move on some dark stage; by now platform and train must be almost entirely Irish in their gathered population.

A fourth person suddenly came inside the compartment, a small, passionate-looking man. He was with them as suddenly as a gift—as if an arm had thrust in a bunch of roses or a telegram. There seemed something in him about to explode, but—he pushed off his wet coat, threw it down, threw it up overhead, flung himself into the seat—he was going to be a good boy.

"What's the time?" The round man spoke softly, as if perhaps the new man had brought it.

The lady bowed her head and looked up at him: *she* had it: "Six minutes to four." She wore an accurate-looking wristwatch.

The round man's black eyes flared, he looked out at the rain, and asked the American if she, too, were going to Cork—a question she did not at first understand; his voice was very musical.

"Yes—that is—"

"Four minutes to four," the lady in the raincoat said, those fours sounding fated.

"You don't need to get out of the carriage till you get to Fishguard," the round man told her, murmuring it softly, as if he'd told her before and would tell her again. "Straight through to Fishguard, then you book a berth. You're in Cork in the morning."

She looked fondly as though she had never heard of Cork, wouldn't believe it, and opened and shut her great white heavy eyelids. When he crossed his knees she stole her arm through his and seesawed him on the seat. Holding his rows of little black-rimmed fingers together like a modest accordion, he said, "Two ladies going to Cork."

"Two minutes to four," she said, rolling her eyes.

"You'll go through the customs when you get to Fishguard," he told her. "They'll open your case and see what there is to detect. They'll be wanting to discover if you are bringing anything wrongly and improperly into the country." He eyed the lady, above their linked arms, as if she had been a stranger inquiring into the uses and purposes of customs inspection in the world. By ceasing to smile he appeared to anchor himself; he said solidly, "Following that, you go on board."

"Where you won't be able to buy drink for three miles out!" cried the new passenger. Up to now he had been simply drawing quick breaths. He had a neat, short, tender, slightly alarmed profile—dark, straight hair cut not ten minutes ago, a slight cut over the ear. But this still-bleeding customer, a Connemara man as he was now announcing himself, always did everything last-minute, because that was the way he was made.

There was a feel of the train's being about to leave. Then the guard was shouting.

The round man and the lady in the raincoat rose and moved in step to the door together, all four hands enjoined. She bent her head. Hers was a hat of drapes and shapes. There in the rainy light it showed a chaos of blue veil falling behind, and when it sadly turned, shining directly over the eyes was a gold pin in the shape of a pair of links, like those you are supposed to separate in amateur-magician sets. Her raincoat gave off a peppermint smell that might have been stored up for this moment.

"You won't need to get out of the carriage at all," he said. She put her head on one side. Their cheeks glittered as did their eyes. They embraced, parted; the man from Connemara watched him out the door. Then the pair clasped hands through the window. She might have been standing in a tower and he elevated to her level as far as possible by ladder or rope, in the rain.

There was a great rush of people. At the very last minute four of them stormed this compartment. A little boy flung in over his own bags, whistling wildly, paying no attention to being seen off, no attention to feet inside, consenting to let a young woman who had followed him in put a small bag of his in the rack and save him a seat. She was being pelted with thanks for this by young men and girls crowding at the door; she smiled calmly back at them; even in this she was showing pregnancy, as she showed it under her calm blue coat. A pair of lovers slid in last of all, like a shadow, and filled two seats by the corridor door, trapping into the middle the man from Connemara and somewhat crowding the American girl into her corner. They were just not twining, touching, just not angry, just not too late. Without the ghost of impatience or struggle, without shifting about once, they were settled in speechlessness—two profiles, his dark and cleared of temper, hers young, with straight cut hair.

"Four o'clock."

The lady in the raincoat made the announcement in a hollow tone; everybody in the compartment hushed as though almost taken by surprise. She and the wistful round man still clasped hands through the window and continued to shine in the face like lighthouses smiling. The outside doors were banged shut in a long retreat in both directions, and the train moved. Those outside appeared running beside the train, then waving handkerchiefs, the young men shouting questions and envious things, the girls—they were certainly all Irish, wildly pretty—wildly retreating, their hair whipped forward in long bright and dark pennants by the sucking of the train. The round little man was there one moment and, panting, vanished the next.

The lady, still standing, was all at once very noticeable. Her body might have solidified to the floor under that buttoned cover. (What she had on under her raincoat was her own business and remained so.) The next moment she put out her tongue, at everything just left behind.

"*Oh* my God!" The man from Connemara did explode; it sounded like relief.

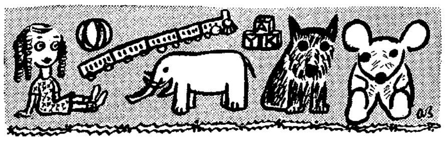
THEN they were under way fast; the lady, having seated herself, smoothed down the raincoat with rattles like the reckless slamming of bureau drawers, and took from her purse a box of Players. She extracted a cigarette already partly burned down, and requested a light. The lover was so quick he almost anticipated her. When the butt glowed, her hand dropped like a shot bird from the flame he rather blindly stuck out. Between draws she held her cigarette below her knees and turned inward to her palm—her hand making a caldron into which the little boy stared.

The American girl opened a book, but closed it. Every time the lady in the raincoat walked out over their feet—she immediately, after her cigarette, made several excursions—she would fling them a look. It was like "Don't say a word, start anything, fall into each other's arms, read, or fight, until I get back to *you*." She might both inspire and tantalize them with her glare. And she was so unpretty she ought to be funny, like somebody on the stage; perhaps she would be funny later.

The little boy whistled "Funiculi, Funicula" in notes almost too high for the ear to hear. On the windows it poured, poured rain. The black of London swam like a cinder in the eye and did not go away. The young wife, leaning back and letting her eyes fall a little while on the child, gave him dim, languorous looks, not quite shaking her head at him. He stopped whistling, but at the same time it could be felt how she was not his mother; her face showed degrees of maternity as other faces show degrees of love or anger; she was only acting his mother for the journey.

It was nice of her then to begin to sing "Funiculi, Funicula," and the others joined, the little boy very seriously, as if he now hated the song. Then they sang something more Irish, about the sea and coming back. But the throb of the rails made the song oddly Spanish and hopelessly desirous; they were near the end of the car, where the beat was single and strong.

After the lady in the raincoat undid her top button and suggested "Wild Colonial Boy," her hatted head kept time, started to lead them—perhaps she kept a pub. The little boy, giving the ladies a meeting look, brought out a fiercely shining harmonica, as he would a pistol, and almost drowned them out. The American girl looked as if she did not know the words, but the lovers now sang, with faces strangely brave.



AT some small, forgotten station a schoolgirl got on, took the vacant seat in this compartment, and opened a novel to page 1. They quieted. By the look of her it seemed they must be in Wales. They had scarcely got a look at the child before she began reading. She sat by the young wife; especially from her, the school hat hid the bent head like a candle snuffer; of her features only the little mouth, slightly open and working, stayed visible. Even her upper lip was darkly freckled, even the finger that lifted and turned the page.

The little boy sped his breath up the harmonica scale; the young wife said "Victor!" and they all felt sorry for him and had his name.

"Air," she suddenly said, as if she felt their look. The man from Connemara hurled himself at the window and slid the pane, then at the corridor door, and opened it wide onto a woman passing with an eight- or nine-months-old baby. It was a red-haired boy with queenly jowls, squinting in at the world as if to say, "Will what has just been said be very kindly repeated?"

"Oh, isn't he *beautiful!*" the young wife cried reproachfully through the door. She would have put out her hands.

There was no response. On they went.

"An English nurse travelling with an Irish child, look at that, he's so grand,

## DAMOCLES

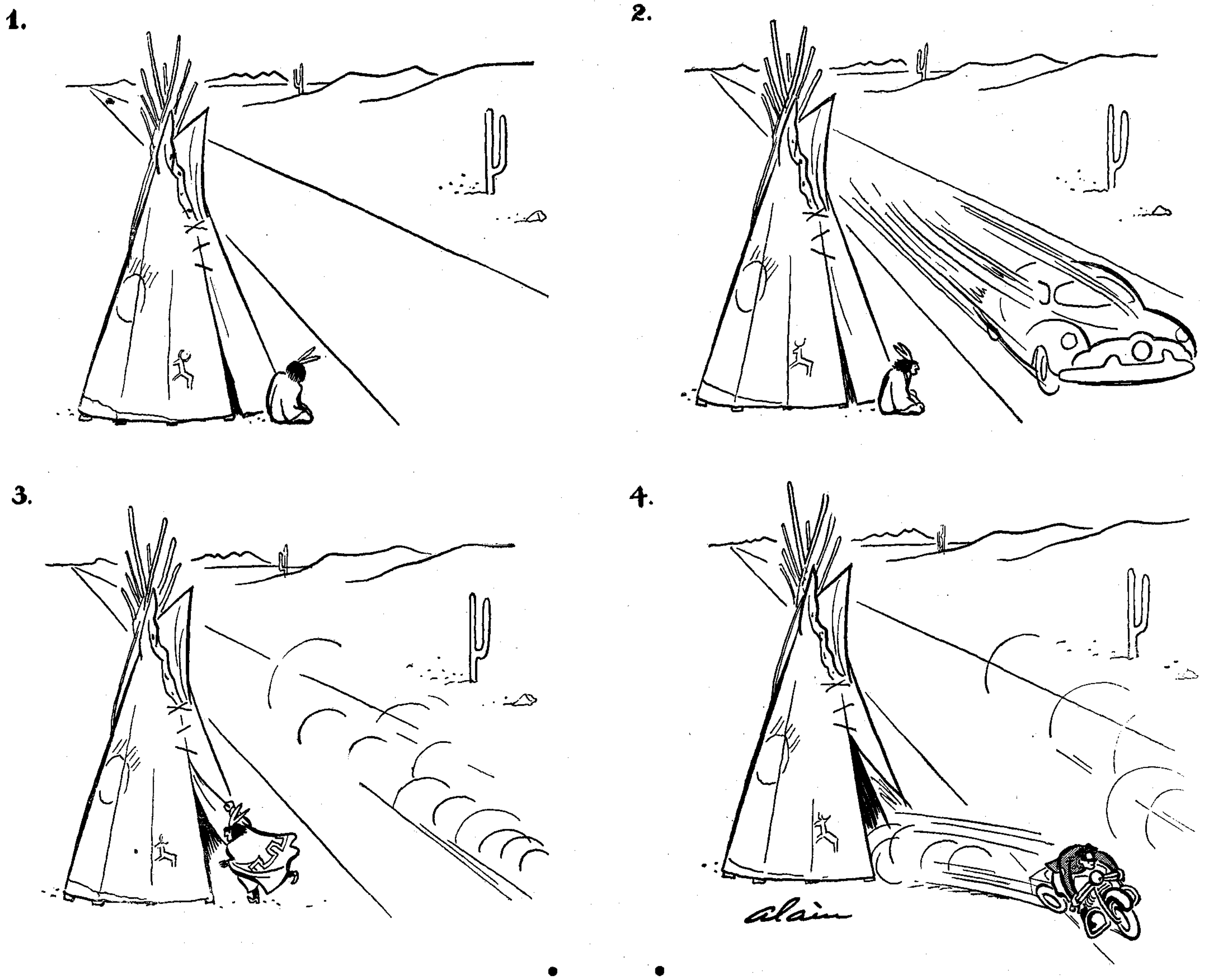
Death never troubled Damocles,
  Nor did the incertitude
When the sword, swung by a light breeze,
  Cast shadows on his food—
    "A thread is spun
    For every son,"
  Said he, "of Pyrrha's brood."

But great Zeus cursed him, nonetheless,
  With vision to deplore
The end of that day's childishness,
  And he could eat no more:
    His fame would float
    Through anecdote
  Into dead metaphor.

Then orators from every land,
  Caught by the same disease,
With thump of fist or saw of hand
  Or sinking to their knees,
    Would madly boom
    Of the world's doom
  And swords of Damocles.

—ROBERT GRAVES

• •



and such style, that dress, that petticoat, do you think she's kidnapped the lad?" suggested the lady in the raincoat, puffing.

"*Oh* my God," said the man from Connemara.

For a moment the schoolgirl made the only sounds—catching her breath and sobbing over her book.

"Kidnapping's farfetched," said the man from Connemara. "Maybe the woman's deaf and dumb."

"I couldn't sleep this night thinking such wickedness was travelling on the train and on the boat with me." The young wife's skin flooded to her temples.

"It's not *your* fault."

The schoolgirl bent lower still and, still reading, opened a canvas satchel at her feet, in which—all looked—were a thermos, a lunchbox under lock and key, a banana, and a Bible. She selected the banana by feel, and brought it up and ate it as she read.

"If it's kidnapping, it'll be in the Cork paper Sunday morning," said the lady in the raincoat with confidence. "Railway trains are great systems for goings on of all kinds. You'll never take me by surprise."

"But this is *our* train," said the young wife. "Women alone, sometimes exceptions, but often on the long journey alone or with children."

"There's evil where you'd least expect it," the man from Connemara said, somehow as if he didn't care for children. "There's one thing and another, so forth and so on, run your finger down the alphabet and see where it stops."

"I'll never see the Cork paper," replied the young wife. "But oh, I tell you I would rather do without air to breathe than see that poor baby pass again and put out his little arms to me."

"Ah, then. Shut the door," the man from Connemara said, and pointed it out to the lover, who after all sat nearer.

"Excuse me," the young man whispered to the girl, and shut the door at her knee and near where her small open hand rested.

"But why would she be kidnapping the baby *to* Ireland?" cried the young wife suddenly.

"Yes—you've been riding backwards: if we were going the other way, 'twould be a different story." And the lady in the raincoat looked at her wisely.

THE train was grinding to a stop at a large station in Wales. The schoolgirl, after one paralyzed moment, rose and got off through the corridor in a dream; the book she closed was seen to be "Black Stallion of the Downs." A big tall man climbed on and took her place. It was this station, it was felt, where they actually ceased leaving a place and from now on were arriving at one.

The tall Welshman drove into the compartment through any remarks that were going on and with great strength like a curse heaved his bag on top of several of theirs in the rack, where it had been thought there was no more room, and took the one seat without question. With serious sets of his shoulders he settled down in the middle of them, between Victor and the lady in the raincoat, facing the man from Connemara. His hair was in two corner bushes, and he had a full eye—like that of the horse in the storm in old chromos in the West of America—the kind of eye supposed to attract lightning. In the silence of the dreary stop, he slapped all his pockets—not having forgotten anything, only making sure. His hands were powdered over with something fairly black.

"Well! How far do *you* go?" he put to the man from Connemara and then to them in turn, and each time the answer came, "Ireland." He seemed unduly astonished.

He lighted a pipe, and pointed it toward the little boy. "What have you been doing in England, eh?"

Victor writhed forward and set his teeth into the strap of the outer door.

"He's been to a wedding," said the young wife, as though she and Victor were saying the same thing in two different ways, and smiled on him fully for the first time.

"Who got married?"

"Me brother," Victor said in a strangled voice, still holding on recklessly while the train, starting with a jerk, rocked him to the side.

"Big wedding?"

Two greyhounds in plaid blankets, like dangerously ecstatic old ladies hoping no one would see them, rushed into, out of, then past the corridor door which the incoming Welshman had failed to shut behind him. The glare in the eye of the man who followed, with his belt flying about him as he pulled back on the dogs, was wild, too.

"Big wedding?"

"Me family was all over the place if that's what you mean." Victor wildly chewed; there was a smell of leather.

"Ah, it has driven his poor mother to her bed, it was that grand a wedding," said the young wife. "That's why she's in England, and Victor here on his own."

"You must have missed school. What school do you go to—you *go* to school?" By the power of his eye, the Welshman got Victor to let go the strap and answer yes or no. The first set of answers he got from a little boy, he did not seem to know what to do with.

"You study French and so on?"

"Ah, them languages is no good. What good is Irish?" said Victor passionately, and somebody said, "Now what does your mother tell you?"

"What is the matter with your mother?" said the Welshman, correcting the question.

"Ah, it's her old trouble. Ask *her*. But there's two of me brothers at one end and five at the other."

"So you'll be met in Ireland, whatever happens," said the Welshman, after a moment.

The young wife let Victor bring her suitcase up off the floor and unstrap it for her so she could give him an orange. She drew out as well a piece of needlepoint, square and tarnished, which she spread over her pretty arm and hung before their eyes.

"Beautiful!"

" 'A Wee Cottage' is the name it has."

"I see the cottage. 'Tis, very wee, and so's every bit about it."

" 'Twould blind you: 'tis a work of art."

"The little rabbit peeping out!"

"Makes you wish you had your gun, don't it?" said the Welshman.

"Me grandmother. She died at eighty, very sudden, on a visit to England. God rest her soul. Now I'm bringing this masterpiece home to Ireland."

"Who could blame you."

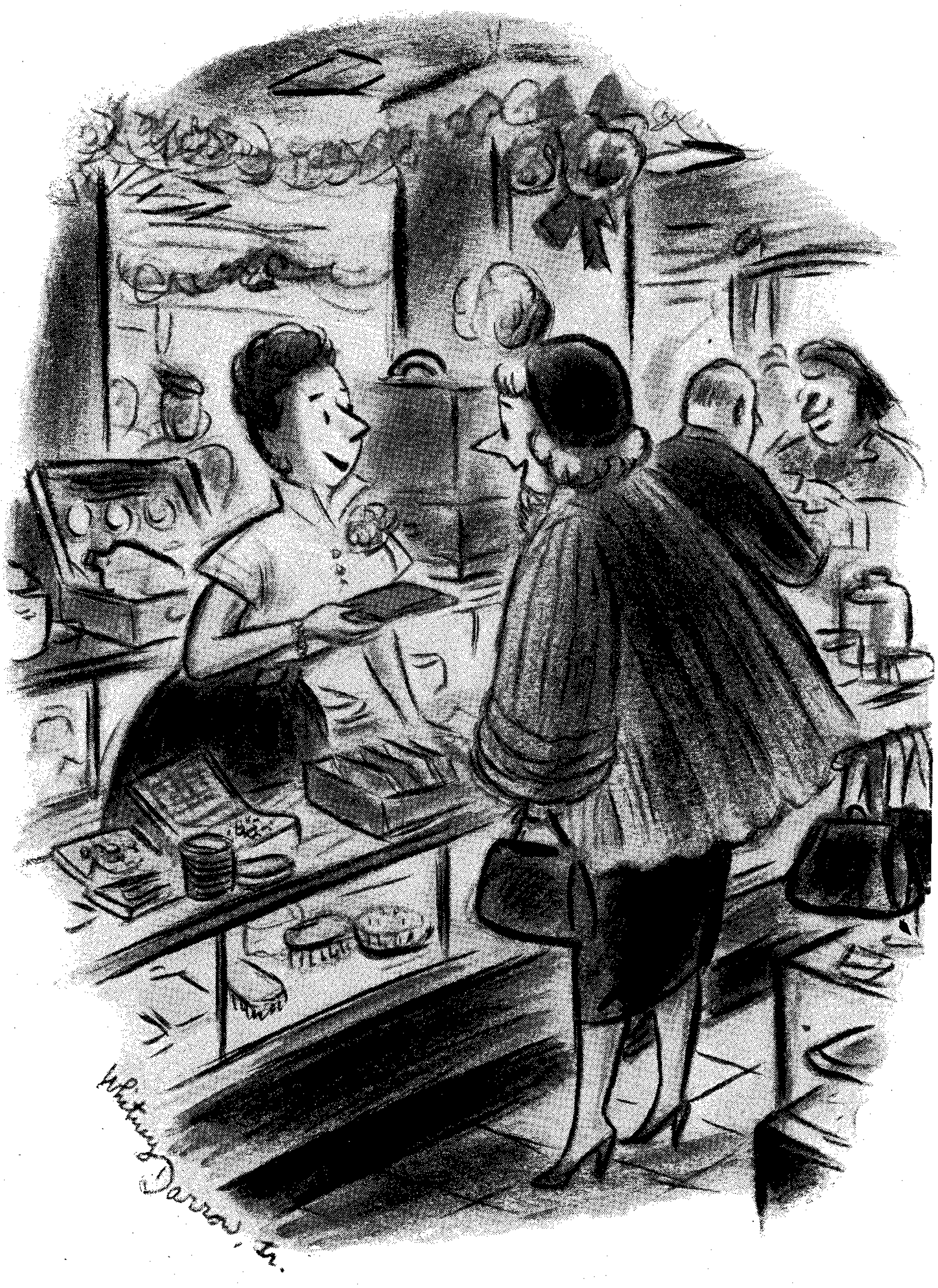
"Well you should bring it, all those little stitches she put in."

She folded it as anyone could see her—as she might for the moment see herself—folding a blanket over the crib and tucking it in.

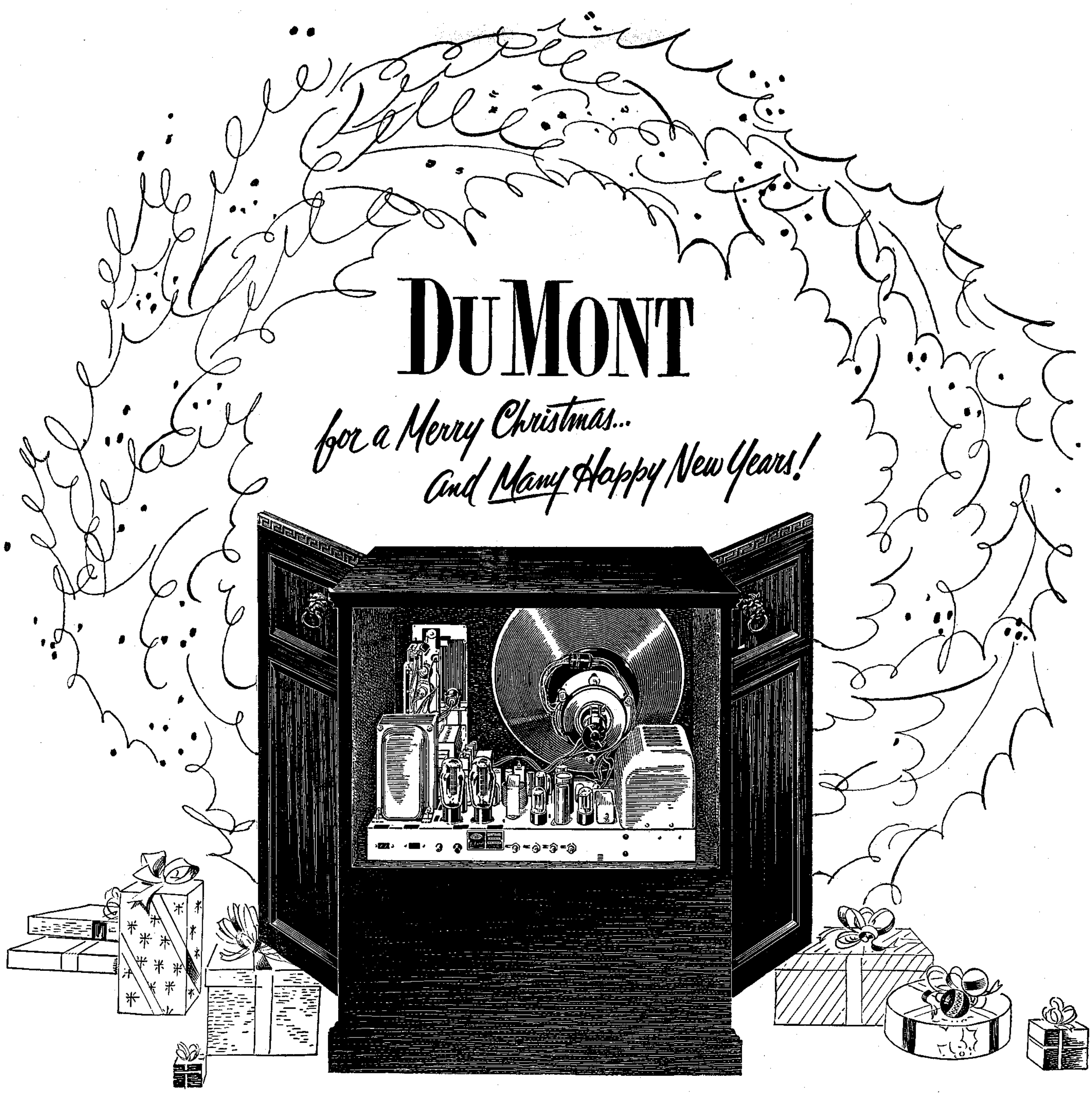
Victor, now stained and fragrant with orange, tugged and dropped the suitcase back onto the floor at their feet.

"No, I shouldn't think learning Irish would do you much good," said the Welshman. "No real language."

"Why not?" said the lady in the raincoat instantly. "I've a brother who is a very fluent Irish speaker and a popular



*"I'm afraid a wallet would only make him say something sarcastic."*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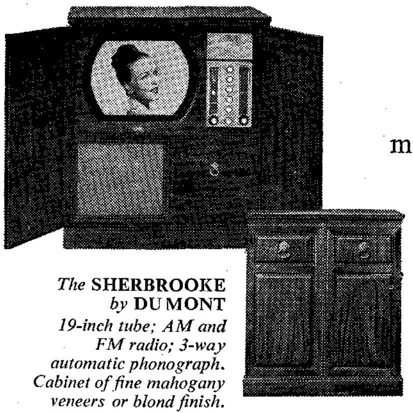

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man. Another thing is that when the English hear you speaking a tongue they don't follow, in the course of time they begin holding respect for you."

"*Oh* my God." The man from Connemara struck his head. "I have an English wife. How would she like that, I wouldn't like to hear? If all at once I begun on her in Irish! How would you like it if your husband would only speak to you in Irish?" He searched the eyes of the American girl, then of the young Irish sweetheart—who did not seem to grasp the question. "Aha ha ha!" he cried urgently and despairingly at her, asking her only to repeat that after him.

But the young man's arm was thrust along the seat and she was sitting under its arch as if it were the entrance to a cave, which surely they all must see.

"Will you eat a biscuit now?" the young wife gently asked the man from Connemara. He took one wordlessly; for the moment he had no English or Irish. So she broke open another paper parcel beside her. "I have oceans," she said.

"Oh, *you wait*," said the lady in the raincoat, rising. And *she* opened a parcel as big as a barrel and it was full of everything to eat that anybody could come out of England with alive.

She offered candy, jam roll, biscuits, bananas, nuts, sections of bursting orange, and bread and butter, and they all in the flush of the hospitality and heat sat eating. Everybody partook but the Welshman, who had presumably had a dinner in Wales. It was more than ever like a little party, all the finer somehow, sadly enough, for the nose against the windowpane; but it was because he knew no better. They poured out tea from a couple of steaming thermoses; the black windows—for the sun was down now, never having been out of the fogs and rains all day—coated warmly over between them and what flew by out there.

"Could you tell me the name of a place to stay in Cork?" The American girl spoke up to the man from Connemara as he gave her a biscuit.

"In Cork? Ah, but you don't want to be stopping in Cork. Killarney is where you would do well to go, if you're wanting to see the wonders of Ireland. The lakes and the hills! Blue as blue skies, the lakes. That's where you want to go, Killarney."

"She wants to climb the Hill of Tara, you mean," said the guard, who with a burst of cold wind had entered to punch their tickets again. "All the way up, and into the tunnels, too, to lay her eyes by the light of candles on something she's never seen before; if that's what she's after. Have you never climbed the Hill and never crept into those, lady? Maybe 'twould take a little boost from behind, I don't know your size; but I think 'twould not be difficult getting you through." He gave her ticket its punch, with a keen blue glance at her, and banged out.

"Well, *I'm* going to the sitting in the dining car now." The lady in the raincoat stood up under the dim little lights in the ceiling that shone on her shoulders. Then down her long nose she suggested to them each to come, too. Did she really mean to eat still, and after all that largess? They laughed, as if to urge her by their shock to go on, and the American girl witlessly murmured, "No, I have a letter to write."

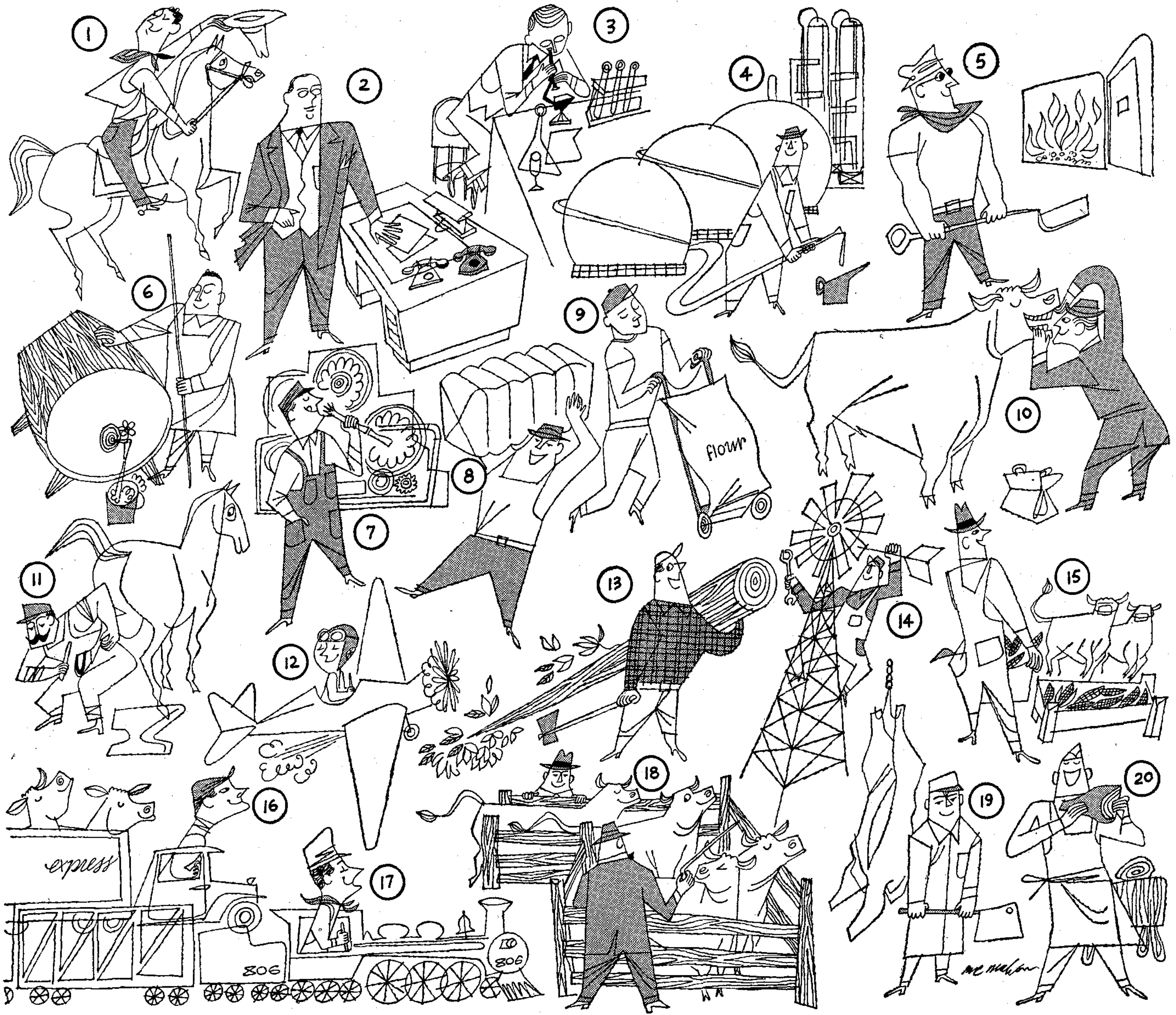
Off she went, that long coat shimmering and rattling. The little boy looked after her, the first sea wind blew in at the opened door, and his cowlick nodded like a dark flower.

"Very grand," said the Connemara man. "Very high and mighty she is, indeed."

OUT there, nuns, swept by untoward blasts of wind, shrieked soundlessly as in nightmares in the corridors. It must be like the Tunnel of Love for them—the thought drifted into the young sweetheart's head.

She was so stiff! She struggled up, staggered a little as she left the compartment. All alone she stood in the corridor. A young man went past, soft fair mustache, soft fair hair, combing the hair—oh, delicious. Here came a hat like old Cromwell's on a lady, who had also a fur cape, a stick, flat turning-out shoes, and a heavy book with a pencil in it. The old lady beat her stick on the floor and made a sweet old man in gaiters and ribbon-tied hat back up into a doorway to let her by. All these people were going into the dining cars. She hung her head out the open corridor window into the Welsh night, which, seen from inside itself—her head in its mouth—could look not black but pale. Wales was formidable, barrierlike. What contours which she could not see were raised out there, dense and heraldic? Once there was a gleam from their lights on the walls of a tunnel, from the everlasting springs that the tunnellers had cut. Sometimes there were sparks. She hung out into the night a minute: let him wish her back.

"What do you do with yourself in England, keep busy?" said the man



# How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.
6. **The brewer**
7. **The sugar refiner**
8. **The cotton ginner**
9. **The flour miller**

who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.

10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. **The truck driver**
17. **The railroader**

who haul cattle to market and meat to you.

18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you.*

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"Hits the Top!" — HAWKINS, Wor.-Tele. & Sun
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from Wales, pointing the stem of his pipe at the man from Connemara.

"I do, I raise birds in Sussex, if you're asking my hobby."

Even in his silent moments, the Welshman seemed to be whirring, under the sound of the train, turning over matters in a special machinery designed for the facts it was his doom to collect.

"A terrific din, I daresay. Birds keep you awake all night?"

"On the contrary. Never notice it for a minute. Of course there are the birds that engage in conversation rather than sing. I might be listening to the conversation."

"Parrots, you mean. You have parrots? You teach them to talk?"

"Oh, I did have one that was a lovely talker, but curious, very strange and curious, in his feeding habits." He sucked a fingernail. "He never went on the market."

"What was it he ate? How much would you ask for a bird like that?"

"Like what?"

"Parrot that could talk but didn't eat well, that you were just mentioning you had."

"That bird was an exception. Not for sale."

"Are you responsible for your birds?"

They all sat waiting while a tunnel banged.

"What do you mean responsible?"

"Responsible: you sell me a bird. Presently he doesn't talk or sing. Can I bring it back?"

"You cannot. That's God-given, lads."

"How old is the bird now? Good health?"

"Owing to conditions in England I could not get him the specialties he liked, and came in one morning to find the bird stiff. Still it's a nice hobby. Very interesting."

"Would you have got five pounds for this bird if you had found a customer for her? What was it the bird craved so?"

"'Twas a male, not on the market, and if there had been another man, that would sell him to you, 'twould have cost you eight pounds."

"Ah. He ate inappropriate food?"

"You might say he *could not get* inappropriate food. He was destroyed by a mortal appetite for food you'd call it unlikely for a bird to desire at all. Unbirdlike. Myself, I never raised a bird that thrived so, learned faster, and had more to say."

"You never tried to sell him."

"For one thing I could not afford to

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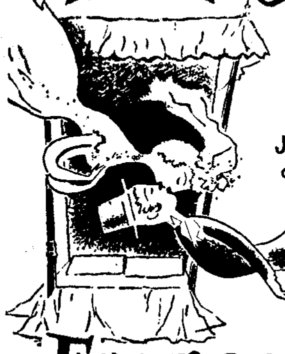

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turn him loose in Sussex. I told my wife not to be dusting his cage without due caution, not to be talking to him so much herself, the way she did."

The Welshman looked at him. He said, "Well, he died."

"Pass by my house!" cried the man from Connemara. "And look in the window, as you'll likely do, and you'll see the bird—stuffed. You'll think he's alive at first. Open beak! Talking up to the last, like you or I that have souls to be saved."

"Souls: Is the leading church in Ireland Catholic, would you call Ireland a Catholic country?" The Welshman settled himself anew.

"I would, yes."

"Is there a Catholic church where you live, in your town?"

"There is."

"And you go?"

"I do."

"Suppose you miss. If you miss going to church, does the priest fine you for it?"

"Of course he does not! Father Lavery! What do you mean?"

"Suppose it's Sunday—tomorrow's Sunday—and you don't go to church. Would you have to pay a fine to the priest?"

The man from Connemara lowered his dark head; he glared at the lovers—for she had returned to her place. "Of course I would not!" Still he looked at the girl.

"Ah, in the windows black as they are, we do look almost like ghosts riding by," she breathed, looking past him.

He said at once, "A castle I know, you see them on the wall."

"What castle?" said the sweetheart.

"You mean what ghosts. First she comes, then he comes."

"In Connemara?"

"Ah, you've never been there. Late tomorrow night I'll be there. She comes first because she's mad, and he slow—got the dagger stuck in him, you see? Destroyed by her. She walks along, carries herself grand, not shy. Then he comes, unwilling, not touching with his feet—pulled through the air. By the dagger, you might say, like a hooked fish. Because they're a pair, himself and herself, sure as they was joined together—and while you look go leaping in the bright air, moonlight as may be, and sailing off together cozy as a couple of kites to start it again."

That girl's straight hair, cut like a little train to a point at the nape of her neck, her little pointed nose that came down in the one unindented line which

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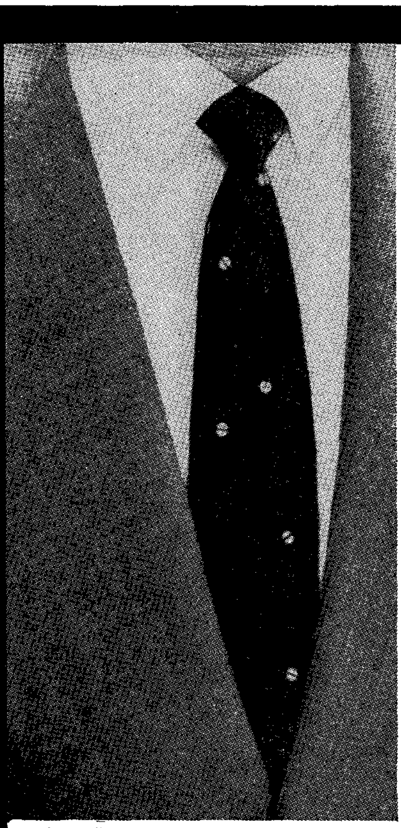

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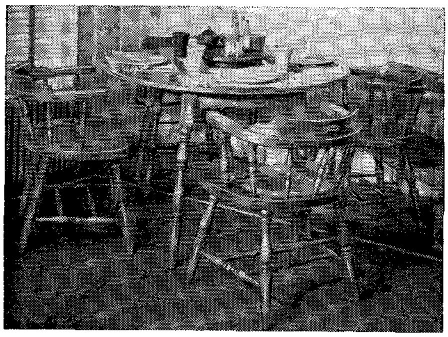

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began at her hair, her swimming, imagining eyes, held them all, like her lover, perfectly still. Love was amazement now. The lovers did not touch, for a thousand reasons, but that was one.

"Start what again?" said the Welshman. "Have you personally seen them?"

"I have, I'm no exception."

"Can you say who they might be?"

"Visit the neighborhood, and there'll be those who can tell you the gory details. Myself I'm acquainted with only the general idea of their character and disposition, formed after putting two and two together. Have you never seen a ghost, then."

The Welshman indicated his right ear. "Heard them. My auntie's house is disturbed by something that throws the dishes."

"Ha! Ha! Your auntie!" Again the man from Connemara tried to bring that singing laugh out of the girl, from whom he had not yet taken his glances away.

"Ah, do keep it to yourself then, for the duration of the journey, and not brag, will you?" the young wife unexpectedly cried at the Welshman. "Irish ghosts are enough for some of us for the one night without mixing them up with the Welsh and them throwing things; and just before all of us going on the water, except yourself."

"Ha! Ha!—You don't mind the Lord and Lady Beagle, do you? They shouldn't frighten you, they're married. Married still. Why, their names just come to me, did you hear that? Lord and Lady Beagle, like they sent in a card."

"Don't," the young wife said, forcing her eyes to his salverlike palm. "Those are wild, crazy names for castle owners."

"What kind of ghosts do you think they are!" Their glances met in laughter and remorse. She tossed her head.

"There ain't no ghosts," said Victor.

"Now suck this good orange," she whispered to him, as if he were being jealous.

"Here comes the bride," said the Welshman.

"*Oh* my God."

But that was pretty good for the Welshman.

In came the lady in the raincoat from her dinner, but he talked right around her hip. "Do you have to confess?" he said. "Regularly? Suppose you make a confession—swearwords, lewd thoughts, or the like: *then* does the priest make you pay a fine?"

"Confession's free, why not?" remarked the lady, stepping over feet.

"You're a Catholic, too?" he said, as she hung above his knee.

And as they all closed their eyes she fell into his lap, right down on top of him. Even the dogs, now rushing along in the other direction, hung on the air a moment, their tongues out. Then one dog was inside with them. This greyhound flung herself forward, back, down to the floor, her tail slapped out like a dragon's. Her eyes gazed toward the confusion, and little bubbles of boredom and suspicion played under the skin of her jowls, puff, puff, puff, while wrinkles of various memories and distances came and went on her forehead like little forks of lightning.

"Well, look what's with us," said the lover. "Here, lad, here, lad."

"That's Telephone Girl," said the lady in the raincoat, now on her feet and straightening herself with distant sweepings of both hands. "I was just in conversation with the keeper of those. Don't be getting her stirred up. She's a winner, he has it." She let herself down into the seat and spread a look on all of them as if she had always been too womanly for the place. Her mooning face turned slowly and met the Welshman's stern, strong glance: *he* appeared to be expecting some apology from some source.

" 'Tisn't everybody runs so fast and gets nothing for it in the end herself, either," said the lady. Telephone Girl shuddered, ate some crumbs, coughed.

"I'm ashamed to hear you saying that, she gets the glory," said the man from Connemara. "How many human beings of your acquaintance get half a dog's chance at glory?"

"You don't like dogs." The lady looked at him, bowing her head.

"They're not my element. That's not the way I'm made, no."

The man in charge rushed in, and out he and the dog shot together. Somebody closed the door; it was the Welshman.

"Now: what time of the night do you get to Cork?" he asked.

The lover spoke, unexpectedly. "Tomorrow morning." The girl let out a long breath after him.

"What time of the morning?"

"Nine!" shouted everybody but the American.

"Travel all night," he said.

"Book a berth in Fishguard!"

The mincing woman with the red-haired baby boy passed—the baby with his same fat, enchanted squint looked through the glass at them.

"Oh, I always get seasick!" cried

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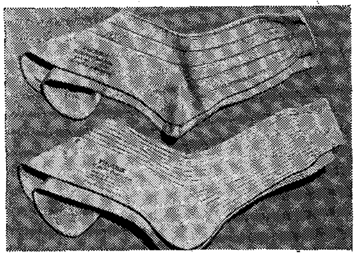

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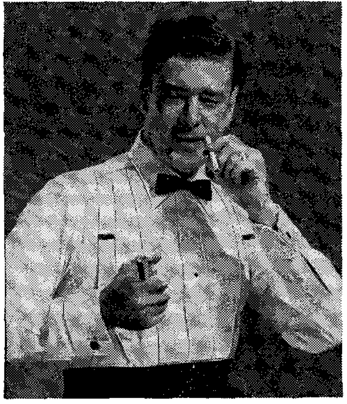

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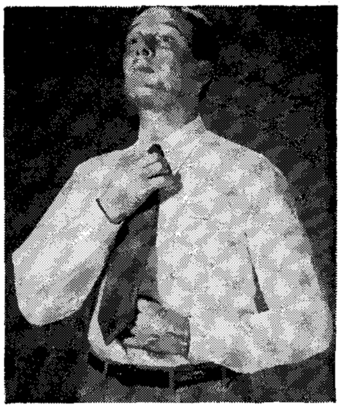

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the young wife in fatalistic enthusiastic tones, only distantly watching the baby, who, although he stretched his little hand against the glass, was not being kidnapped now. She leaned over to tell the young girl, "Let me only step off the train at Fishguard and I'm dying already."

"What do you usually do for an attack of seasickness when you're on the Cork boat?"

"*I* just stay in one place and never move, that's what *I* do!" she cried, the smile that had never left her sad, sweet lips turned upon them all. "I don't try to move at all and I die all the way." Victor edged a little away from her.

"The boat rocks," suggested the Welshman. Victor edged away from him.

"The Innisfallen? Of course she rocks, there's a far, wide sea, very deep and treacherous, and very historic." The man from Connemara folded his arms.

"It takes six weeks, don't you think?" The young wife appealed to them all. "To get over the journey. I tell me husband, a fortnight is never enough. Me husband is English, though. I've never liked England. I have six aunts all living there, too. Me mother's sisters." She smiled. "They all are hating it. Me grandmother died while she was in England."

His cheeks sunk on his fists, Victor leaned forward over his knees. His hair, blue-black, whorled around the cowlick like a spinning gramophone record; he seemed to dream of being down on the ground, and fighting somebody on it.

"God rest her soul," said the lady in the raincoat, as if she might have passed through the goods car and seen where Grandmother was riding with them, to her grave in Ireland; but in that case the young wife would have been with the dead, and not playing at mother with Victor.

"Then how much does the passage cost you? Fishguard to Cork, Cork back to Fishguard? I may decide to try it on holiday sometime."

"Where are you leaving us this night?" asked the young wife, still in the voice in which she had spoken of her grandmother and her mother's sisters.

He gave out a name to make her look more commiserating, and repeated, "What is the fare from Fishguard to Cork?"

They stopped just then at a dark station and a paper boy's voice called his papers into the train.

"*Oh* my God. Where are we!"

The Welshman put up his finger and

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called for a paper, and one was brought inside to him by a strange, dark child.

At the sight of the man opening his newspaper, the lady in the raincoat spoke promptly and with her lips wooden, like an actress. "How did the race come out?"

"What's that? Race? What race would that be?" He gave her that look he gave her the time she sat down on him. "What horse do you want to know about?" He stretched and rattled his paper without exposing it too widely to anybody.

She tilted her head. "Little Boy Blue, yes," she murmured over his shoulder.

A discussion of Little Boy Blue arose while he kept on reading.

"How much money at a time do you bet on the races?" the Welshman asked suddenly, coming out from behind the paper. Then as suddenly he retreated, taking back the question entirely.

"Now the second race," murmured the lady in the raincoat. Everybody wreathed in the Welshman. He was in the middle of the Welsh news, silent as the dead.

The man from Connemara put up a hand as the page might have been turned. "Long Gone the favorite! You were long gone yourself," he added politely to the lady in the raincoat. Possibly she had been punished enough for going out to eat and coming in to fall down all over a man.

"Yes I was," she said, lifting her chin; she brought out a Player and lighted it herself. She puffed. "'Twas a long way, twelve cars. 'Twas a lovely dinner—chicken. One man rose up in the aisle when it was put before him and gave a cry, 'It's rabbit!'"

They were pleased. The man from Connemara gave his high, free laugh. The lovers were strung like bows in silent laughter, but the lady blew a ring of smoke, at which Victor aimed an imaginary weapon.

"A lovely, long dinner. A man left us but returned to the car to say that while we were eating they shifted the

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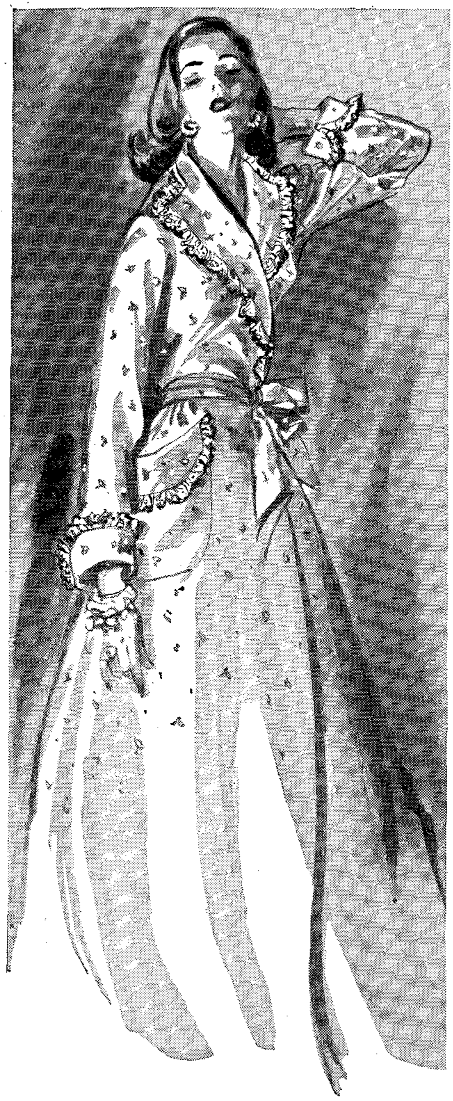

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carriages about and he had gone up the train, down the train, and could not find himself at all." Her voice was so moody and remote now it might be some wandering of long ago she spoke to them about.

The Welshman said, over his paper, "Shifted the carriages?"

All laughed the harder.

"He said his carriage was gone, yes. From where he had left it: he hoped to find it yet, but I don't think he has. He came back the second time to the dining car and spoke about it. He laid his hand on the guard's arm. 'While I was sitting at the table and eating my dinner, the carriages have been shifted about,' he said. 'I wandered through the cars with the dogs running and cars with boxes in them, and through cars with human beings sitting in them I never laid eyes on in the journey—one party going on among some young people that would altogether block the traffic in the corridor.' "

"All Irish," said the young wife, and smoothed Victor's head; he looked big-eyed into space.

"The guard was busy and spoke to a third party, a gentleman eating. Yes, they were, all Irish. 'Will you mercifully take and show this gentleman where he is travelling, when you can, since he's lost?' 'Not lost,' he said, 'distracted,' and went through his system of argument. The gentleman said he could jolly well find his own carriage. The man opposite him rose up and that was when he declared the chicken was rabbit. The gentleman put down his knife and said man lost or not, carriage shifted or not, the stew rabbit or not, the man could just the same fight back to where he had come from, as he himself jolly well intended to do when he could finish the dinner on his plate in peace." She opened her purse, and passed licorice drops around.

"He sounds vulgar," said the man from Connemara.

" 'Twas a lovely dinner."

"*You* weren't lost, I take it?" said the Welshman, accepting a licorice drop. "Travelled much?"

"Oh dear Heaven, travelled? Well, I have. Yes, no end to it."

"*Oh* my God."

"No, *I'm* never lost."

"Let's drop the subject," said the Welshman.

The lovers settled back into the cushions. They were the one subject nobody was going to discuss.

"Look," the young girl said in a low voice, from within the square of the young man's arm, but not to him. "I

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see a face that keeps going past, looking through the window. A man, plying up and down, could he be the one so unfortunate?"

"Not him, he's leading greyhounds, didn't we see him come in?" The young man spoke eagerly, to them all. "Leading, or they leading him."

"'Tis a long train," the lady murmured to the Welshman. "The longest, most populated train leaving England, I would suppose, the one going over to catch the Innisfallen."

"Is that the name of the boat? You were glad to leave England?"

"It is and I was—pleased to be starting my journey, pleased to have it over." She gave a look at him—then at the others, the compartment, the tumbled baggage, everything. Outside, dim Wales clapped strongly at the window, like some accompanying bird. "I'll just lower the shade, will I?" she said.

She pulled at the window shade and fastened it down, and pulled down the door shade after it. The minute she did that, the window shade flew up, with a noise like a turkey.

They shouted for joy—they knew it! She was funny now.

Still in the streaking dark outside, dreams of mountains and sea were going by. The dogs tore past inside. "I have heard of those dogs eating little children," the young wife confided to the girl opposite, but the tears of laughter were still standing in her eyes; and the girl merely nodded, her head rolled; it appeared to feel top-heavy, like a queen's who stays awake in her crown.

THE train eventually stopped and waited a long time in the dark, out from nowhere. They sat awhile, swung their feet, the man from Connemara whistled for a minute marvellously, Victor had his third orange.

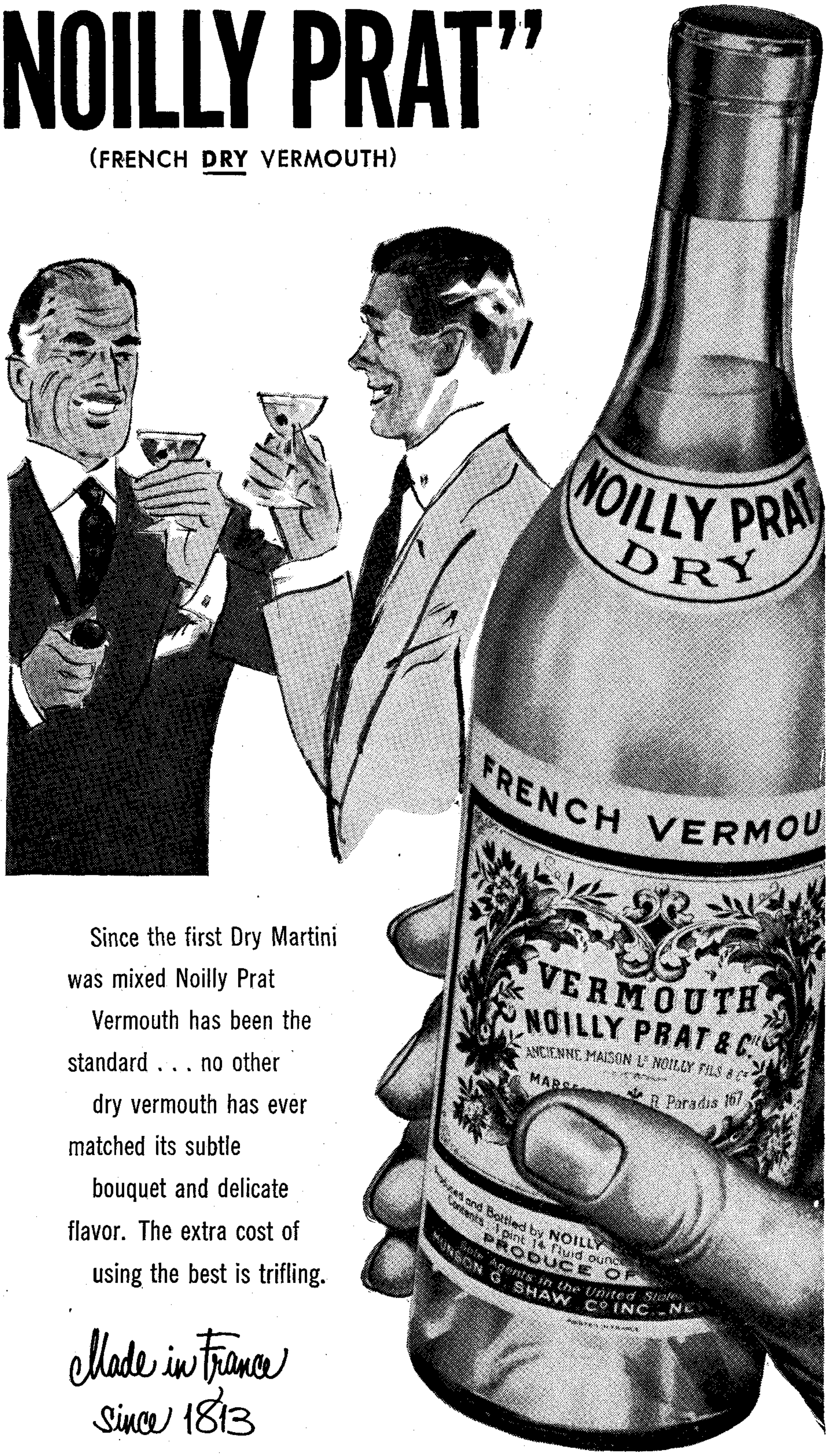
"Suppose we're late!" shouted the man from Connemara. The outdoors could hear him; they had opened the window to look out to see the trouble, but could not. "And the Innisfallen sails without us! And we don't reach the other side in this night!"

"Then you'll all have to spend the night in Fishguard," said the Welshman.

"Oh, what a scene there'll be in Cork, when we don't arrive!" cried the young wife merrily. "When the boat sails in without us, oh poor souls."

Victor laughed harshly. He had made a pattern of his orange peel on the window ledge, which he now swept away.

"Fishguard has limited accommodations," said the Welshman. "I happen



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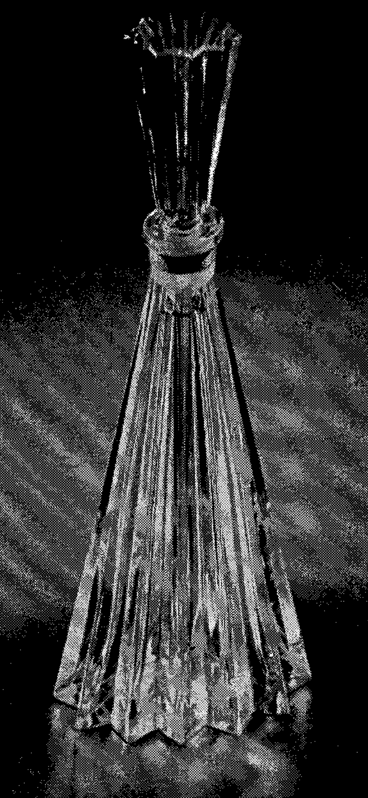

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to have business of a kind near there. I suppose some of you, if not all of you, could be taken in. It's a seaside town."

"Won't they *die* in Cork?" The young wife cocked her head.

"Me five brothers will stand ready to give me a beating!" Victor said, then looked proud.

"I daresay it won't be the first occasion some of you've put in the night at Fishguard."

"Some of who? In Fishguard? Oh yes it will," warned the man from Connemara. A sudden scowl lit up his face and his eyes opened wide with innocence. "Didn't you know this was the boat train you're riding, man?"

"Oh, is that what you call it?" said the Welshman, in equal innocence.

"They *hold* the boat for us. I feel it's safe to say that every soul on this train but yourself is riding to catch the boat."

"Hold the Innisfallen? For how long?"

"If necessary, till doomsday, but we are generally sailing at midnight."

"No sir, we'll never be left in any Fishguard, this or any other night," said the lady in the raincoat.

"Or!" cried the man from Connemara. "Or! We could take the other boat if we're that late, to Rosslare, oh my God! And spend the Sunday getting ourselves back to Cork!"

"Can I get out and see where we've stopped?" asked Victor.

"You're going to Connemara to see your mother," the young wife said psychically.

"I'm sure as God's truth staying the one night in Cork first!" he shouted across at her, and banged himself on the knees, as if they were trying to take Cork away from him.

The Welshman said, "What is the longest on record they've ever held the boat?"

"Who knows?" said the lady in the raincoat. "Maybe 'twill be tonight."

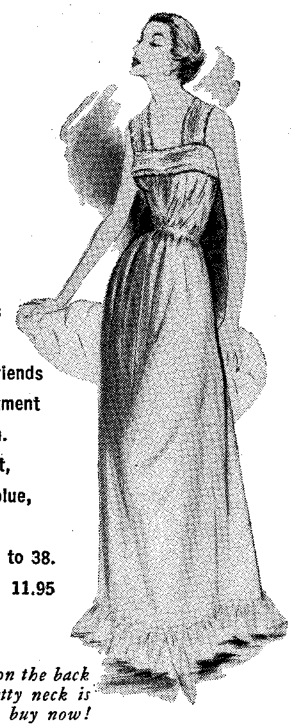
"*Oh* my God—we've started—*oh* that Cork City!"

"When you travel to Cork, do *all* of you generally get seasick?" inquired the Welshman, swaying among them—rather as if they all generally travelled together in this party.

The lady made a grand gesture with one hand, and rose and pulled down her suitcase. She opened it with her back to them and pulled out from among all kinds of things a little pasteboard box.

"What's that going to be—pills to take for seasickness?"

She lifted the lid and passed the box under his eyes and then their eyes, although too fast to be quite offering



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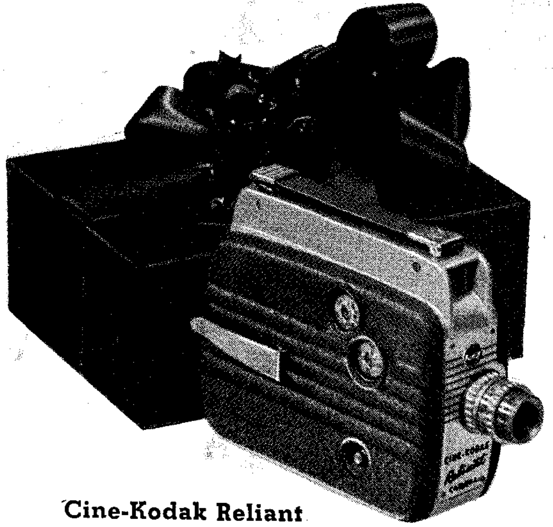

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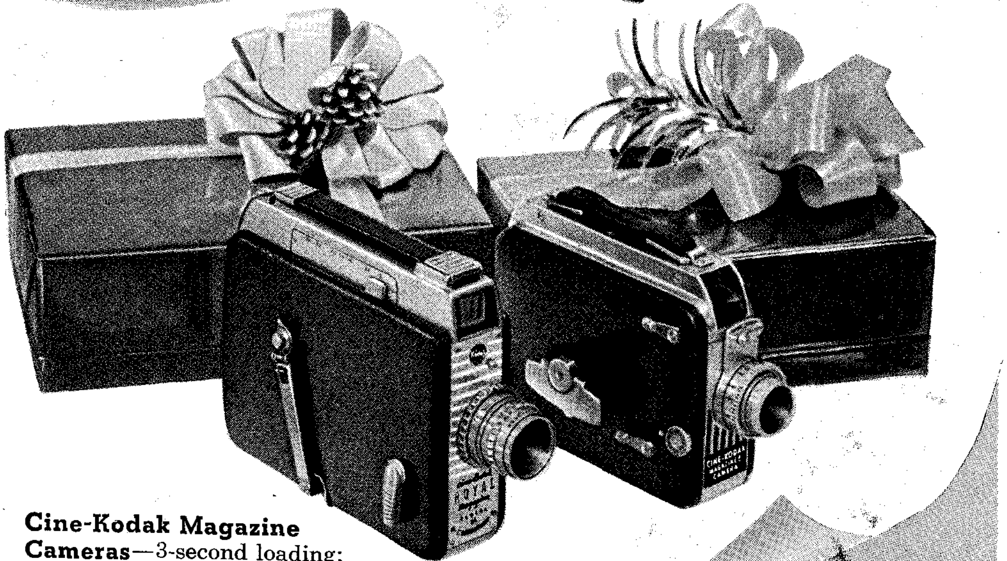

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any. " 'Tis a present," she said. "Seasick pills they are, given me for the journey."

The lovers smiled simultaneously, as they would at the sight, almost the thought, of any present.

The train stopped, started. Here on the edge of Wales it moved as swiftly and shortly as a needle in a hem. The wheels had taken on that defenseless sound peculiar to running near the open sea. Oil lamps burned in their little boxes at the way stations; there was a sad feel from the trees all being bent the same way.

"Now where?"—as they stopped again.

A single sigh was drawn from the lovers, who smelled the sea with a door opened to it. One lamp looked in—like a single eye of a goat out of the black.

"It's my station!" The Welshman suddenly spoke entirely to himself. He reared up, banged down the bushes on his head under a black hat, collected his suitcase and overcoat, and almost knocked down a special parcel belonging to the young wife. He got past them, dragging his suitcase with a great heave of the shoulder—God knew what was inside, probably coal! He interrupted himself in the doorway to wish them a safe voyage, then turned and backed down into the outdoors like a man into a manhole.

Only to reappear. He had mistaken the station after all. But he simply stood in the door, brazening it out as the train ran on.

"I may decide on raising birds for a hobby," he said in a somewhat louder voice. "What did you begin with, a cock and a hen?"

On the index finger which the man from Connemara raised before he answered was a black fingernail, like the mark of a hammer; he might have been given a reminding tap not to do something, before starting off for Ireland.

"I would advise you to begin with a cock and two hens. Don't go into it without getting advice."

"What did you start with?"

Another dark station, and out the Welshman dropped.

"Goodbye!"

"Six cocks and six hens!"

IT was almost too much that his face was there *again*. He wasn't embarrassed or confused at himself, any more than he was by how black and all alike it was outside in Wales, and asked, "Do you have to produce a passport to go into Ireland?"

"Certainly, a passport or a travel card. Oh my God."

"What do you mean by a travel

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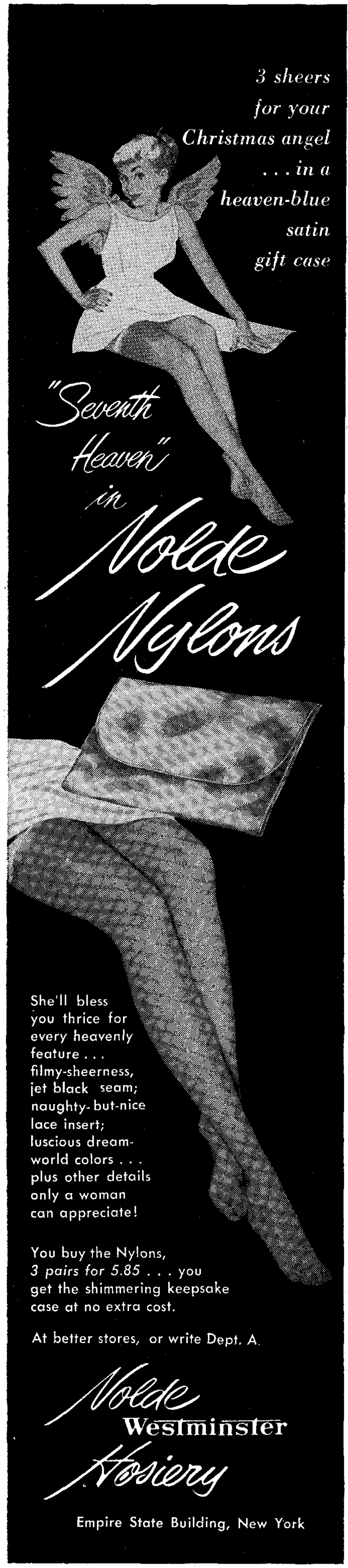
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card? Let me see yours. Every one of you carry one with you?"

Travel cards and passports were produced and handed up to him.

"Oh, how beautiful your mother is!" cried the young wife to Victor, over his shoulder. "Is that a wee strawberry mark she has there on her cheek?"

"'Tis!" he cried in agony.

The big Welshman was holding the American's different-looking passport open in his hand; she looked startled that she had given it up and at once, as if this were official and had waked her up in the night. He read out her name, address, age . . . her husband's name.

"Has your husband a hobby?" he inquired.

"Yes, photography. He makes a little darkroom of our flat," she answered, her voice quite shaken.

"You notice the smells? . . . And you think your prize bird died of unsatisfied longings for food."

"There've been times when I've dreamed a certain *person* may have had more to do with it!" the man from Connemara cried in crescendo, somehow making it seem that the joke was on the Welshman. "That I've never mentioned till now. But women are jealous, I've been thinking as we came along this long way in the night."

"Of *birds!*" cried the young wife, reaching at her shoulders.

"Name your poison."

"Why not birds?"

"Why so?"

"Name your poison."

Another lantern, another halt of the train.

"Don't you get seasick," the Welshman instructed the lady in the raincoat. Hanging on the outside step, he said, "What do you take the pills in, have you whiskey to take them in?"

"I have."

He said over his shoulder to the night, "Can you buy whiskey on board? Or is that against the law?"

"Three miles out 'tis only the sea and glory," said the man from Connemara, and whether he heard that or not the Welshman had stepped down from them for the third time and disappeared into his own Welsh black as thoroughly as though snuffed out by a big thumb.

THEY smoothed and straightened their clothes, all except the lovers spreading out a little in the seats; she rubbed her arm, up and down. Not a soul had inquired of that poor vanquished man what he did, if he had a wife and children living—he might have only had

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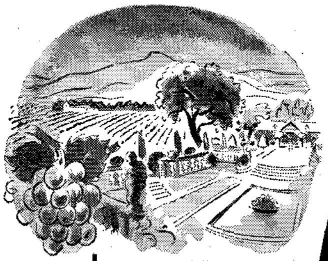

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an auntie. They never let him tell what he was going to do with himself in either end of Wales, or even what in the world he carried in that suitcase. The dismembered body of his wife, thought the American, who suddenly felt about to burst into laughter all by herself.

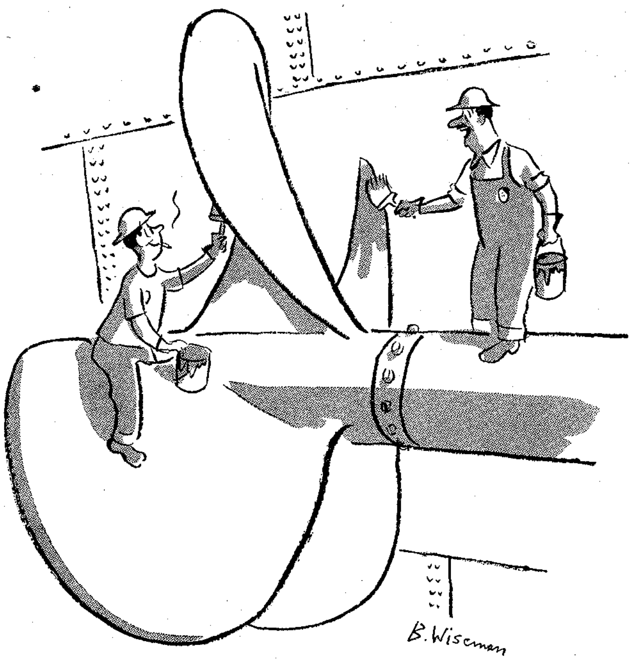
"Just one word of advice," said the man from Connemara to her, putting her passport into her hand—had he been reading it! "Be careful who you ask questions of. You were safe this time: I'm a married man. I was glad to tell you what I could—go to Killarney and so forth and so on, see the blue lakes. But next time ask a guard."

All fell into the silence of reaching the next-to-last station then. Victor was asleep, lying at an angle that was still fairly watchful against the watchful side of the young wife, his right hand in her lap, a fist floating away. In Fishguard, they had to shake him.

No traveller rushing out of that compartment was, actually, booked for a berth on the Innisfallen except the lady in the raincoat. Most third-class train passengers spent the night sitting up in the Innisfallen lounge. In the deeps of night that bright room reached some vortex of quiet, like a room where a bridge tournament is being held. Occasionally there was a tapping—a tapping only, as of ladies' fingernails—that meant the dogs were being sped through.

The man from Connemara was the first one stretched, a starfish of exhaustion, on a cretonne-covered couch. The American girl read in her book and walked about, until they were under way. The lovers disappeared. The young wife was admiring as she would kings those random, gentle old men crossing the corridor in their tweeds, who on a public conveyance seemed lost as Jesus's lamb to her, far from home. She would have liked to reassure them about the existence of their shore, only of course they weren't listening to anybody; they might be waiting for the bar to open. Then suddenly, as desperate as she had feared to be, she forgot everything, and even abandoned Victor, as if there could never be any time or place in the world but this of her suffering. She spoke to the child as if she had never seen him before, and would never see him again. Victor took the last little paper of biscuits she had given him over to a corner and slowly emptied it, making a mountain of the crumbs; then he began a study of his travel card, with its new stamp, over which

(Advertisement)



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presently he laid his cheek and slept.

Once as the American girl was walking about, the man from Connemara sat up out of his sleep and looked hard at her, as if she had left her husband, eloped, committed some sins, gone back, and was here for the second go-round, asking again the best place to stay in Cork.

IT was bright—the world of sky coursing above.

The Innisfallen had entered the Lee. Almost at hand were those terribly real slants of an unknown town, the buff, pink, gray, salmon fronts, the trees shining like bird wings, and bells were ringing as they silently passed a cathedral. The Sunday, too, was most real. Each lawn had that purity that is yet a screen, that can speak to all the senses, even to smell, as snow can—as if snow had fallen in the night, with this sun and a ship to trace it and melt it.

It was that strange, short, yet inviolate distance between ship and land on both sides that made an arrow-like question in the heart. Someone asked, "What town is this?" and the first asked didn't know: not Cork. Anyone should have known Cobh—some big liner was anchored off there, at an angle of concentration—but the senses can fill too full, until black lines and framework vanish, leaving only shapes of light and color, without knowledge or memory to inform them.

To wake up to a river, no longer the sea! It was a beautiful town, that in their silent going they did not touch or deviate to at all. After the boat passed the church and the hands had glinted on its clockface, an older, harsher bell rang a slower time, from a distance and after this interval: *now*.

(The Innisfallen, which had waited for the boat train and come through a heavy sea, was an hour late.)

Sea gulls trod the lawns. *They* moved through landscape, the ship in the garden. A thrush could be heard singing from a tree where he must be visible from shipboard—must surely be, so clear it all was.

On deck a little girl clapped her hands at the circling gulls.

"Why did you do that!" cried her brother excitedly.

From somewhere on board a song broke out; on shore people blew auto horns and waved handkerchiefs like flags. There was a sidewise sound of a harmonica, frantic, tiny and bold. Victor was up where he ought not to be on deck, handing out black frowns and tunes to the docks sliding into sight. Now

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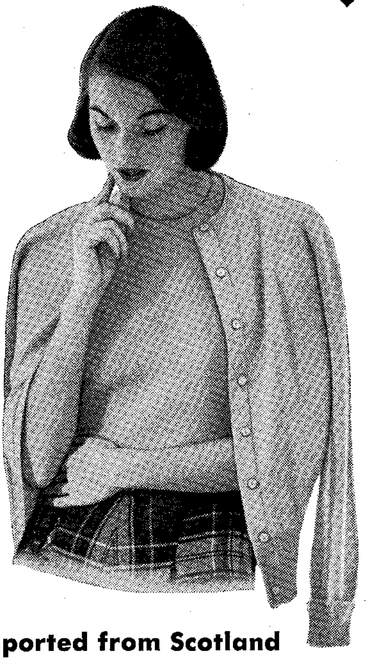

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he had to look out for his brothers. Perhaps deep in the lounge his guardian was now sleeping at last, white and exhausted, inhumanly smiling in her sleep.

The lovers stood on the lower, more shaded deck—two backs. A line of sun was between them like a thread that could be picked off. One ought not yet to look into their faces, watching water. How far, how deep, was this day to cut into their hearts? From now on everything would cut deeper than yesterday.

Yesterday he had hung over her in the train, resting his elbow above her as he would lean on a mantelpiece waiting for her to come downstairs. For long periods her shadowy face, thrown back against the absorbing purple plush, had been blanked out, made more blank even than it was young. Now her wintry boots stiff from their London wet looked big on the ship, pricked with ears, at that brink of light they hung over. And suddenly she changed position—one shoe tapped, pointing, back of the other. She poised there. The boat whistle thundered like a hundred organ notes, but she did not quake—now as used to boat whistles as one of the sea gulls; or as far away.

"There's a bride on board!" called somebody. "Look at her, look!"

Sure enough, a girl who had not yet showed herself to many people now appeared by the rail in a white spring hat and—quaint!—a little white bunny muff over her hands. She stood there all ready to be met, having slept through the journey and now come out, in her own sweet time. Delight gathered all around, singing began again, bells could by now be heard ringing in the town. Surely that color came from flags hung out on the church up the looming shore. The bride smiled but did not look up; she was looking down at her dazzling little fur muff.

They were in, the water held still about them. The gulls converged; just under the surface a newspaper freshly floated with its drowned news.

IN the crowd of the dock, the lady in the raincoat was being confronted with a flock of beautiful children—red flags in their cheeks, little caps on their heads, little black boots like pipes—and by a man bigger than she was. He stood waiting while the children hurled themselves up against her to bring her down to kiss them. As people hurried past her carrying their bundles and bags in the windy bright of the Cork dock, she stood camouflaged as a sportsman in his own polychrome fields, a hand on her striped hip. Vague, luminous, smiling,

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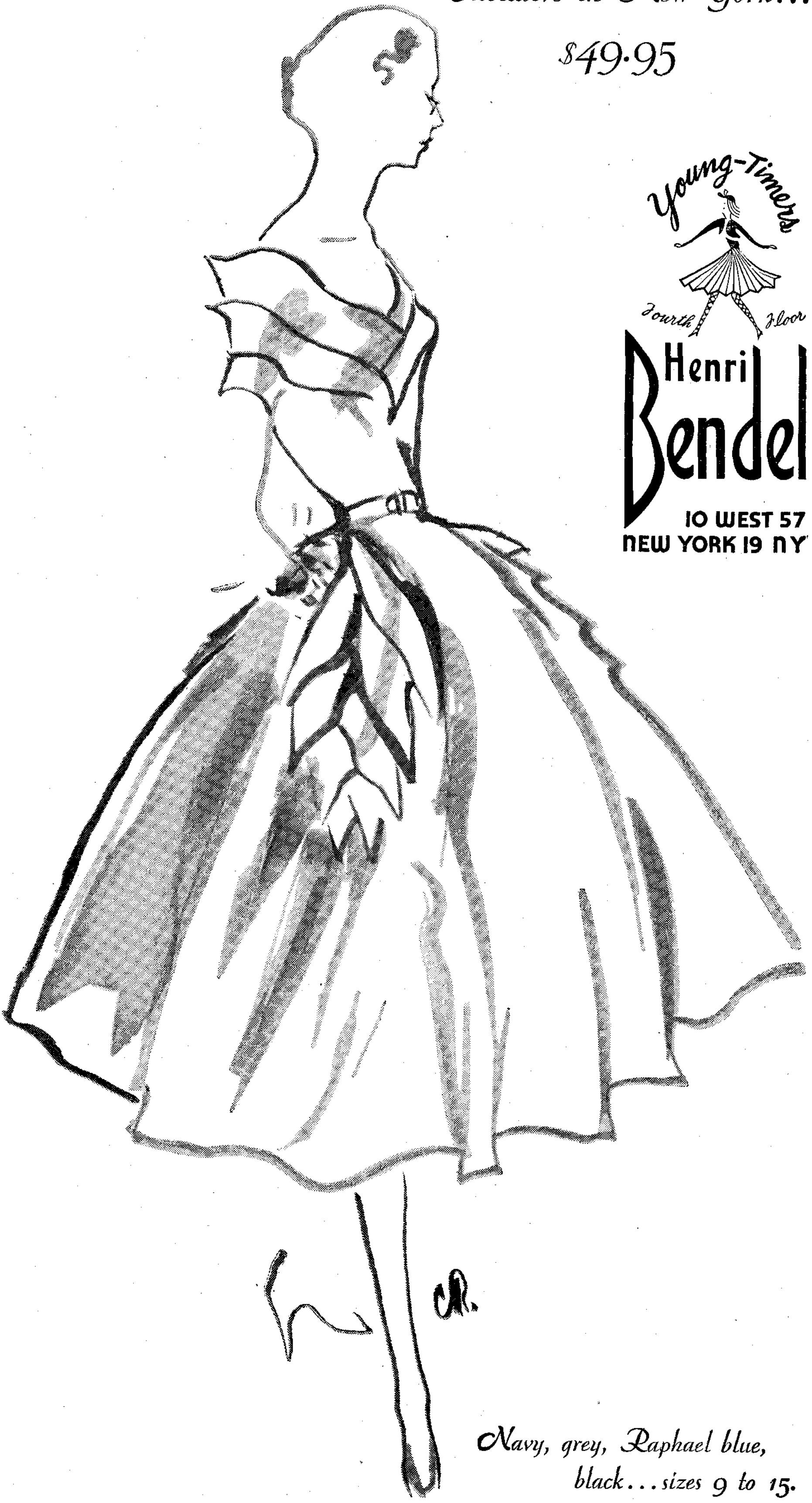

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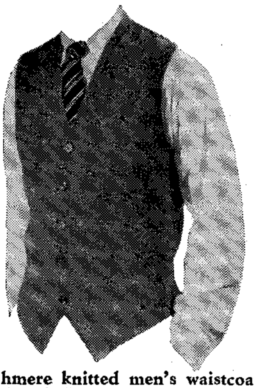

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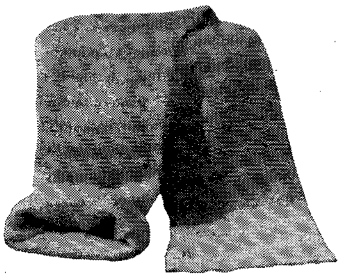

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her big white face held a moment and bent down. The man from Connemara passed by, looking down on her as if now her head were in the basket. His hat set at a fairly desperate angle, he went leaping into the streets of Cork City.

Victor was shouting at the top of his lungs, "Here I am!" The young wife, looking old but still alive, was met by old women in shawls, three young men to embrace her, and a donkey and cart to ride home in, once she had put Victor with his brothers.

The American girl, having passed through the gates and checked her bag, had begun to walk along with so much stored-up energy that she did not expect the pause that held her an instant and averted her head at the foot of the first street. Perhaps regardless of the joy or release of an arrival, or because of it, there is always a last-minute, fingerlike touch, a reminder, a promise of confusion. Behind shut lids the girl was seeing only the customs' chalk mark just now scrawled on the wall of her bag. Like a gypsy's sign found on her own front door, it stared at her from the sensitized dark and she felt exposed—as if, when she didn't know it, while she was gone, there had been something about herself being told. "A rabbit ran over my grave." She looked up and walked on.

WHEN it rained late in that afternoon, the American girl was still in Cork, and stood sheltering in the doorway of a small bar. She was listening to the pub sounds and the alley sounds as she might to a garden's and a fountain's.

She had loved the red, ferny, echo-hung rock of the railroad cut, against which the lowest and grandest houses were set—where the ocean-river sent up signals of mirrored and tempered light. She had loved the hill, and the heart of Cork, too, her way wound in among people busy at encounters, meetings, it seemed to her reunions. After church hours in the streets of Cork dozens of little girls in confirmation dresses, squared off by their veils into animated paper snowflakes, raced and danced out of control and into charmed traffic—like miniature and more conscious brides. They would have loved the big bride that came in on the Innisfallen; they would have liked to dress and undress her for their doll.

The trees had almost rushed with light and blossom; in the memory they had sound, like fireworks. Boughs that rocked on the hill were tipped and weighted as if with birds, which were

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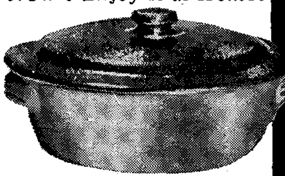

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really their own bursting and almost-bursting leaves. In all Cork today every willow stood with golden-red hair springing and falling about it, like Venus alive. Rhododendrons swam in light, leaves and flowers alike, only a cloud could separate them into colors. Yes, somewhere in the crowd at the dock there must have been a young man holding flowers: he had been taken for granted.

It did seem strange that when a cloud passed over a garden, out of the intensity only color had come, first the reds, then the blues picked out, almost like a photograph being patiently tinted. In the future would the light that had jumped like the man from Connemara into the world be a memory, like that of a meeting, or must there be mere faith that it had been like that? It was memory she prayed for.

But the pencil was in her hand; it was a London pencil and it reminded her in its whole length and body of the flat, the cretonne, the linoleum, the fog (as if the disgusting powdery patches of where all her handkerchiefs had dried on the mirror were on everything), the very beds—of where the letter must go. She wrote in the rainy last light, holding the square of paper against the door frame, although she could see herself also writing inside, on the bar, sitting on a stool, with the grain of fragrant mahogany biting the cross on the "t" and bending the dash she made now.

The letter now said, "I did leave, we might both do better. I don't know just why, or even just when I—" That was scratched out. "*Where* I am is in Ireland. I never heard you mention it—did I? I won't try now to tell you anything. Of course this is not the letter I would have left on the dresser."

The paper was sliding down the wall away from her hand, which seemed to hurt her. It appeared that you could not leave people, you could only go into new countries.

But for a little you could walk away from the helplessness and the dread of helplessness, the tenderness with the joy being drawn out of it like anything else that aches—the loneliness. Away from the mutual hungers of London. *I* was nearly destroyed, she thought, with a lightheaded rush of laughter. So was he. Cock Robin with the shaft through his breast.

She wished she lived and had lived in Cork, whose streets . . . If she could tell it now, quickly, even to the man pausing at her shoulder politely to see what she might be defacing the wall with: Is

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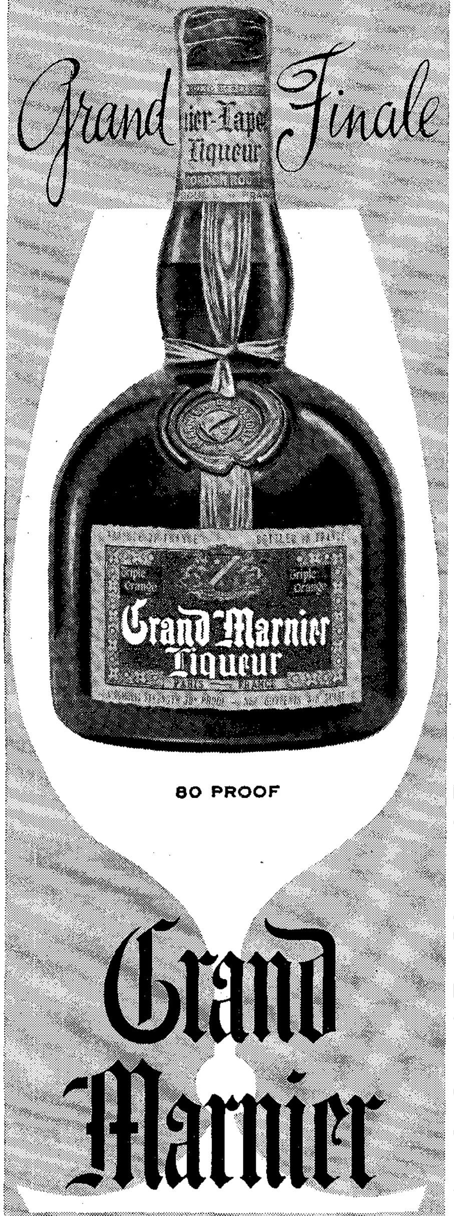

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there no way to express joy, except by making love, by drinking, eating, crying, repenting, dancing, speaking to a stranger—is there no way? For here I am. Perhaps by living in Cork—whose streets took off at the waterside and rose shifting their houses and towers like the notes on a sheet of music with phrasings and illuminations upon it, of green and galleries and belvederes, and the bright sun holding at the top. She could start any morning walking up that hill, and she could walk for ever in the evening by the river, to see again that first street that full-faced the sun and water with such openness. Those windows—that window! The fading of those rose and gold and yellow strips at their sides went to her heart, as if some long, longer, more tragic, more rapturous story than she had yet guessed were still being repeated, printed, being made into history.

Was to know it was there enough? Would it be enough? Could she go back or even go on anywhere now, having seen a house from outside? What was always her trouble? "You expect too much."

"Ah, it's a heresy, I told him," a man inside was shouting to a group, in the middle of a story. A barmaid glimmered running through the passage in her white frill, and there was a glad cry at her entrance, as if she was the heresy herself, and when the men called out something it was like the cue for a song. She could be imagined smiling all around the room.

When the bride smiled this morning, it might almost have been for her picture, but she did not look up—as though if even her picture were taken, she would vanish. And now she had vanished.

It was the fading of those yellow curtains in the room where the girl—at the moment this stranger from another country, from two other countries, was passing—came and stood and looked out, that could tell her everything, or all she could bear this evening to know, and that was: light and rain, light and rain, dark, rain, and light.

"Don't look for me back, because—"

She began to strike out the "because," then let the letter slide, skim into the wet stream of the streets, and turned in to the bar. —EUDORA WELTY

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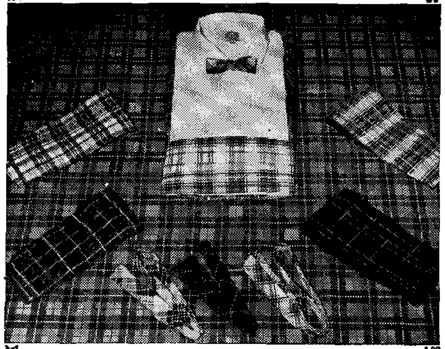

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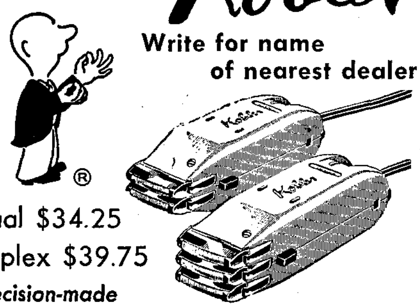

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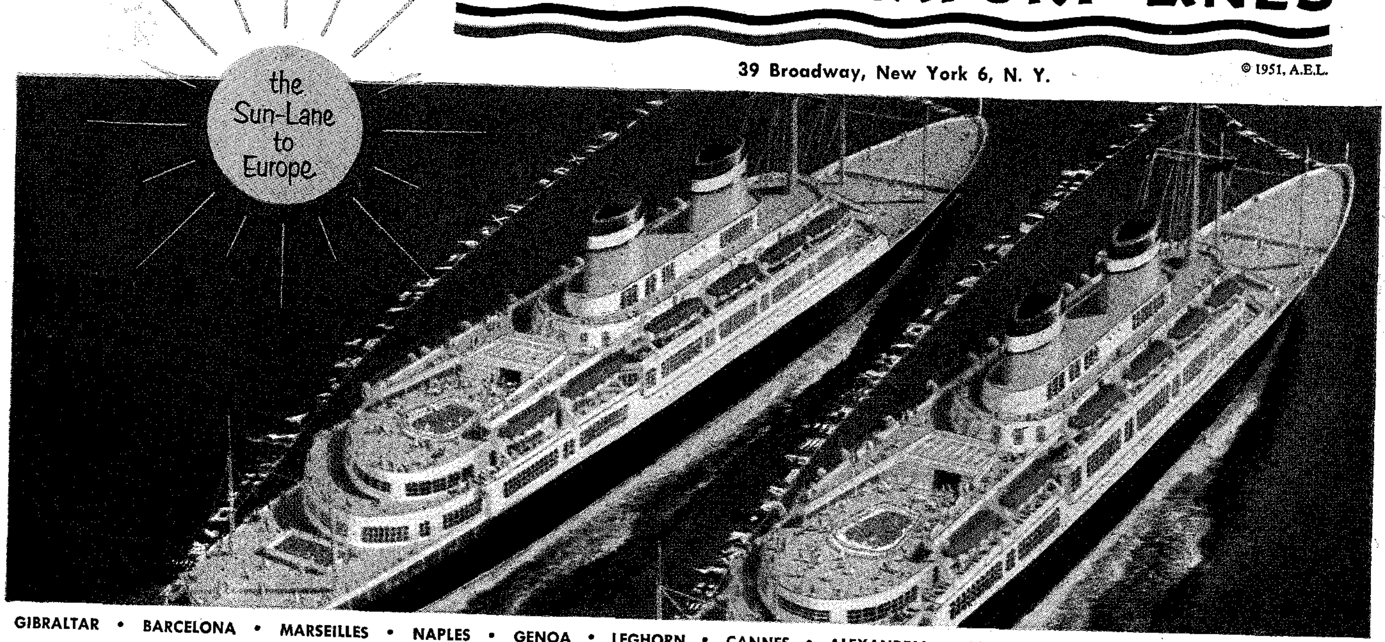

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# THE THEATRE

## ONE BIRTH, TWO OBITUARIES

"GIGI," at the Fulton, has been adapted by Anita Loos from a novel by Colette. Since both these ladies have a detached, ironic, and highly realistic approach to sex, there may be parts of the play that will alarm some dreamy members of the congregation, but on the whole I think it is as engaging a comedy as we are likely to see for a long time. The story is a fairly simple one, though perhaps a little unusual by accepted social and theatrical standards. The heroine is a sixteen-year-old Parisienne whose closest female relatives—her mother, her grandmother, and her great-aunt—are not what you would call the marrying kind, preferring to devote themselves to a succession of admirers rich enough to provide them with all the trinkets, foreign excursions, and good hard cash that, in their opinion, make a girl's life worth living. They are meditating just such a career for Gigi, who, except for a rather unfortunate nose, seems eminently suited for it, and they are delighted when one Gaston Lachaille, a handsome young man with a great deal of money, shows up, temporarily minus a mistress. For the most part, the evening is concerned with their efforts to further this arrangement, and I, for one, was quite disappointed when they were thwarted by the fact that a purer kind of love intruded itself into the proceedings and the young couple decided to get married. This is because Gigi, observing the conditions in her own house and that of her aunt, has come to the conclusion that kept women occupy perilous and embarrassing positions, and M. Lachaille, having reached the point where he feels he must have her on any terms, proposes honorable matrimony. I have no very strong objection to this moral conclusion or, I hasten to say, any idea that promiscuity is more rewarding than marriage. It just, in this case, seemed to me to reduce high comedy to something else.

Miss Loos (I know nothing about Colette's original) has produced no memorably comic lines, but she has written some excellent scenes, especially one in which the aunt instructs Gigi in the facts of life, with particular reference to the difference between precious and semi-precious stones, and another, this time between the aunt and the hero, in which the financial aspects of the prospective alliance are discussed with a chilly Gallic attention to detail that I found very funny in its grisly way.

Audrey Hepburn, who has never acted in New York before, is nearly perfect as Gigi, exhibiting a grave, schoolgirlish charm (except for one brief occasion, she is costumed in a sailor suit) that contrasts oddly but very effectively with her rakish surroundings; Cathleen Nesbitt, as her aunt, is as languid and elegant as I'm sure a *grande cocotte* would be; as Lachaille, Michael Evans may be a little too noble in appearance for a man who is said to have led so disreputable a life, but his work is crisp and entertaining; and Josephine Brown, Doris Patston, Francis Compton, and Bertha Belmore are all very satisfactory in character parts of one kind or another. Raymond Sovey's two sets, both gimcrack, though in widely differing styles, are convincing illustrations of how demimondaines presumably lived in 1900; Raymond Rouleau's direction has exceptional style and pace; and there are some delightful curtains, used to divide the six scenes, that serve admirably to set the period and mood.

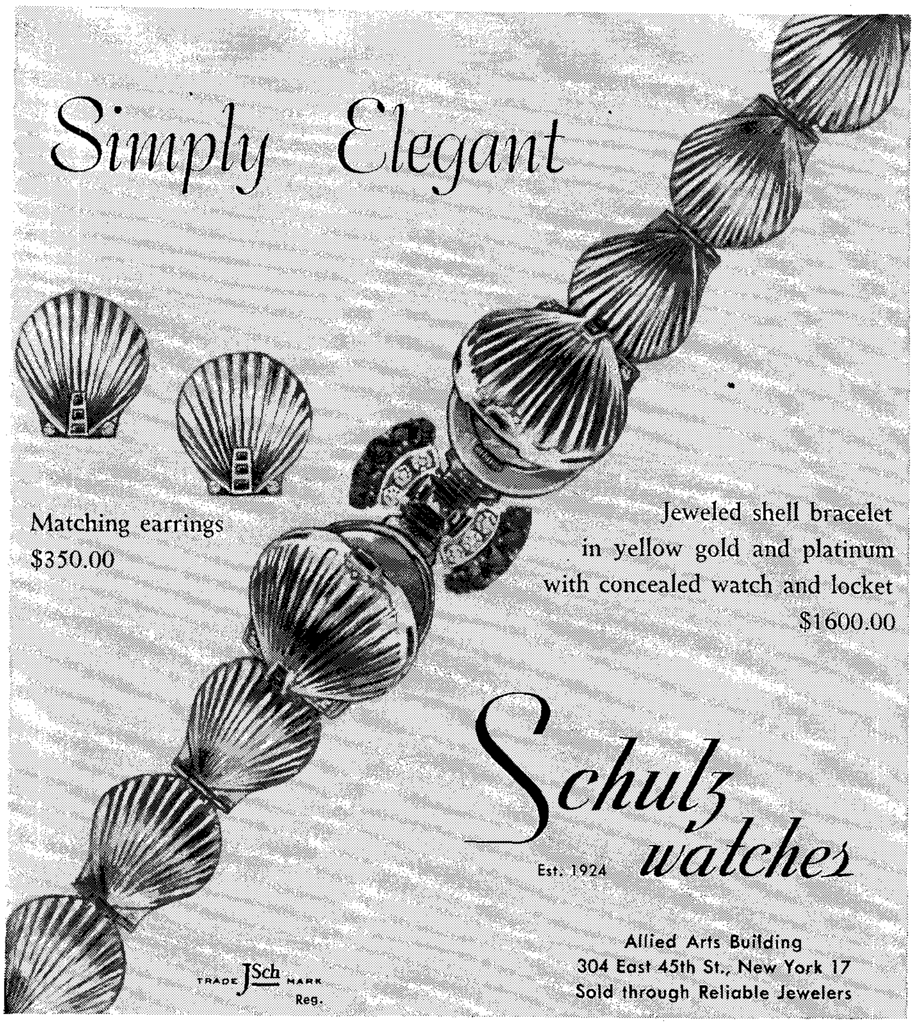
SHINE
CLAUDE

"TO DOROTHY, A SON," by Roger MacDougall and Otis Bigelow, at the John Golden, was the one that had something to do with a million-dollar inheritance. "Never Say Never," by Carl Leo, at the Booth, was the one about a man and a girl living together, without benefit of clergy, in the purlieus of Greenwich Village. Just what hope of glory the authors, the producers, the directors, the actors, the scenic and costume designers, or even the stagehands were able to see in these sorry and moth-eaten scripts is beyond the human mind to fathom. Both were ostensibly laid in the present, but there was a strong suggestion, in production as well as text, of the years before the First World War, when the American theatre was chiefly concerned with such innocent and not wholly dissimilar works as "The Great Divide," "Brewster's Millions," "The Easiest Way," and "The Man from Home."

"To Dorothy, a Son" was produced and directed by Herman Shumlin, who previously this season performed these same functions for a minor disaster called "Lace on Her Petticoat." Since Mr. Shumlin has been responsible for a great many sensible and dignified offerings in the past, it is hard to account for his current preoccupation with vintage plays of no merit whatsoever, except perhaps to assume that they are the best ones available to him, which is a rather dismaying commentary on the state of playwriting at the moment. The piece at the Golden differed from all the other dramas about wills that I can recall in that the action, which took place in a London suburb, focussed on a British composer of background music for documentary films and his ex-wife, or presumptive ex-wife—some nonsense about the international dateline was involved, but it is certainly nothing for me to tax your mind with—a Texas girl whose barbaric mannerisms appear to have amused the British public, since they have been laughing at them for no fewer than fifty-three weeks. “To Dorothy, a Son” also featured a bedroom, intermittently seen through a scrim, in which an invisible but only too audible actress was giving birth to a child. Like the dateline, this episode had some connection with the plot, but again I see no occasion to badger you with it.

The acting was entrusted to the late Leslie Howard’s son, Ronald, who sometimes managed comic effects, despite the generally murderous nature of his lines; Hildy Parks, who played the part of the Texan for considerably more than it was worth; Stella Andrew, who, as noted, was present only as a querulous and rather distressing voice issuing from a bed; Martin Rudy, who, as a cattle baron or some such, portrayed the typical American numskull in a manner that might conceivably seem accurate to the editors of *Punch;* Neil Fitzgerald, who had five parts and appeared to be almost equally embarrassed in all of them; and Rosalynd Avery, who turned up as a nurse, but so briefly that I could form no opinion of her performance one way or the other.

“NEVER SAY NEVER” contained a dumb blonde who might well have been lifted intact from the pages of the aforementioned Miss Anita Loos and had her moments of predatory charm. Otherwise, however, it was just an old-fashioned nuisance like, say, “To Dorothy, a Son.” I attended this operation in a particularly charitable and attentive mood, but I was able to make very little out of it. Alex Wesley is a young writer, though the exact nature of his work is never clear, and Coralie Jones is a poetess from Idaho, who submits at least one sample that would make your hair curl. In spite of their manifest incompetence, these two are living together in a somewhat elaborate apartment off lower Fifth Avenue. They have never married because, as far as I could gather, the young lady is unwilling to surrender her separate identity as a woman and an artist. (A remarkably quaint touch is that a card over the mailbox downstairs lists Mr. Wesley and Miss Jones as occupying the



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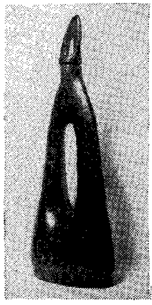
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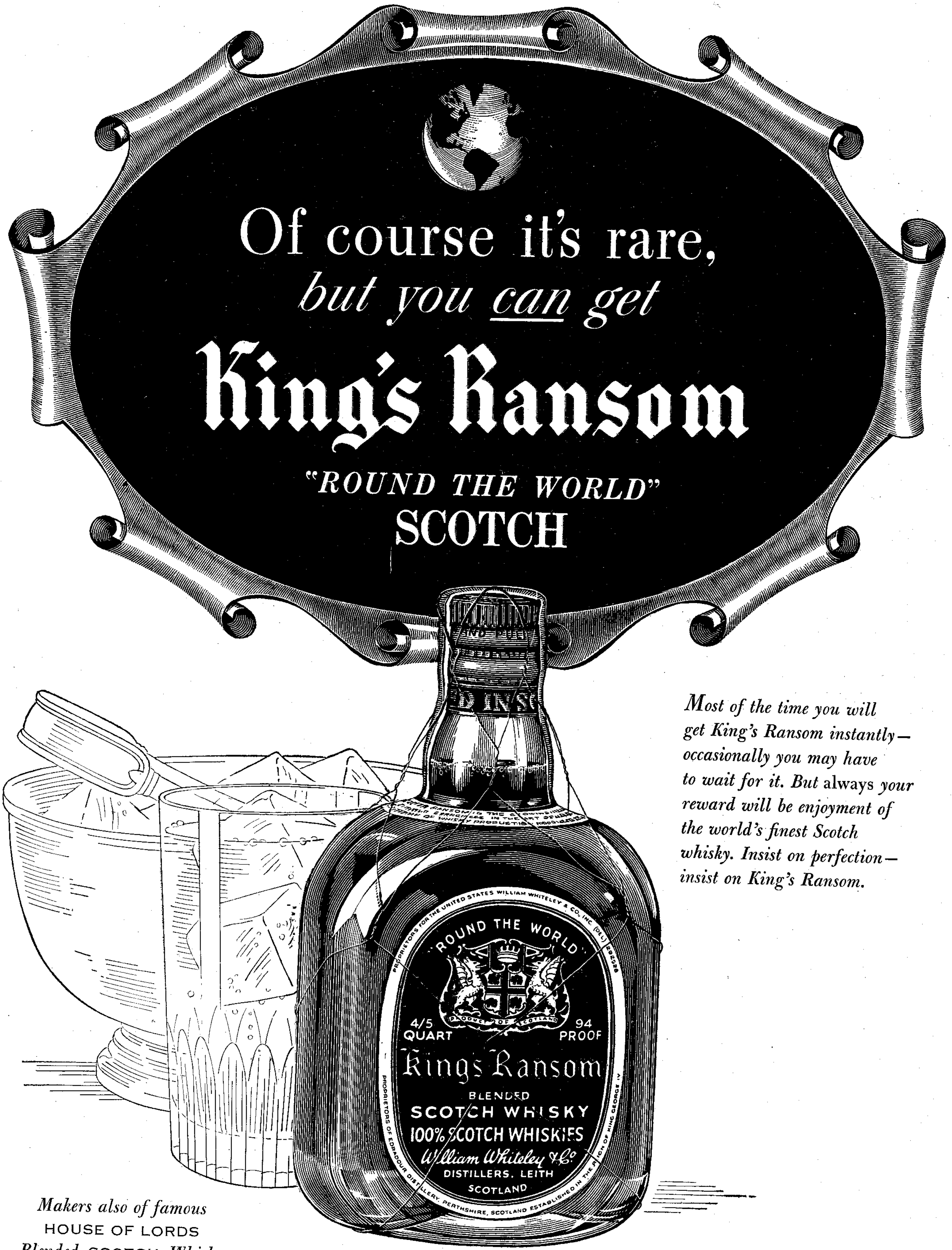
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same premises.) This coy and archaic arrangement works out very nicely until an old suitor of the heroine's, a prominent businessman, also from Idaho, comes to town and, for reasons that must be clearer to the author than they are to me, she decides that sexual emancipation is practically obligatory in New York but highly unsuitable in the rest of the nation. Most of the evening is devoted to her concealment of all the evidence of her lover's tenancy, to jokes of a sort about the tribal customs in Idaho, and to little quips centering on the blonde, who, though derivative, is the only reasonably entertaining figure on the stage.

The cast consisted of six people—Anne Jackson, as the poetess from the prairies; Hugh Reilly, as her literary admirer; Don Briggs, as the suitor from the past; Haim Winant, as a mobster whose relation to the plot was about as tenuous as that of the little dog in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street;" Royal Beal, as a horse breeder; and Nita Talbot, as the blonde. With the exception of Miss Talbot, whose part was, I should say, as nearly as possible foolproof, I don't think that anybody really succeeded in animating the melancholy goings on. Frederick Fox's combined living room and bedroom, while handsome, hardly seemed a likely abode for people in quite such meagre circumstances.

For the information of some unborn historian, "To Dorothy, a Son" managed to achieve eight performances and "Never Say Never" seven.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

He went to school in Pennsylvania, but he is known today as a profound student of public affairs.—*East Tennessee Labor News.*

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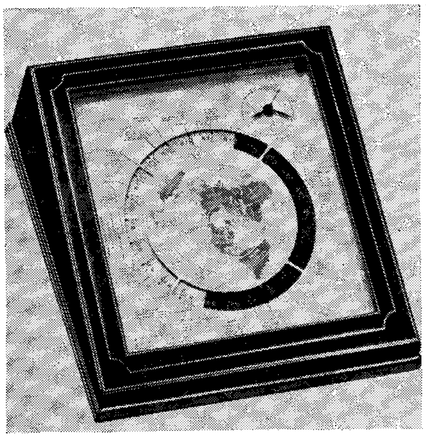

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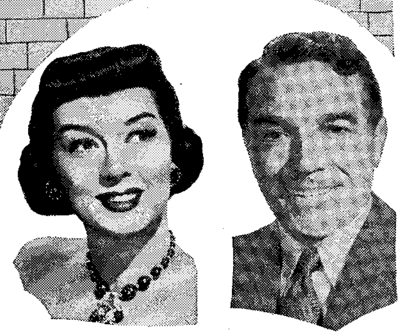

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

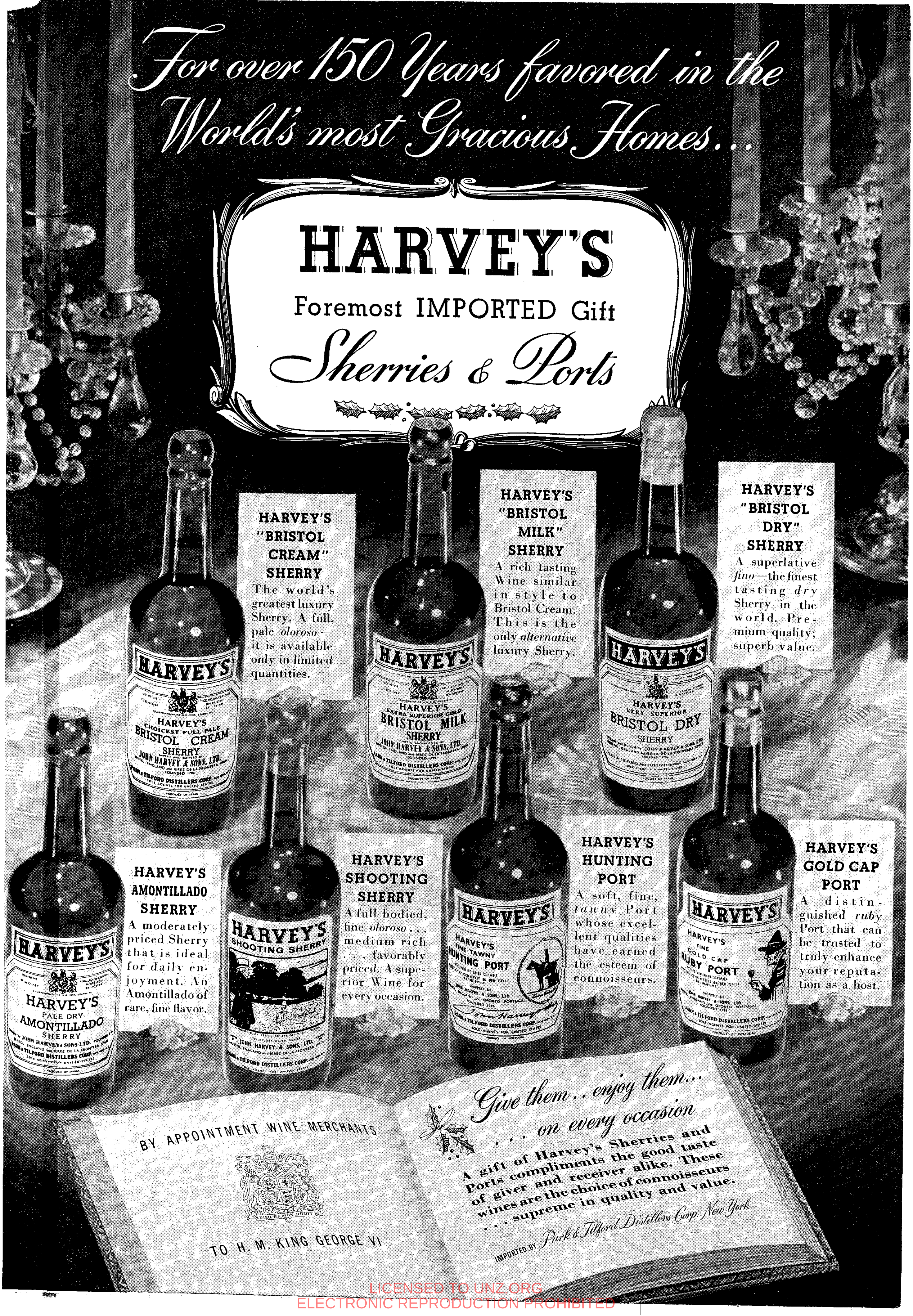
## *New Faces*

Jeanette La Bianca, a coloratura soprano who is a mere seventeen years old, sang to a handful of people one evening last week in Carnegie Hall. She sang like a bird, making small, sweet sounds, which she delivered easily. A slender but sturdy-looking dark-haired girl, with a pleasant smile, she had a youthful and appealing composure. Her immaturity was evident in the tentativeness of her personality both while she was singing and poised between numbers, but I found it agreeable not to have to contend with showmanship and false sophistication in one so young, and to be moved only by the music of her voice. She seemed to enjoy singing and to know a good deal about it. I heard her do four arias—Alessandro Scarlatti's "Sento nel core certo dolore," Mozart's "Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio," Bellini's "Ah! non credea mirarti," and Rossini's "Una voce poco fa"—and then, somewhat reluctantly, hauled myself a couple of blocks away to look in on the new "Swan Lake," which the New York City Ballet was offering for the first time, at the City Center.

This was George Balanchine's reconstruction of the familiar second act of "Swan Lake," with a new setting and fresh costumes, both designed by Cecil Beaton. The most noticeable difference between this and other versions of the second act was the incisiveness of the dancing, particularly that of the corps de ballet and some of the minor figures. There was, for example, a pas de trois in which the participants—all girls—emphasized the line and rhythm of Tchaikovsky's music in an original and striking manner. This has nothing to do with the choreography, but I don't remember ever seeing such realistic crossbows in this ballet before, or seeing them so prominently displayed. Armed with weapons that Al Capone might have envied, the hunters got into a circular battle formation in the center of the stage, there to take aim at the girls in white. The girls, for their part, wore wings in the small of their backs, and these embellishments were set in brisk motion when the going was jumpy. André Eglevsky and Maria Tallchief danced the leading parts and were, as usual, first-rate. Beaton's new setting, in black and white, looked like a steel engraving, and was quite handsome. At the beginning and the end of the ballet, the stage had the appearance of a shooting gallery, as a procession of mechanical swans jerked slowly across the back of the set, from one wing to the other, in a straight line.

For its second performance of the season, the Metropolitan Opera gave us a new production of "Rigoletto," this time against a background of the early Italian Renaissance. The sets and costumes are the work of Eugene Berman. The scenery, painted in dull shades, provides two spacious palace rooms but two rather cramped and cluttered exteriors, one of which reveals Rigoletto's home and garden in detail, the other Sparafucile's miserable dwelling. The latter set, while appropriately ominous, gives one the odd impression of a slum area in an industrial town. This unfortunate effect is caused largely by the high, watery-pink walls that tower on either side of the hovel. They serve as the interior walls of the ducal palace in the preceding scene, and for some curious reason are left standing for this one. Within the drab walls of Berman's sets, the characters move around in vivid and often elegant costumes. Three new singers turned up in important roles: Hilde Gueden, as Gilda; Norman Scott, as Monterone; and Alois Pernerstorfer, as Sparafucile. Miss Gueden, a slim and attractive soprano, sang with a clear but somewhat expressionless voice, and she employed idle vocal shadings that would have been better applied, I imagine, to the humors of operetta than to Verdi's score. Scott displayed a firm bass voice and a fine stage presence. Pernerstorfer's performance was adequate but in no way outstanding.

In both "Rigoletto" and "The Marriage of Figaro," which was given two nights later, a contralto named Jean Madeira did beautifully in two minor roles. The possessor of a rich, excellently controlled voice, she made an enthusiastically abandoned Maddalena in Verdi's opera and an amusing Marcellina in Mozart's witty masterpiece. She was not, of course, the big news in either performance, but I was considerably impressed by her work. In "Figaro," there were a number of good performances, the most engaging of them bringing a mezzo-soprano named Mildred Miller before the Met audience for the first time. Miss Miller had the enchanting part of Cherubino to play. She cut a fine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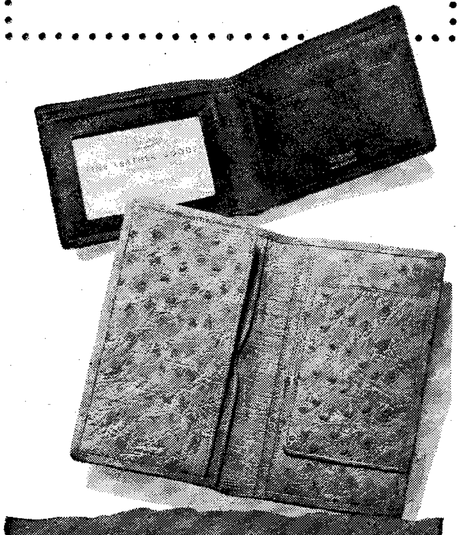

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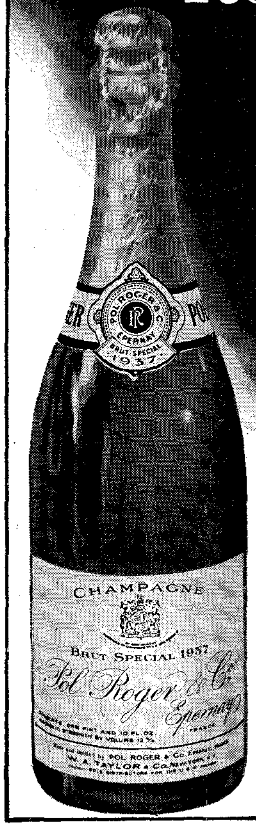

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figure as the young man and sang with a lively, supple voice. That same night, Cesare Siepi, Victoria de los Angeles, and Nadine Conner were also playing new parts. Siepi proved to be a winning Figaro, Miss de los Angeles handled the part of the Countess well, and Miss Conner was a vivacious Susanna and sang her music with a cool accuracy. In the role of the Count, John Brownlee contributed a masterly performance.

Two other new singers of importance made their débuts at the Met last week, in Saturday night's "La Traviata." One was Giacinto Prandelli, a tenor who sang Alfredo with a remarkable freedom of voice and ease of address. The other was a baritone named Renato Capecchi, who had the tremendously sympathetic role of Alfredo's father. Like son, like father; Capecchi performed with confidence and authority. His singing, though a trifle too far back in his throat, was artful, and he avoided unnecessary histrionics. Delia Rigal sang Violetta's music in an on-again-off-again fashion, which gave her performance undue suspense. Most of her difficulties arose in the first act, when she strayed from pitch with alarming frequency. Thereafter, she got hold of herself and did some marvellous work.

NOT much more need be said about Jascha Heifetz's recital at Carnegie Hall last week than that the violinist was at the top of his form, and, consequently, played magnificently. Heifetz is so far ahead of his field in technical facility and beauty of tone that he occasionally makes one feel that he is only half trying, but the other night he had everything, and each performance, in a program of romantic works, was a gem.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

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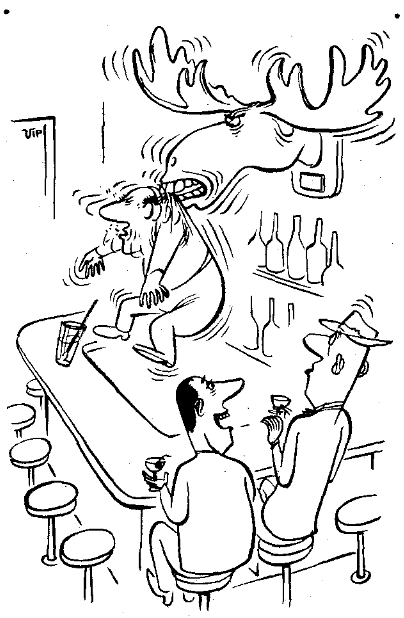
The distant call of village bells
Lures me to cross the wold (or weald),
The heath, and haugh (a swampy field).
I linger fondly in a fen,
Traverse a spinney, and a glen,
Crash through a covert, thread a lea,
And turn my ankle in a scree;
At last through copse (or coppice) grope,
And scramble up a brae (or slope).

—JOHN D. SWAIN



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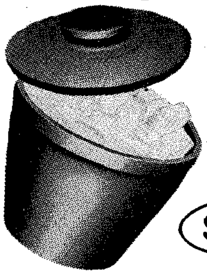

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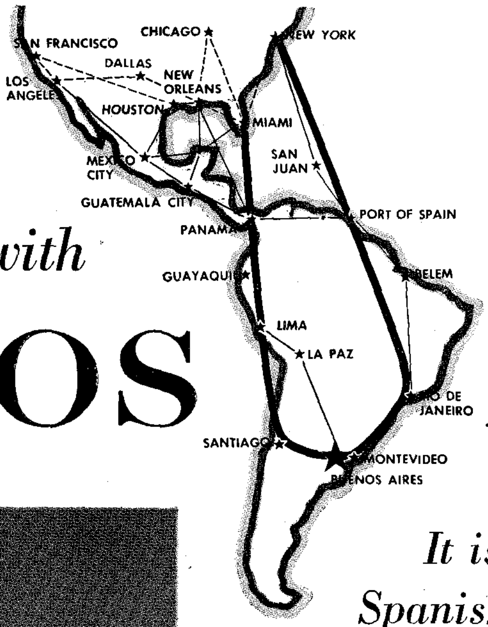
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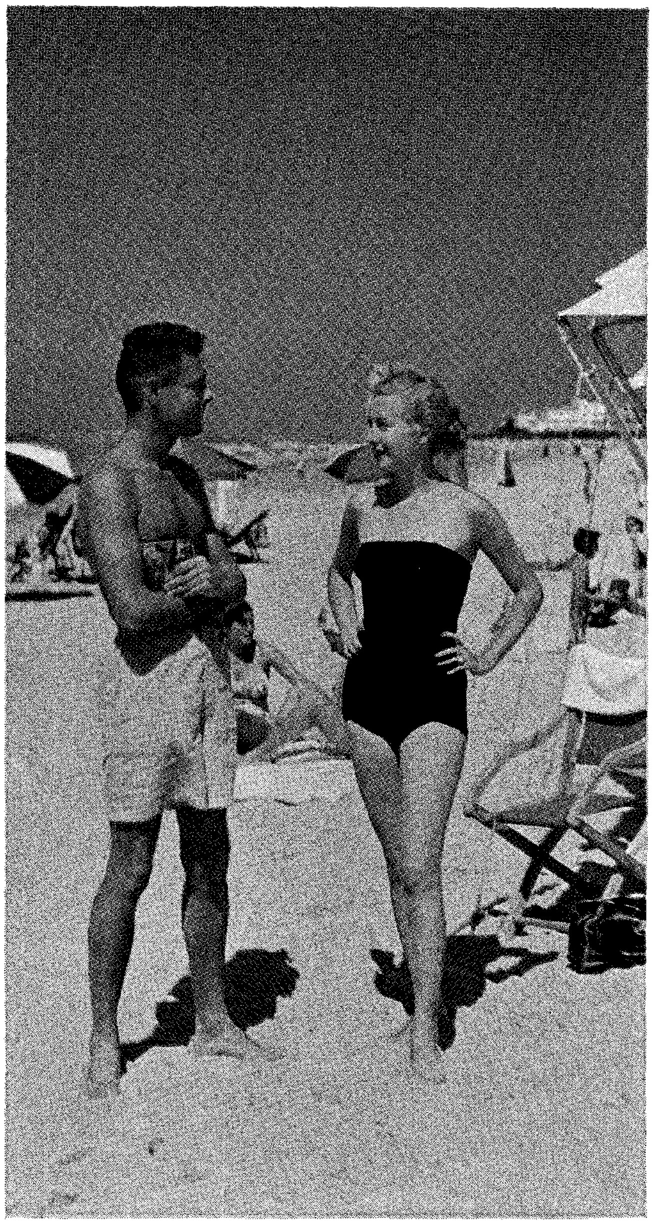

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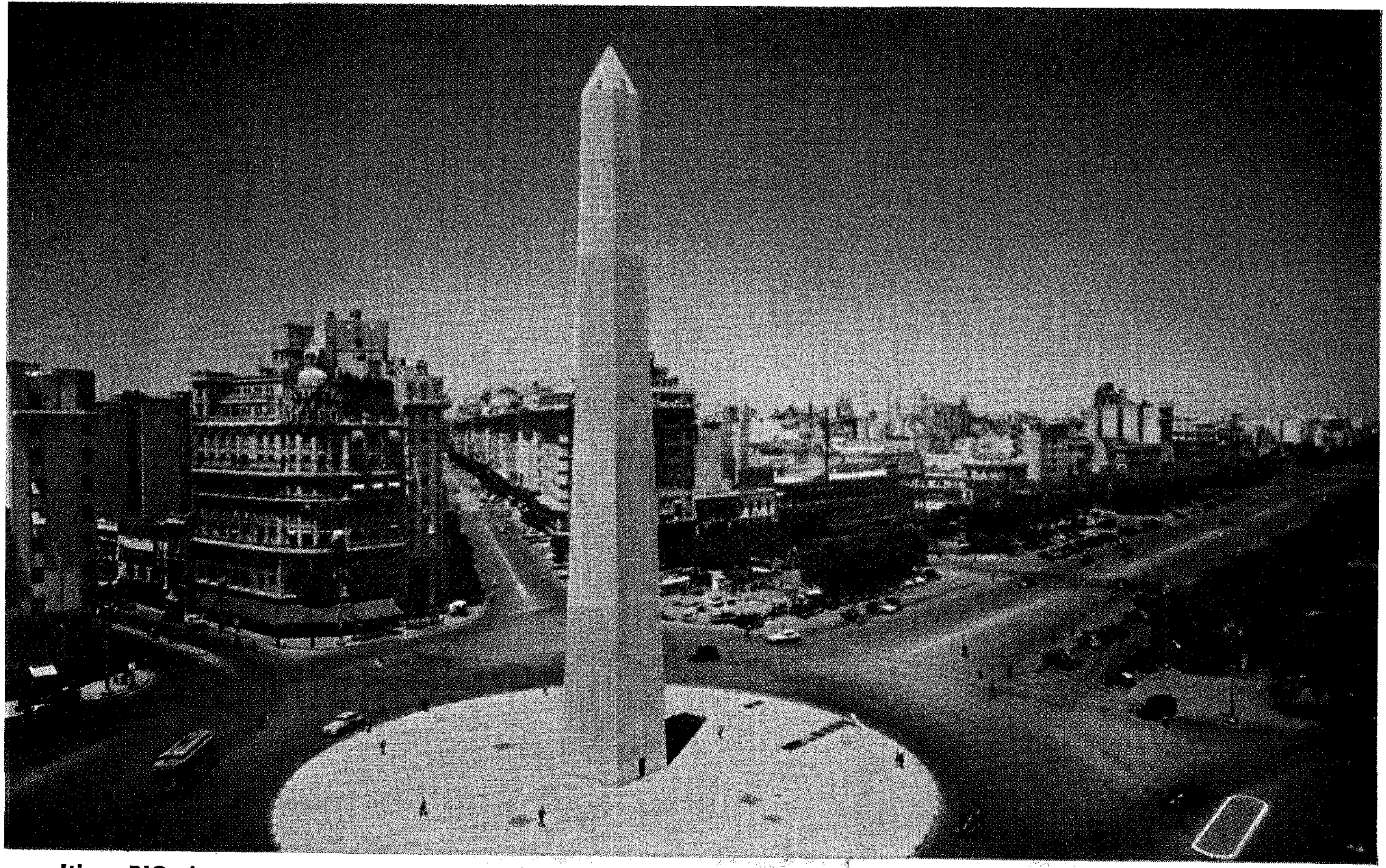

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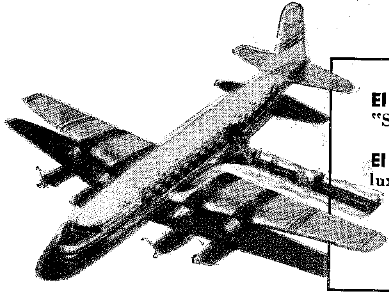

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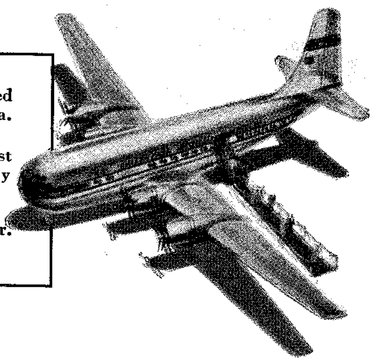

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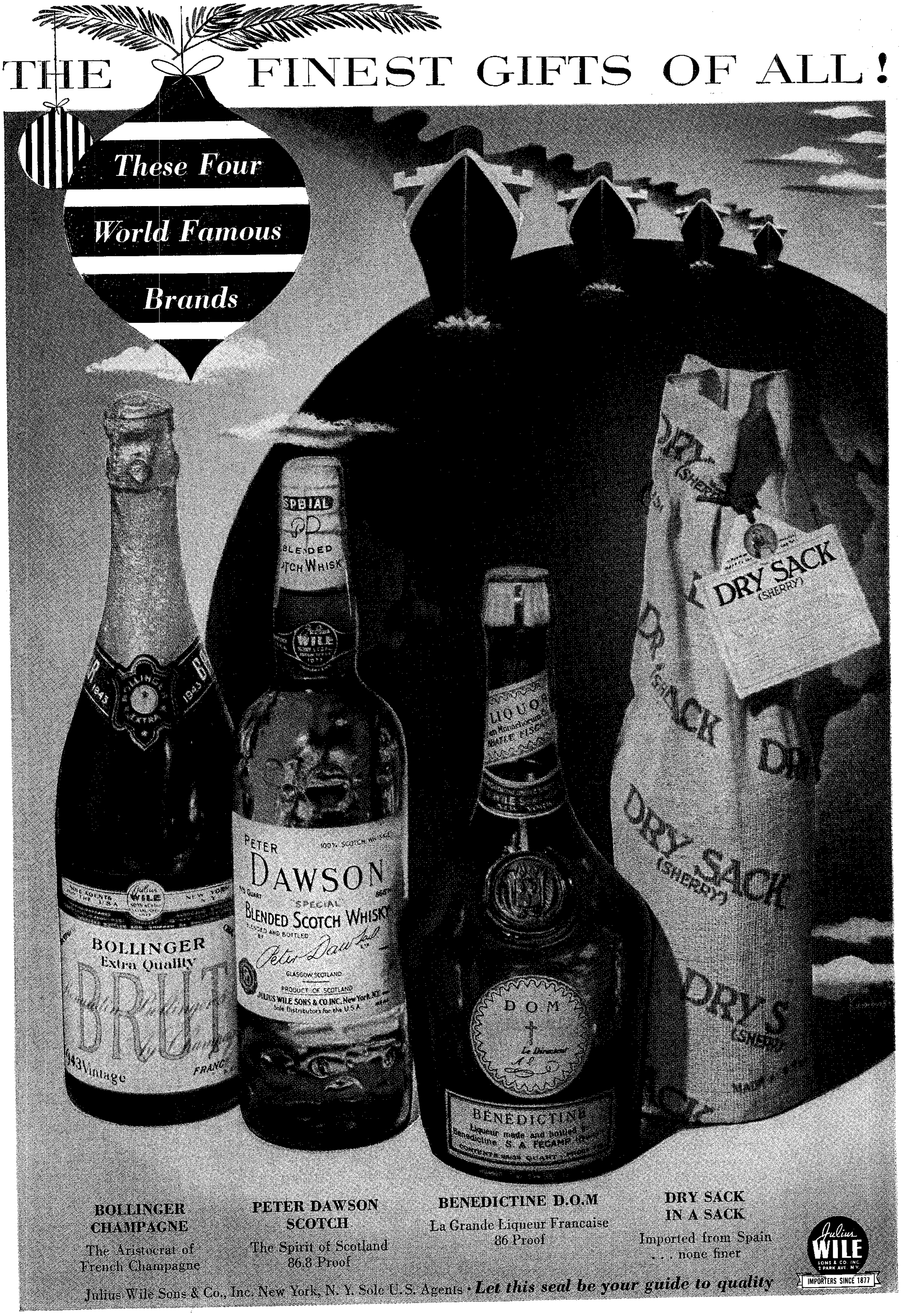
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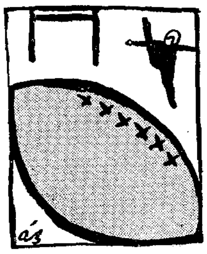

THE season's list of work was just about cleaned up this past fortnight. Princeton, which in September had, with good reason, been rated as one of the teams least likely to succeed, beat Yale, 27–0, and then Dartmouth, 13–0, to make it two perfect seasons, and two Ivy League championships, in a row. It's nearly eighty years since Princeton has been that good. Navy won for the first time this season, 21–7, from a Columbia team badly damaged by its encounter with Dartmouth, and Army almost won one it wasn't expected to win. Blaik, the West Point coach, sent in a substitute player at the wrong time and got his team a penalty that gave Pennsylvania a first down on Army's three-yard line. Penn won, 7–6, instead of losing, 6–0. Thus heartened, Penn, which had suffered all season from a diet that included too much tough Western beef, went on to take its most important game of the year, 7–0, from Cornell. Harvard reacted handsomely to the severe trouncing it had been given by Princeton, beating Brown, 34–21, and nearly winning its own most important game of the year by leading Yale up to the last minute before surrendering another touchdown and being tied, 21–21, in the Yale Bowl, scene of a long series of stirring tie games. Dartmouth, winner of the Eastern boxing championship, heavyweight division, scored two more knockouts and lost two more games—to Cornell, 21–13, and, of course, to Princeton.

A MONTH ago, Clasby, Harvard's smartest backfield operator, scored two of his team's touchdowns against Dartmouth, and Culver, a Harvard fullback, scored the other. Clasby had pretty rough going throughout the game, and Culver sustained a broken collarbone. Even so, Dartmouth had a hard time winning that one, 26–20. The following week, Dartmouth again had to come from behind to beat Yale, 14–10, but there was no noticeable carnage in that match, probably because the slippery footing offered no chance for extracurricular activities. That, as it happened, was Dartmouth's last good Saturday. Next was the unexpected defeat by Columbia, 21–6. Price, Co-

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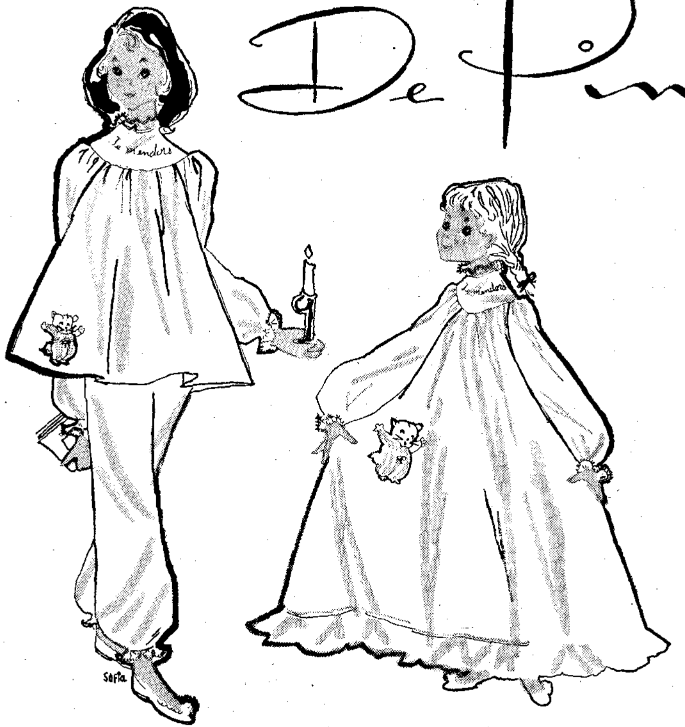

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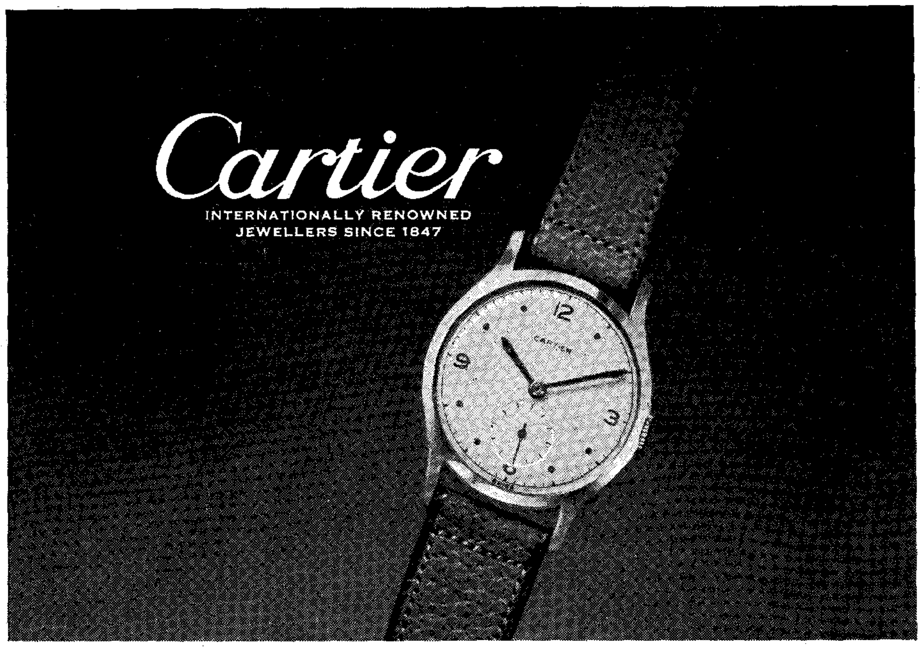

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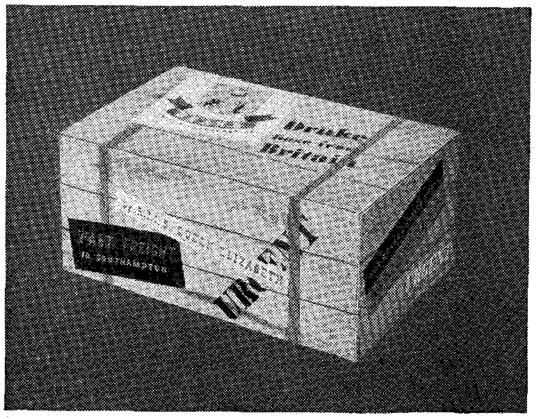

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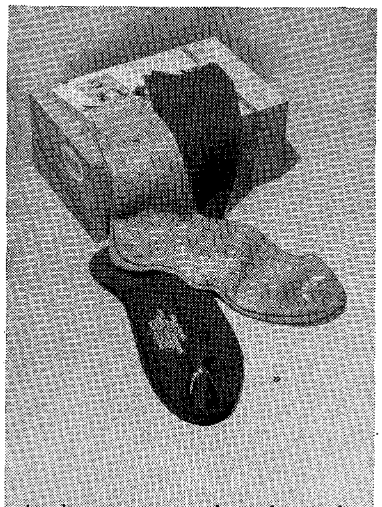

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lumbia's bright particular backfield star, was so badly mauled, from head to foot, in this bout that he had to be removed early in the proceedings. What is officially termed "unnecessary roughness" is, though, a game that two can play, and before the festival was over, Howard, Dartmouth's first-string quarterback, and Brown, another Dartmouth back, had to be helped off the field. Dartmouth subsequently encountered Cornell, and was beaten once more, 21–13. Cornell scored one touchdown because Dartmouth was caught savaging Cornell's Whelan as he got off a punt. The ensuing penalty cost Dartmouth fifteen yards and possession of the ball, and Cornell made good use of the opportunity. Then Dartmouth moved on to Princeton. First to go down was Kazmaier, Princeton's bright particular star and perhaps the most celebrated player of the year. Several direct hits were scored on him, and then he suffered a mild concussion and a broken nose after getting off a pass that put the ball on Dartmouth's three-yard line. Princeton's McNeil took up the burden and rammed the ball over Dartmouth's goal for his team's first touchdown. McNeil was knocked out in the second half, a few plays following Princeton's second touchdown. After that, the going got so rough that a Dartmouth kick had to be run off three times because there were so many infractions of the rules. Princeton's offense, without Kazmaier and McNeil, was hardly a thing of beauty, but Princeton's defensive team, which has saved several days in its time, tore into Dartmouth with such avenging fury that its backs had a net gain of two yards on the ground and one broken leg to show for their afternoon's pains.

PRINCETON was a surprising champion. Only one member of its offensive team—Kazmaier—came back to work this fall, and a number of the defensive players also graduated in June. The team was pieced together with promising but naturally green sophomores and men who had been only sharp enough for the junior varsity the year before. Princeton, as somebody or other pointed out Saturday, had one bit of luck in winning its championship; that was not having to play Dartmouth until the very last. —J. W. L.

•

The convention would be open to any state participating in the conference and any other state declared edible by the United Nations.—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

Turkey, perhaps? Or Chile?

# ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

## THE LEXICOGRAPHERS IN STIR

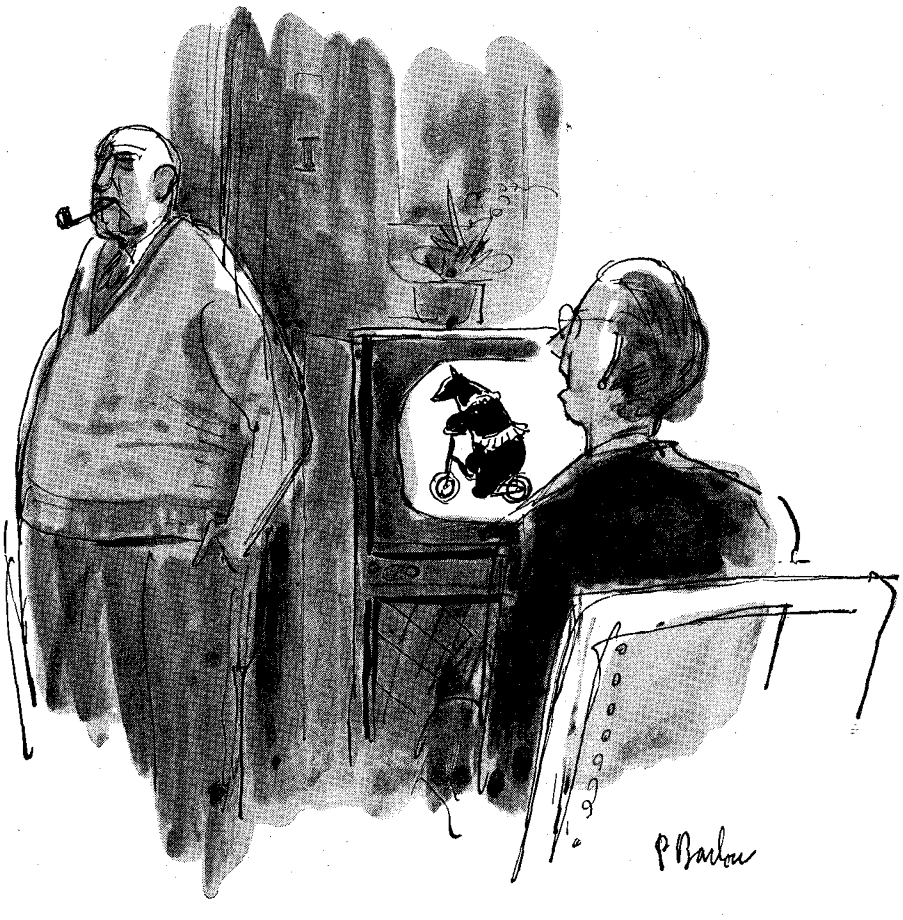
Morris Lipsius, a thirty-seven-year-old native of the lower East Side, has spent nearly half his life in jail. At the time he began to serve the second, and more substantial, of the two prison terms on his record (the sentence was for from seven and a half to fifteen years, for attempted robbery with a gun), he had a working knowledge of only two full-fledged crafts, or professional techniques, neither of which is of any use to him at present, since he is now going straight. The two trades he knew were moll-buzzing and cowboying. In a book published last year, called "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo," of which Lipsius, a fellow ex-convict named Frank O'Leary, and a retired prison chaplain are coeditors, "moll-buzz" is defined as follows:

> A technique of snatching women's purses from baby carriages. (Note: The theft is accomplished in the following manner: An accomplice, known as the **buzzer**, accosts a victim and asks to be directed to a given place in the neighborhood. The destination is so chosen that the victim must turn her back to the carriage to point. The purse-snatcher now advances . . . and deftly seizes the purse. The victim seldom discovers her loss until the thieves have disappeared. Premature discovery requires the **buzzer**, feigning solicitude, to block pursuit and delay any outcry until the snatcher has escaped. Very youthful operators are most successful. There are several variations of this technique. Sometimes a second accomplice is used, a boy who sells paper market-bags. He and the snatcher converge on the baby carriage from opposite directions so that the seized purse may be swiftly dropped into an open market-bag. Arrests in this form of thievery are infrequent, and the thief is rarely found in possession of the stolen purse.)

In still another, simpler variation, the snatcher, working alone and carrying a coat over his arm, grabs the purse while the victim's back is turned and tucks it beneath the coat. In the most overt form of moll-buzz, the buzzer distracts the victim by stepping on her foot or bumping her off balance, the snatcher seizes the purse, and both partners make off as fast as they can go.

Lipsius, when he was in his teens, practiced all these variations, either as buzzer or as snatcher. "I was the scoige of the Fifth, Eleventh, and Ninth Precincts," he said one day not long ago to a post-prison acquaintance, in the course of one of the frank but detached and philosophical discussions of his past that, as a reformed lawbreaker and published lexicographer, he now indulges in willingly. The richest field for Lipsius and his partners was the area of the big push-cart markets along Avenue C and lower First Avenue, to which women brought their baby carriages when they shopped. It was also in this region that he cowboyed, always on the alert for the Dolly Sisters, or, as they are known in some neighborhoods, Amos and Andy—any one of the teams of uniformed policemen that tour the streets in patrol cars. The "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" defines a cowboy as "A thief who operates in Wild West tradition; a reckless thief, a thief who flourishes weapons or assaults victims unnecessarily." It gives a sentence to illustrate the use of the term: "Them lousy cowboys, only punk kids on the heist (hold-up) for the first time, burned up (over-worked) this town." Lipsius, in his cowboy days, met the specifications of the definition and sample sentence in that he was reckless and young, but to him and his companions cowboying was a particular kind of crime, with a particular kind of procedure, and by no means limited to tyros. A group of young fellows, at least one of them armed, would pick out a certain block, preferably one with a number of stores in it. A runner, or scout, would be sent to shadow the patrolman on the beat. When he ran back with the news that the cop was out of sight and hearing, the gang would dash from store to store in the block, flashing the gun and emptying cash registers or grabbing portable merchandise.

Although Lipsius's I.Q., as measured in more recent years in a prison test, proved to be so high that the officials gave him another test to confirm it, he has had only a grade-school education. This he acquired in a Hebrew orphanage, to which he was sent because his father was a tuberculosis patient in a public institution and his mother could not support her five children—three sons and two daughters—alone. Lipsius left the orphanage at the age of thirteen and at once became a semi-professional hoodlum. The proceeds from his moll-buzzing and cowboying were usually divided with some older men who had East Side crime organized from top to bottom. He sometimes did special chores for these men; for a while during the twenties he was assigned to go to a Turkish bath on Second Avenue every Saturday morning to wake up Pretty Amberg, one of a famous family of strong-arm men, who used to spend Friday nights there. (Three of the Ambergs, including



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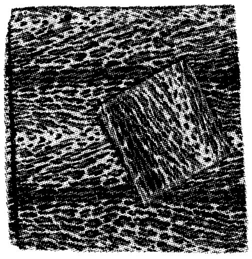

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Pretty, ultimately met violent deaths.) At the age of eighteen, Lipsius was arrested for moll-buzzing and sentenced to ten months in the New York City Reformatory, better known as the Farms, a municipal house of correction at New Hampton, New York, where he learned nothing that might have led to a legitimate means of supporting himself in the outside world.

Lipsius was "cowboying" in partnership with another youth on the day, in November, 1934, when he lost his freedom for the second time. This escapade began and ended in a haberdashery shop on Second Avenue, which Lipsius, who is only five feet two, tried to hold up at the point of a revolver. The shop's owner, who was in the toilet when Lipsius entered the establishment, came up behind him, grappled with him, and held him until the police arrived. Lipsius did not use the gun on the shopkeeper. As it turned out later, upon police investigation, he couldn't have. It was a center-fire weapon loaded with rim-fire cartridges, and thus unshootable. Lipsius, recalling the incident, says that he doesn't know whether the owner of the gun, which he and his fellow-cowboy had stolen from the door pocket of an automobile shortly before the holdup, was a ballistic ignoramus or a humanitarian. At all events, after his arrest he was exposed to the police institution known as Mother Bull. Under the entry "Mother Bull (N.Y. City localism)," the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" carries this definition:

> A policeman or detective who pretends to befriend a prisoner, protecting him from threatened police violence in order to obtain a confession. (Note: The "maternal" technique often includes the proffering of cigarettes and coffee and other tokens of good will. . . . The **Mother Bull** knows how to make full use of any trivial admission a criminal may make, leading each one to believe that he has been betrayed by his associates. Together with the threatened, and often applied, **third degree**, the **Mother Bull** technique will break down most weak suspects.)

Lipsius was not a weak suspect. Neighbors of his on the East Side who have known him for a long time agree that even as a boy he was remarkably strong-minded and steadfast, in good causes and bad. In this instance, having frustrated a Mother Bull by refusing to reveal the name of his accomplice in the holdup, he was given, according to his account, a thorough beating. "I wouldn't tell them the name of the kid that was with me," he says, "but even without that they would have had trouble keeping their hands off me. I was a fresh punk, quite a snot-nose all

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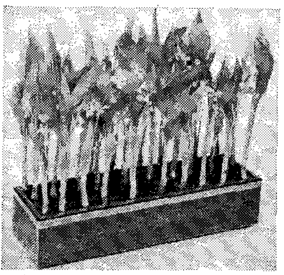

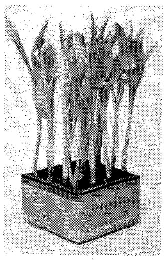

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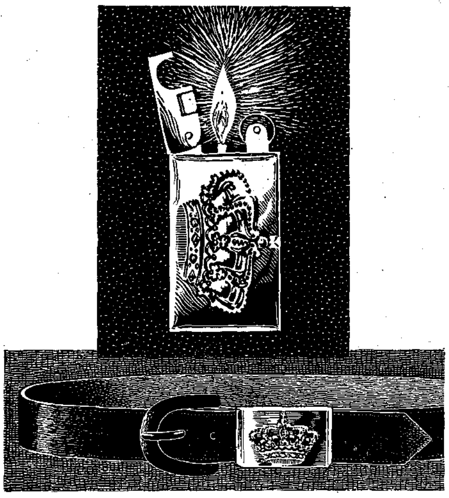
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around." Lipsius received a sentence of from two and a half to five years for attempted robbery, and another, of from five to ten years, for illegal possession of a revolver, the sentences to run consecutively, and went to Sing Sing without having named his confederate. To this day, the name of the other boy is unknown to the law.

As a prisoner, Lipsius on several occasions appeared before the Parole Board and gave it his "boast" (promise to live up to parole terms), but his applications were repeatedly turned down because he insisted on sticking to the palpably flimsy story he had originally told the police, to the effect that he had found the gun he used in the holdup in a garbage can, and because he still refused to identify his accomplice. He finally won a parole by following some advice O'Leary gave him while they were working together on the "Dictionary" in Great Meadow Prison, in Comstock, New York, to which Lipsius had been transferred from Sing Sing. O'Leary pointed out—quite correctly, according to parole officials—that in the whole range of modern mythology there is nothing that the Parole Board has had more experience with, and likes less, than tales about finding guns in garbage cans. He urged Lipsius to make his story more accurate and therefore more convincing. Accepting this counsel, Lipsius in 1943 told the Board about having stolen the gun from the door pocket of an automobile. He still refused to identify his accomplice, arguing that the man had since served honorably in the Army and had married and become a father. Lipsius said it seemed to him that it would be spoiling a worth-while life to name the fellow now. The Parole Board was inclined to agree, and Lipsius, granted a parole on the strength of his more coöperative attitude, was "on the street" (out of prison) for four years. He worked awhile as a loader for a trucking firm on Tenth Avenue, a job he got with the help of the Parole Board, but he was found to be too light for that sort of thing and eventually he drifted back to the lower East Side, where he took to selling policy-game numbers in a candy store. Before long, the Parole Board got wind of this, and Lipsius was sent back to Great Meadow to serve out the balance of his original maximum sentence; he was released in 1949. His candy-store offense may not have seemed a merely venial, and hardly avoidable, one in the eyes of the Parole Board, but it seemed that way to the inmates of Great Meadow when he rejoined them. Their point of view is

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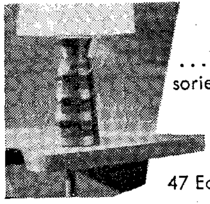
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expressed in the "Dictionary," in a couple of sentences under the heading "Parole, violator of terms of," as follows: "Twenty violators came in on the draft (interprison transfer of men). Jeez, they bring ghees (fellows) back for mopery (trivial irregularities)."

As might be expected, the general tone of the "Dictionary" is not one of reverence for constituted authority. Its editors, like most other convicts and ex-convicts, have a profoundly cynical attitude toward prison guards and wardens, perhaps because these men, who are employed to work on the side of the law, do not, as a rule, serve time when they infringe upon the legal code, while prisoners have themselves as evidence that they pay heavily for their crimes. O'Leary and Lipsius are both acquainted with a former P.K. (Principal Keeper) of one state prison who was famous in the underworld for his genial banditry. One story about him concerns an inmates' crap game, held in the prison kitchen, that the P.K. broke in on, saying, in a satirical vein, "Zex! [Look out!] The P.K.!" Pointing to a pile of money on the floor, he asked each player, in turn, "Does that belong to you?" Each of them denied that it did, upon which the P.K. said, "Then it must be mine," picked up the money, and walked away with it, whistling cheerfully. It is widely told that whenever an inmate asked this P.K. for a favor, such as an appointment to a desirable prison job, the keeper would say, "Can you give me fifty reasons why you should get it?"—"reasons" being code for "dollars."

According to Lipsius, his consistent loyalty toward his accomplice in the attempted holdup of the haberdasher has been helpful to him in at least two ways. In prison, where he found when he arrived that his policy of silence had already become well known through the grapevine, it won him the respect of the "population," or convict body. (During his first few days in Sing Sing, he enhanced that respect by acting on the advice of a seasoned inmate named Willie, who told him that he should hit some fellow-prisoner on the jaw at the first opportunity. This, said Willie, would give him a reputation for toughness that would be useful for a man of his size and would discourage the homosexuals in the population. In the prison yard, Lipsius selected a large inmate with an air of the bucolic about him, cursed him obscurely, and knocked him down. He has been known ever since as Kayo, probably the first lexicographer in history to bear this nickname.) Lipsi-

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us says that his shielding of his accomplice also enables him to live in the present-day world—which he considers to be in a lax condition morally—with self-respect and a clear conscience. "I think there is a weakening of fibre all over," said Lipsius the other afternoon, sitting, with his feet barely touching the floor, in a booth in a restaurant on West Forty-sixth Street, a place where ex-convicts often gather for social reunions. "I think that goes for everybody, although the underworld has somewhat different weaknesses than its counterpart, the overworld. The overworld don't emphasize loyalty. I feel good that I didn't belch on a pal, because that's the code I was raised on. But in the underworld nowadays the most of them are all geepos. [A geepo, as used here, is an underworld member with a disposition to trade information for official favors.] And in the overworld they fight wars."

A WIDE reading in prison libraries, which brought expressions like "weakening of fibre" and "counterpart" into Lipsius's vocabulary, was the only preparation for a respectable outside life that he could find to interest him in jail up to the time he and O'Leary began to work together on the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo." (Other than the lexicography that they pretty much taught themselves, the two men were taught no honest vocations in prison. Trade-school courses available, but only to a limited number of not-so-eager convicts, were mostly of the doormat- and chair-making variety.) The two men's first step into the field of letters, a field that they now hope may lead them to a future along the literary line, was an accidental one. The "Dictionary" had its genesis thirteen years ago, when both Lipsius and O'Leary were inmates of Great Meadow Prison. O'Leary's preparation for scholarship and literature had been only a little less eccentric than Lipsius's. Bigger, twelve years older, and more soft-spoken and sophisticated than Lipsius, O'Leary is also somewhat better educated, but he does not deny that in his youth his acquisitive instincts were centered on other things than book learning. Soon after his birth in a tenement at 147th Street and Eighth Avenue, his immigrant Irish mother died and his father disappeared. The boy was taken in by a Catholic home, from which he was adopted by a family on Washington Heights. They brought him up in that section—diagonally across the town from Lipsius's early haunts—and enrolled him, when he was old enough, in Regis High School, on East Eighty-fourth Street. Regis, a Catholic institution, sends many of its students on to religious seminaries. O'Leary was looked upon by his teachers and his foster parents as a potential candidate for the priesthood, especially after he made the Regis debating team, in his junior year. One day, however, when he took the stage for a debate with Fordham Prep, he was a little the worse for liquor. Following the debate—which, as nearly as O'Leary can remember, had to do with the subject of referendum and initiative—the team's faculty coach commented unenthusiastically upon his colorful delivery and told him to report to the principal. O'Leary recalls that his state of mind had become temporarily tinged with anti-clericalism. He and the principal got into a fist fight, which the principal won, and O'Leary was expelled. After that, he worked briefly at several jobs. Two of them were as a cashier—first for a bank, then for an insurance company. The fact that he held those posts sometimes strikes him as ironic now, in view of what the courts later had to say about his sense of property rights.

O'Leary's first major tangle with the law came when he was in his early twenties. He was sentenced to from six and a half to twelve and a half years in prison for Robbery One, or armed robbery. (He had held up a taxi-driver.) In the summer of 1931, a year or so after he was released from jail (his sentence was reduced by "good time," or time off for good behavior), the New York City Police Department began to brood on a sameness of technique in certain unsolved jewel robberies on its books. All the robberies had taken place earlier that year, and all had taken place in midtown houses or apartment buildings. In each case, two or three men in livery had driven up in a small truck, in daytime, to the building where the victim lived, had entered on the pretext of delivering something—flowers in one instance, liquor in another, an antique table in a third—and, at the point of a gun, had bound the lady of the place and whatever servants were present to chairs and taken all the jewelry they could find. At the time of O'Leary's arrest, three of these robberies were mentioned specifically. In March, Gertrude Williams, an ex-actress, then living at 25 East Sixty-seventh Street, had been robbed in this manner. In April, Marjorie Ardell, who was the divorced wife of a musical-comedy and vaudeville performer, Franklyn Ardell, and lived at 419 East

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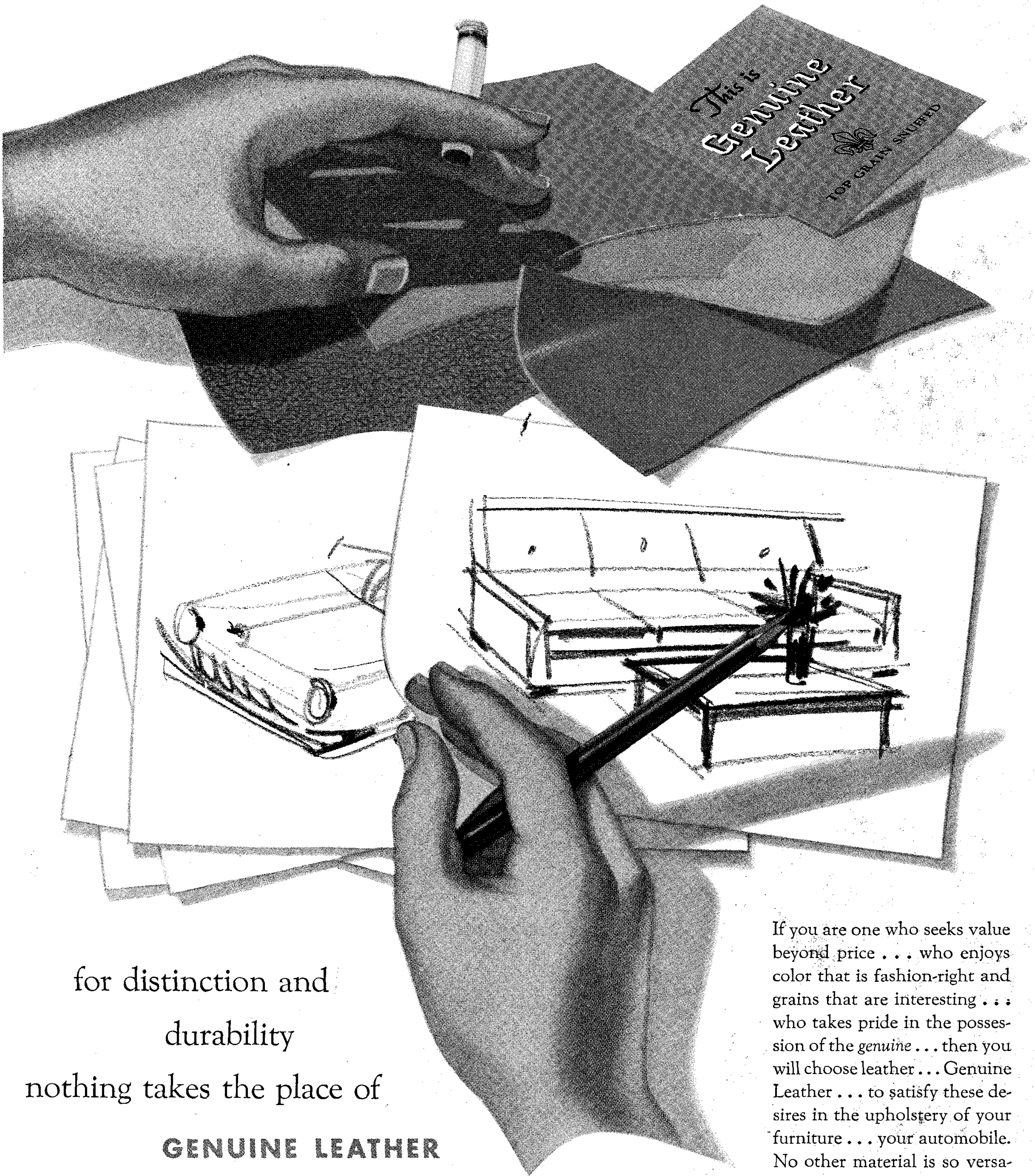

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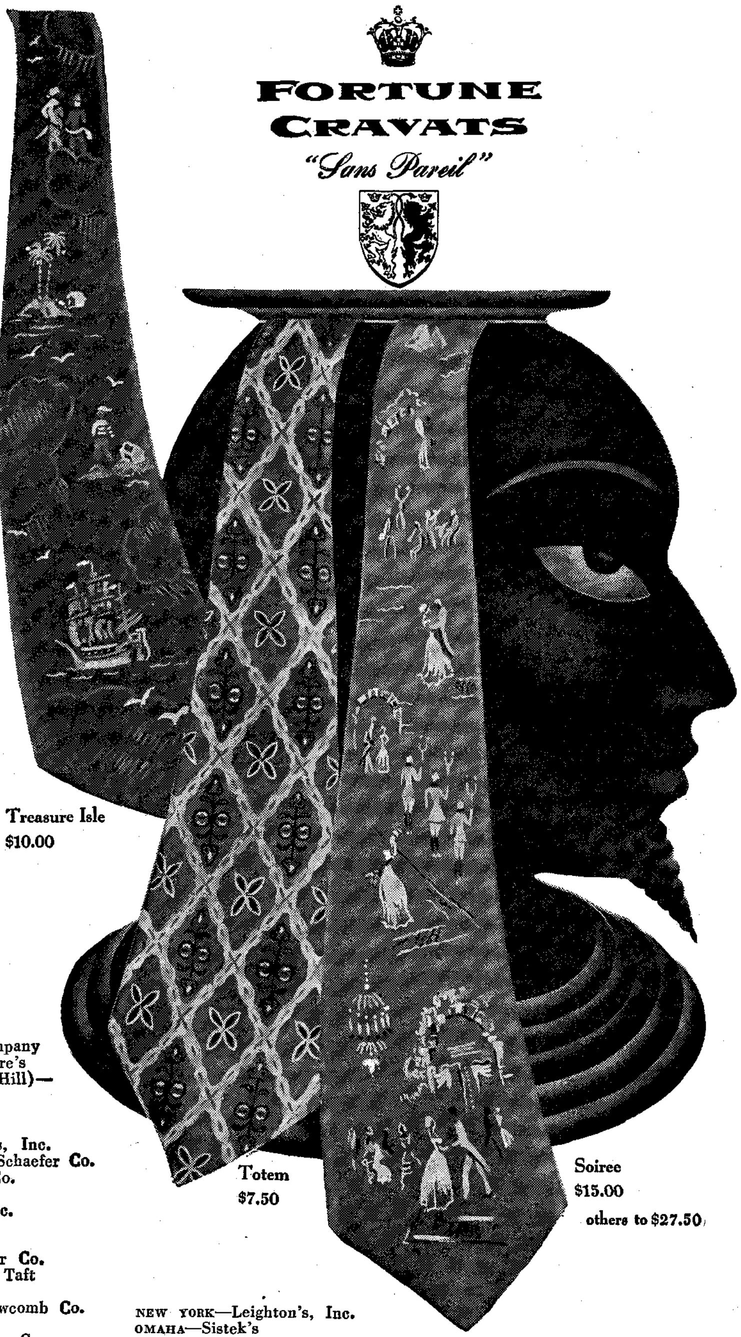
Fifty-seventh Street, and her maid had been victims. In June, bogus deliverymen had called at the house of Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, a well-known patroness of the Beaux-Arts Ball, at 34 West Fifty-second Street, tied up Mrs. Menken and a maid, and escaped with jewelry that was valued, according to the first newspaper stories (the estimate fluctuated later), at two hundred thousand dollars.

In October, after a quantity of spadework, the police arrested O'Leary and a man named Arthur Rose in connection with the three robberies. O'Leary, who not long before his arrest had married a former chorus girl, Rita Van Buskirk, was living with his wife at 327 West Fifty-fifth Street. He was arrested there, Rose at his home in Jackson Heights. Talking one day not long ago about the events of that time, O'Leary said that on the morning after the Menken robbery, as he and his wife were leaving their apartment, Mrs. O'Leary picked up the newspaper lying at the door, glanced at the headlines above the Menken story on the front page, showed them to him, and asked casually, "Does this interest you?" "It was the first hint I ever got that she might think I was mixed up in such things," O'Leary recalled. "It startled me." However, he denied then, as he still does, having had any part in the Menken affair.

There were newspaper reports, after the arrests, that O'Leary had been tentatively identified by the victims of all three robberies, but when O'Leary and Rose were tried in General Sessions, it was solely on the charge of robbing Mrs. Ardell of jewelry valued at thirteen thousand dollars. O'Leary and Rose were convicted on February 23, 1932. The judge, Cornelius F. Collins, gave it as his opinion that Rose had been the planner of the job, O'Leary one of the two holdup men who executed it. Rose's lawyer asked for clemency for his client on the strength of his war record; Rose had enlisted in the First World War at the age of seventeen, had been gassed, and had received the Croix de Guerre. The Judge sentenced him to from eight to sixteen years. As it happened, there was something in O'Leary's favor, too. His second conviction for armed robbery exposed him to the possibility of a life sentence, but evidence at the trial brought out the fact that after the robbery, someone—the court assumed it was O'Leary—had telephoned the police and told them to go to the Ardell apartment right away, to prevent Mrs. Ardell and her maid, both of whom had



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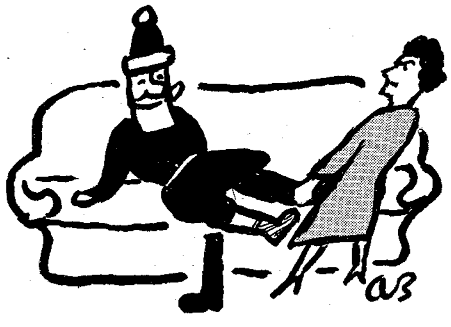
been gagged as well as bound, from suffocating. "There he showed the Dr. Jekyll, rather than the Mr. Hyde, side of his character," said Judge Collins. He sentenced O'Leary to a flat thirty years instead of life.

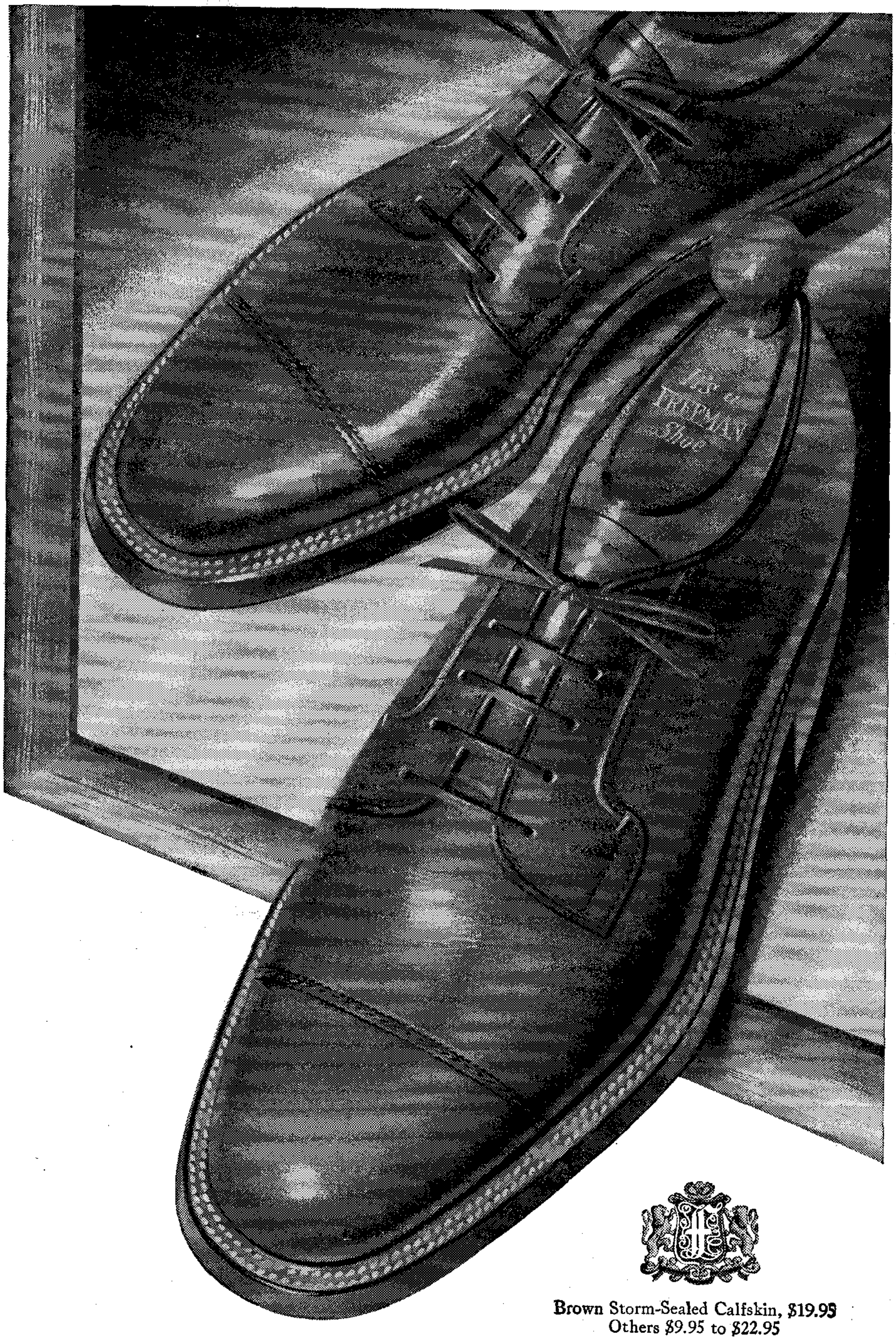
O'Leary, who subsequently, while in prison, made a careful study of law, especially penal law, says that this well-meant gesture on the part of the Judge probably did him more harm than good. In 1945, he points out, the law was reworded in such a way that a life sentence automatically carried with it modifying options; his sentence if he had been given a life term would have become "twenty years to life." A flat thirty, however, continued to be a flat, conclusive thirty until New York State law in that respect was changed in 1948. O'Leary benefited by the change immediately. His sentence was adjusted to read "twenty to thirty years," and that, combined with his accumulated "good time," made him eligible for parole in the same year the amendment was adopted.

O'Leary insists that he himself had more than a little to do with the change in the law. There is no doubt that he wrote many well-conceived and well-documented letters to Albany between 1932 and 1948. O'Leary used to be what convicts call "a prison lawyer"—or, more flippantly, "a hapas capas," or "writ-bug." His knowledge of the law, based partly on his reading of books and bound court records (like those published in the *Federal Reporter* and the *North Eastern Reporter*, which regularly summarize proceedings in the higher courts), enabled him to help several other inmates, by advising them to petition for reviews of their cases. (O'Leary tried hard for years, but failed, to find legal holes in the record of his own trial. "It was airtight," he said judiciously the other day. "I couldn't get a fingernail into it.") The case O'Leary is proudest of is that of a Long Island Negro, a fellow-prisoner, who had been arrested many times and often confined for indulging an inclination to borrow parked cars and take joy rides in them. Having one night changed the pattern by smashing a sa-



loon window, stealing a bottle, and getting drunk, the Negro was convicted of second-degree burglary and sentenced to from ten to twenty years. In addition, he was ordered to serve half a dozen years of "short time," which is time cut from previous sentences by parole but subject to reimposition. With such a total against him, his future seemed safely predictable for a long while to come. O'Leary learned that at three of his trials the man had not been represented by counsel. That sort of circumstance is by no means unfamiliar in these days of crowded court calendars, but it amounts to a serious constitutional flaw in any conviction. Egged on by O'Leary, the Negro filed a petition for a writ of error and got his case reviewed. As a result, his principal sentence was reduced to from five to six years and service of the short time was cancelled. "What's the name of that paper you had him send in, Frank?" asked Lipsius not long ago in the West Forty-sixth Street restaurant, where the two were outlining to a publisher a book of prison reminiscences and anecdotes on which they are currently endeavoring to collaborate. "A writ of error, *coram nobis*," said O'Leary precisely. His partner beamed. "In the can, there was a regular O'Leary-worshipping cult," Lipsius, who was a member of the cult, said with enthusiasm.

Upon being paroled in 1948, O'Leary took a handyman's job at a camp for children in upstate New York. The job was a makeshift and only temporary one. Since leaving it he has worked occasionally as a longshoreman on the Brooklyn docks. Many parolees, especially if they have reached or passed middle age, find it hard to support themselves by day labor. Some, with less physical or moral stamina than others, soon revert to the kind of work that put them in jail. The case of Harry Stein, a man Lipsius and O'Leary knew in prison, is particularly vivid in the minds of both of them. Stein was paroled a couple of years ago while serving a long sentence for robbery. (He is best known to older crime fans for having been tried for, and acquitted of, the murder of Vivian Gordon, an underworld queen who was strangled in a taxicab in the Bronx in 1931, presumably to keep her from testifying before the Seabury Committee.) After his parole, Stein did not stick long with his first outside job. He dropped out of the sight of his family and neighbors one day early last year. He is now in the death house at Sing Sing, awaiting execution, with two other men, for the killing in



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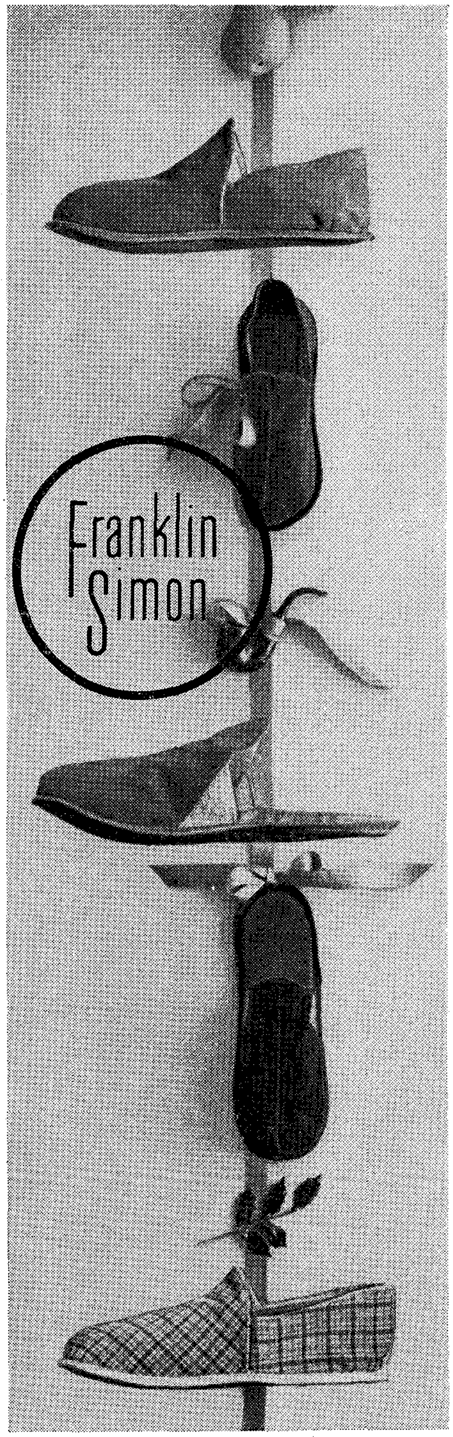

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Pleasantville, in April, 1950, of a *Reader's Digest* messenger who was riding in a truck that the four men held up and robbed of four thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars in cash and thirty-five thousand dollars in non-negotiable checks.

MEN convicted by the State of New York of crimes committed in New York City are generally sent first to Sing Sing, which is, in part, a receiving center for the downstate area. (Upstate offenders usually are sent first to Attica Prison, at Attica.) From Sing Sing, they may be transferred to another state prison. Both Lipsius and O'Leary went—though not, in O'Leary's instance, directly—from Sing Sing to Great Meadow. After leaving Sing Sing, O'Leary, who, as a near-lifer, was regarded as a potentially dangerous inmate at the beginning of his long second stretch, was sent to serve a certain amount of his sentence in Clinton, which is known in the underworld as a "tough can," or a severely administered prison, before he could "make a boat," or get transferred, to Great Meadow, which is known as "a right joint," or an easy prison. (Years ago, Great Meadow was even known as a "connections can," which means a prison where an inmate with good outside political connections can obtain favors.)

Comstock, where Great Meadow Prison is located, is about halfway between Lake George and the Vermont border. (The main line of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad runs near the prison grounds. Convicts lying in their cells at night are sometimes impelled, when they hear a locomotive's whistle, to break into various suitable versions of an old, traditional prisoner's cry. "Roll around, Fifty-three!," one of them, due for release in 1953, may call out in the darkness, and another, striking a bluer note, may add, as the whistle sounds again, "Roll around, Sixty-two!") O'Leary and Lipsius were both in residence at Great Meadow in 1938; O'Leary was serving as secretary to the prison's Industrial Superintendent (in charge of doormat-and-wooden-chair production), Lipsius as secretary to Rabbi Hyman E. Goldin, who was Great Meadow's Jewish chaplain from 1932 to 1947. Rabbi Goldin is a writer of prodigious range and energy. "The Case of the Nazarene Reopened," which he considers his masterpiece, is an eight-hundred-and-sixty-three-page book that seeks to destroy the popular Christian theory, based on the Gospels, that Jews were responsible for Christ's death. (It has nevertheless been favorably reviewed by more than one Christian religious authority.) The Rabbi's other works include "The Book of Legends," in three volumes; "Bible and Talmud Stories," in three; and "Universal Jewish History," in four. In 1938, Rabbi Goldin got the notion of writing a paper on the last days of men condemned to the electric chair. There are no executions at Great Meadow, but Lipsius told Rabbi Goldin that O'Leary, who had become Lipsius's friend and mentor, might be able to supply him with a few details about the talk and daily routine of condemned men at Sing Sing. O'Leary had never been in the Sing Sing death house, but during his first term, which he served entirely in that prison, he had sat many times in the window of one of the institution's schoolrooms (his job was teaching social studies and English to fellow-inmates) that overlooked the C.C.s, or condemned cells, in general, and, most directly, the "dance hall"—the wing of the C.C.s in which condemned men spend their last few hours. In the evenings, while reading, correcting papers, or writing essays, which was a hobby of his, O'Leary could sometimes hear men talking in the dance hall.

O'Leary distinctly remembers the arrival in the C.C.s of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray. From his window, one day in 1927, he saw a cavalcade of cars and motorcycles sweeping up to the prison. The parade pulled up near the death-house entrance, which is approached by a short walk lined with flowers. (The flowers had been planted there a few years before, as it happened, by Sing Sing's celebrated inmate horticulturist, Charles Chapin, the hard-boiled former city editor of the *Evening World,* who beautified a large part of Sing Sing's campus while he was serving out what proved to be a life sentence for the murder of his wife. O'Leary, a man rich in involuntary historical contacts, knew Chapin. The latter once said to him, in the high-pitched, tight-lipped snarl that had terrorized his subordinates on Park Row during his days in the newspaper business, "Young man, I've seen some of the stuff you write. I could help you. Why don't you let me get you switched from the school to my greenhouse detail?" O'Leary has since felt some regret that he passed up this opportunity.) Looking down, O'Leary saw Judd Gray get out of a car and walk up the path to the death-house door between two guards, to one of whom he was manacled. The other guard rang a bell, and while the party waited, Gray stared at a huge rose growing near the doorway. "That's the last one he'll ever see," O'Leary recalls saying to himself. After Gray and his escorts had been admitted, Mrs. Snyder and two matrons got out of another car and walked up to the door together. Mrs. Snyder contemplated, and leaned slightly toward, the same rose that Gray had looked at. The scene filled O'Leary with philosophical melancholy.

RABBI GOLDIN never did write a paper on death-house life, but he became interested, while talking with O'Leary and Lipsius, in the subject of underworld language, and gradually there evolved in his mind the idea of a dictionary—more accurately, a glossary—of underworld jargon, compiled by convicts instead of by professional scholars. In addition to "dance hall," the capital-punishment vocabulary that Lipsius and O'Leary had collected for him and that gave him the idea for a compendium of all prison language included such terms as "schweiner," used mostly by convicts from New York City and meaning either death house or electric chair; "baker," another word for the electric chair; "old monkey," still another term for the chair, employed mainly by Southerners; and "back up," or "up back," which, like "last mile," refers to a condemned man's final steps, from the dance hall to the death chamber. Rabbi Goldin recognized soon after he met O'Leary that the latter had a knack for working slang words into sentences that illustrate their use in contexts. O'Leary has demonstrated this in the "Dictionary" in sentences like the following, which appears under "schweiner": "If the schweiner rap (murder charge) stuck (was sustained), I was a dead pigeon (sure to be electrocuted); so I copped out (pleaded guilty) on a phony (to a false charge as a compromise with the District Attorney)." After the entry "stir," meaning prison, O'Leary writes: "Any dude (fellow) that pulls (serves) more than a sawbuck (ten years) in stir is a bug (insane)." The recondite word "alzo," which refers to a corrupt underworld-

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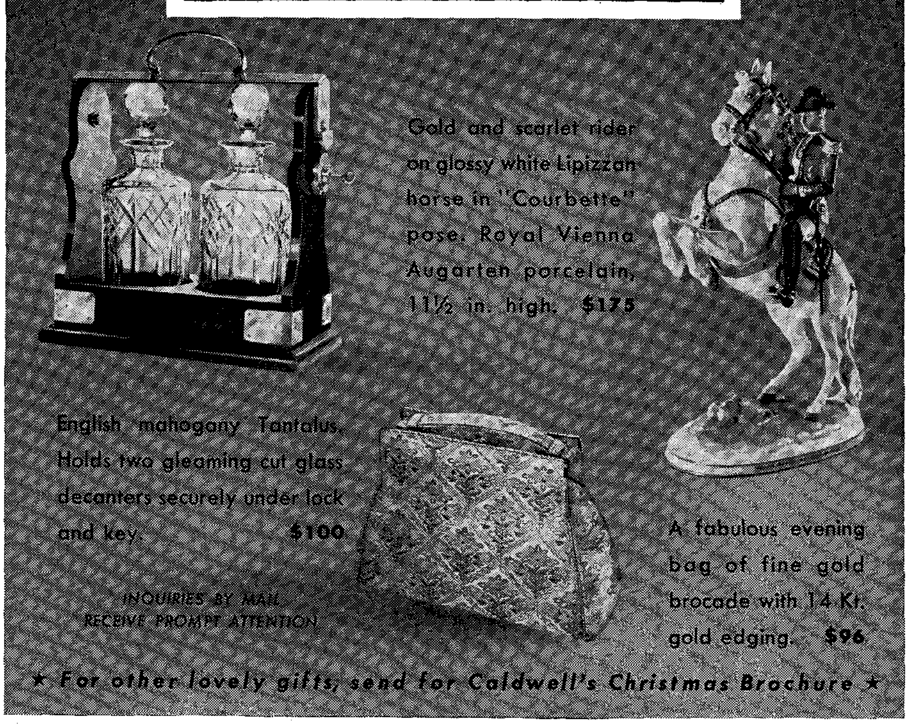

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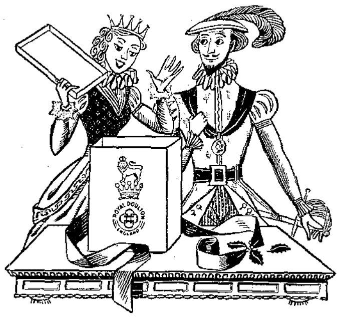

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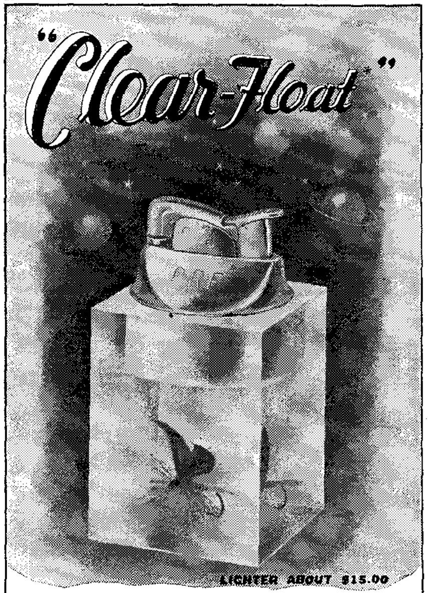

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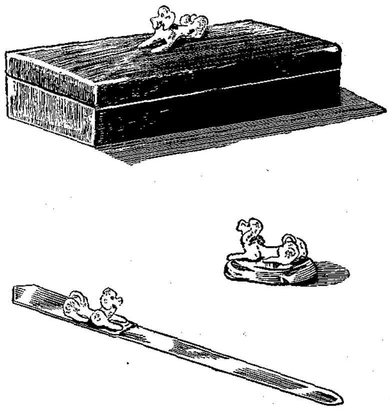
police, or underworld-political, alliance, is presented in several contexts: "We got the alzo in here. Ain't another cannon-mob (pickpocket gang) can hustle (steal in) this tip (crowd)." "Guinea Mike's got every nautch-joint (brothel) in town tied up with the alzo in." "No bangin' (shooting) needed. We got the alzo on Lefty's mob. The bulls (police) will have them all vagged (committed to jail for vagrancy) in a week." "Wait'll we hit them two-stemmers (big towns) around Seattle. We'll glom onto (steal) plenty in them alzos." In elaborating on the use of "make" as a noun, O'Leary writes, "That was a nice make, eight bills ($800) for my end (share)." He offers as an example of the use of "make" as a verb, in one of its various special senses—"To identify formally as a criminal in a police lineup; to recognize; to identify any person or place"—this sentence: "The sucker got one gander (look) at me in the dark on a heist (holdup) and he makes me a year later in court."

Rabbi Goldin also realized that both O'Leary and Lipsius were well fitted for field work in the compiling of a glossary, because of their spectacular I.Q.s (prison tests had shown O'Leary's to be even slightly higher than Lipsius's) and their popularity with the rest of the inmates. Moreover, he was impressed by the fact that although both of them showed a pronounced enthusiasm for undertakings that smacked of the intellectual, they were regarded as "right people" by the population rather than as "stockholders," or prisoners who put the state's interest above that of their colleagues. At the time Rabbi Goldin conceived the idea of the "Dictionary," neither O'Leary nor Lipsius was especially given to the use of underworld jargon. The lingo is employed most consistently by grifters—that is, professionals in the less violent branches of underworld activity, such as shoplifters, pickpockets, and carnival swindlers. The majority of the men and women, in and out of jail, who have criminal records are non-professionals, people who have broken the law only occasionally or, in many cases, only once. They speak, in the main, pretty much as people of the same educational backgrounds speak in law-abiding circles. As soon as O'Leary and Lipsius were assigned by Rabbi Goldin—with the permission of Joseph H. Wilson, then warden of Great Meadow—to produce a dictionary, they began soaking themselves to the scalps in underworld language, and influenced by this research, Lipsius,

*Hattie Carnegie*



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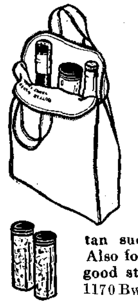

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an impressionable fellow, now uses a good deal more underworld jargon in his everyday speech than he used before he started. O'Leary, though the range of his underworld vocabulary has become encyclopedic, has remained chiefly a king's-English man in conversation.

Rabbi Goldin's first contribution to the "Dictionary" was to make a trip to the New York Public Library. With the help of the Library's bibliography of works on underworld language, he studied several established authorities in the field—notably Eric Partridge, of England, the New Zealand-born authority on the history and etymology of low language, both British and American, from Elizabethan to modern times, and Dr. David W. Maurer, of the University of Louisville, whose researches into the talk of carnival workers and drug addicts have been particularly thorough. The inmate compilers meanwhile combed through their own sources painstakingly. In the yard, where the population gathers once a day for recreation, they distributed questionnaires to their more knowledgeable colleagues, in which they asked each man to supply the synonym, or synonyms, he had heard most often for a number of words that are basic in prison life, including "policeman," "pistol," "knife," "woman," "homosexual," "bread," "meat," "pickpocket," "rapist," and "prison guard." O'Leary and Lipsius were able to get a good many regional variations of underworld words; there is an annual turnover of about five hundred in the population of Great Meadow, and a number of the new convicts during the period of the survey were migrants, grifters who had recently strayed into New York State from the South or the West. Some inmates who turned out to be exceptionally useful sources were in due course given individual credits in the "Dictionary," but not by their real names. These contributors include Big Department, an extortionist and jewel thief; Butch, a bank robber, strikebreaker, and pinball operator; Iggy, a carnival thief and con man; and Hal the Rebel, an all-round thief from the South.

Lipsius and O'Leary eventually, in about three years' time, collected seventeen thousand terms, which were filed in a card index in Rabbi Goldin's office. The "Dictionary" as published—that is, the "Underworld-English" section of it; there is also an "English-Underworld" section—contains only a little over five thousand terms. No word or phrase was admitted unless it had been confirmed independently by at least five

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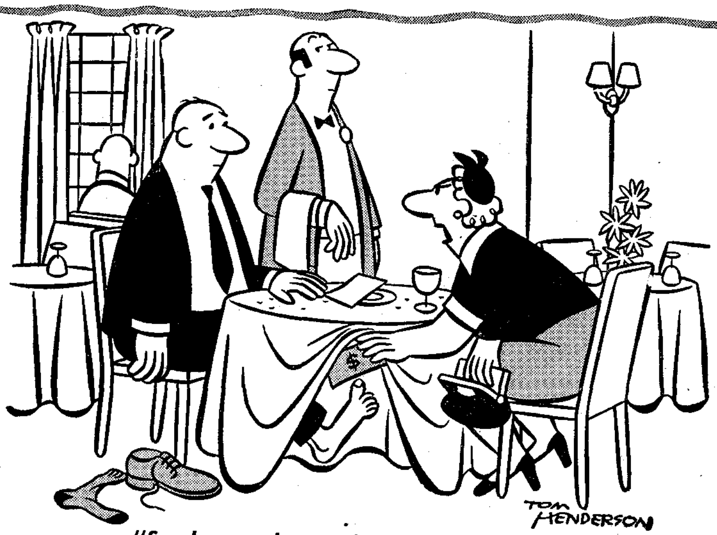

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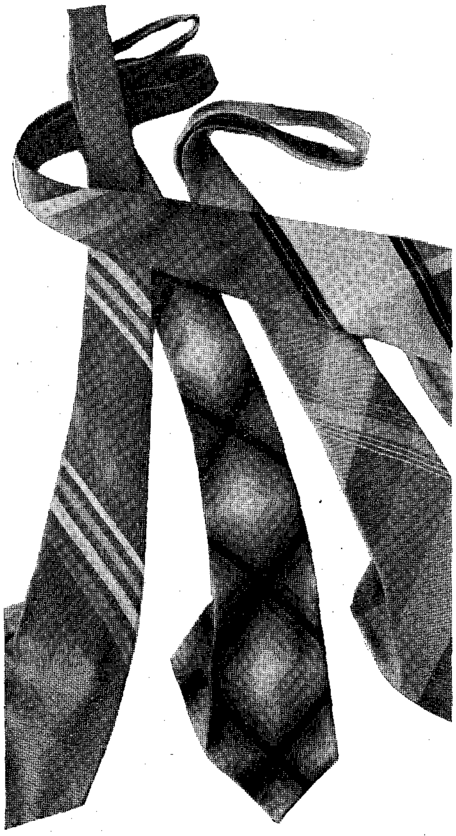

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sources. Material gathered by the Rabbi from Partridge, Maurer, and a few other outside writers was added to the grass-roots findings of O'Leary and Lipsius only as each item was checked with prison inmates. These stern scientific standards were imposed on the compilers, who accepted them in a scholarly spirit, by Rabbi Goldin, a man whose intellectual caution is such that "The Case of the Nazarene Reopened" includes twelve hundred and ninety confirmatory notes and references. A short while later, the same high purpose met with, and survived, front-office trouble. Warden Wilson and his staff thought that the text of the "Dictionary," as they saw it in manuscript, ought to be cleaned up. It contained then, as it did when it was ultimately published, more than a hundred and fifty terms relating to homosexuality. There was also, as there is in the published version, a good deal of outspoken language on related and unrelated subjects. Under orders, the editors temporarily bowdlerized their work. But they kept the substance of the truth where they could reach it, and in the early nineteen-forties, after Wilson had been replaced as warden by Vernon A. Morhous, the Rabbi found himself free to peddle a sound and scientifically honest book. During the war years, the "Dictionary" was turned down by Alfred Knopf—not, however, because of any suspicion of scatology but because of the wartime paper shortage. It was finally brought out last year by Twayne, a young New York publishing firm.

GLOSSARIES of underworld language have been collected and printed since as early as the fifteenth century. In 1785, Francis Grose, an English antiquarian, philologist, and expert on heraldry, published a famous book in this field (it covered other branches of low-brow talk as well) called "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." In the United States today, in addition to Dr. Maurer, such authorities as Joseph Fulling Fishman (a former Deputy Commissioner of Correction in New York City), Lester V. Berrey, Melvin Van den Bark, Godfrey Irwin, and H. L. Mencken have published underworld glossaries or otherwise dealt with the subject in print. The collaboration of Lipsius and O'Leary, however, represents the first time that a book on underworld language edited by members of the underworld has appeared. For their pains, the two men have achieved positive rank and reputation in the world of philology. Mencken,

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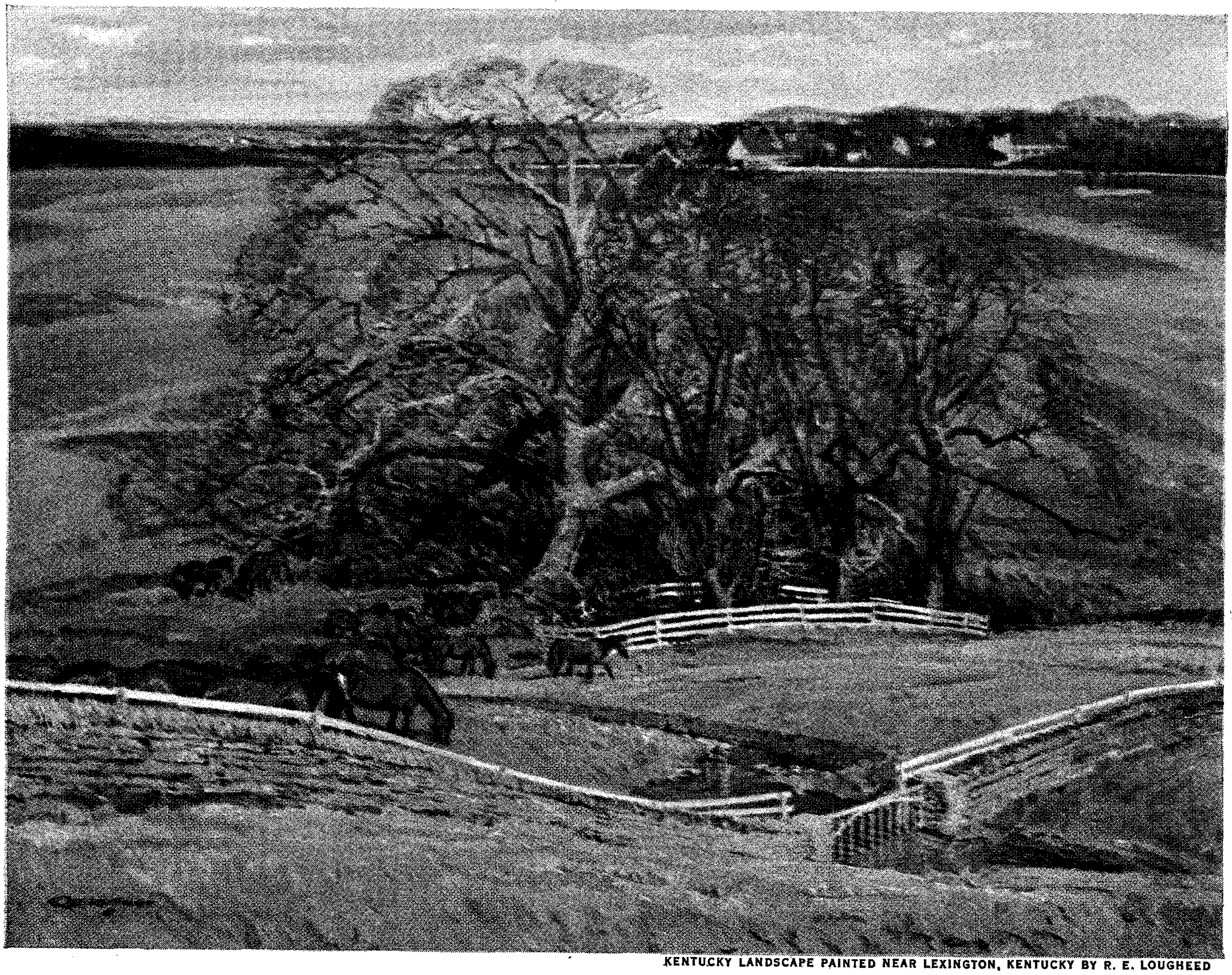

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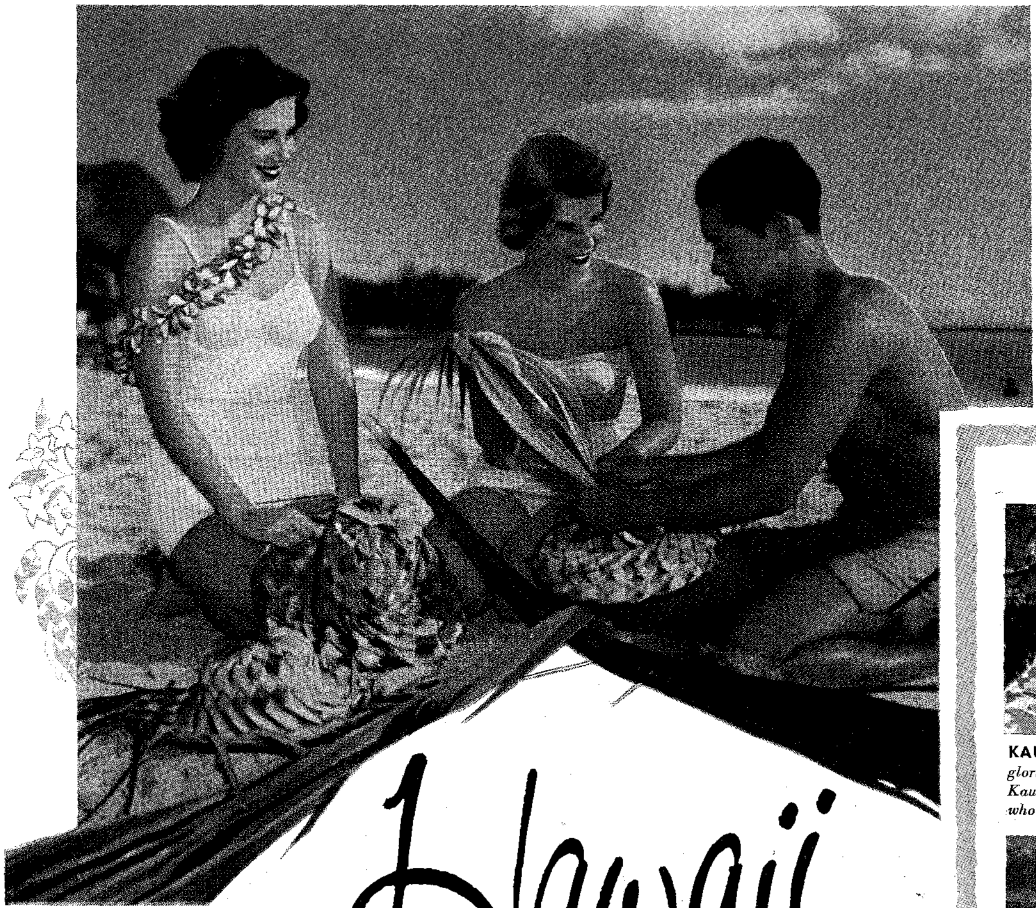

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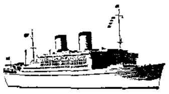

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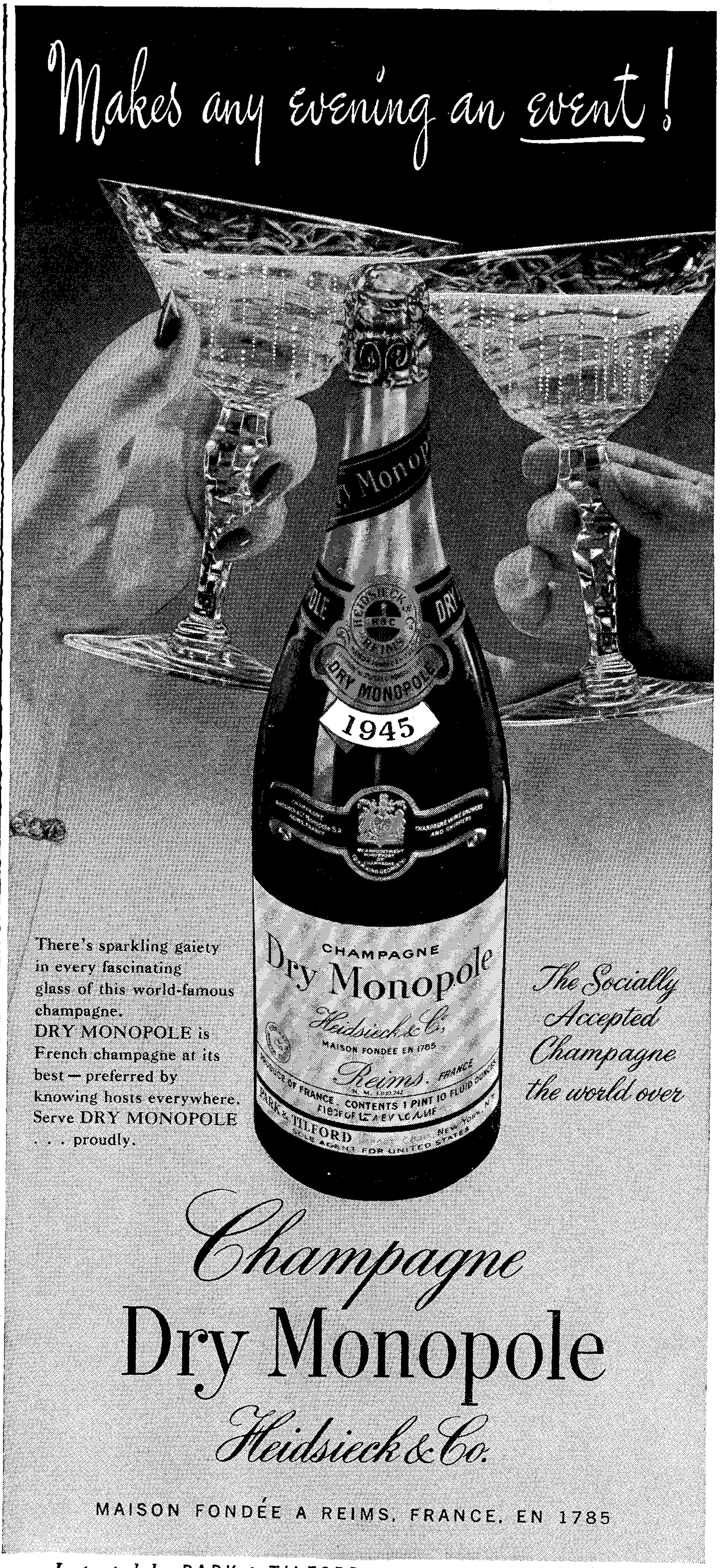
in a letter to Rabbi Goldin, wrote, "It seems to me that you and your associates have put together the best thing of its sort that I have ever seen. I am particularly impressed by your second section, showing the underworld equivalents of common words and phrases. Its usefulness to writers is obvious." In a letter to the publisher of the "Dictionary," Dr. Maurer wrote, "Our language is constantly refreshed and stimulated by borrowings from the argots of the gambler, the pickpocket, the safe-cracker, and a host of other lively unregenerates. In the light of some twenty years of research and publication in this specialized linguistic field, I can say that the 'Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo' represents a most thorough and competent job."

Partridge, the acknowledged giant of underworld lexicography, whose "A Dictionary of the Underworld—British and American" (eight hundred and four pages) also was published last year, has so far commented only indirectly on the O'Leary-Lipsius work. Partridge is known as a warm-tempered, as well as a phenomenally busy, scholar. He has more than once quarrelled in writing with critics of his books—with, for one, Lewis Gannett, who described him as a prude and a mere oil-burning scholar, and, for another, Mencken (though Partridge dedicated one book to Mencken, and Mencken spoke highly of Partridge in "The American Language"), over the word "skyscraper." In the latter instance, Mencken had reproved Partridge for omitting "skyscraper" from a slang dictionary, at which Partridge pointed out testily that "skyscraper," far from being slang any more, is so plainly a word in good usage that it is listed without reservations in the Oxford English Dictionary. Partridge was mildly ruffled a few months ago by what he felt was a certain complacency in the editorial attitude of O'Leary, Lipsius, and Rabbi Goldin, which is expressed in these words—not unlike Gannett's—in their introduction: "In modern times . . . in spite of the fact that much devoted scholar-



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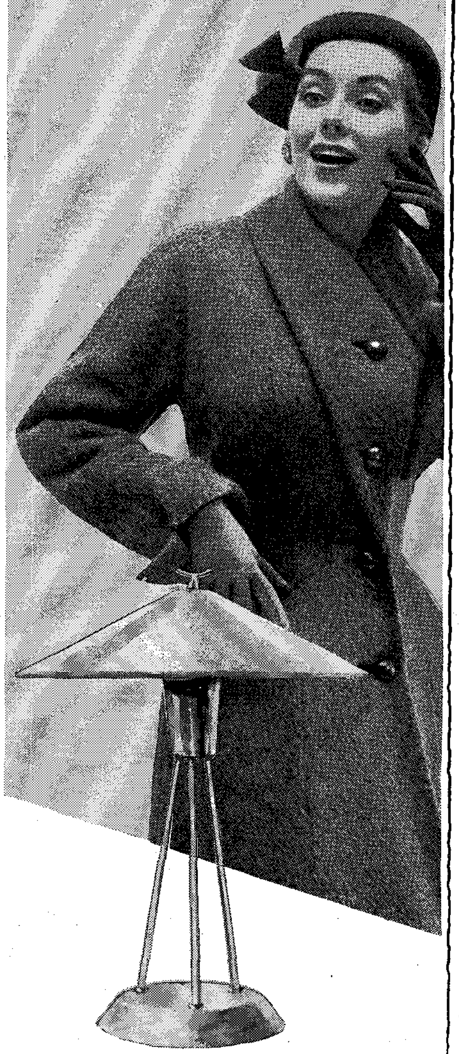

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ship has been expended upon the subject [underworld speech], its students have worked for the most part under the crippling handicap of having no real contact with the life of the underworld, and therefore have had little opportunity to acquire . . . information about its activities, or the insight to interpret aright what was already known." This prompted Partridge to write to an admirer in America, "I fear that, with me, anyway, it isn't all scholarship and divination. I do possess several underworld 'contacts' in America; and rather more in Britain. And I've knocked around a fair amount."

Rabbi Goldin and his ex-convict partners, while they do not pretend to the etymological knowledge and familiarity with historical associations that make Partridge's work on the underworld a remarkably rich and fat piece of reading, do give the impression that most of the terms they present could have been obtained only through their special, privileged kind of research. That is not strictly accurate. A surprisingly large number of the most up-to-date words and phrases in the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" are also to be found in Partridge's dictionary, and a smaller number in glossaries by Maurer and Irwin. (Lexicographers, of course, constitute a freemasonry.) If the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo" is, as Mencken says, the best thing of its kind (he undoubtedly meant the best glossary of current terms; Partridge's much bigger book covers both British and American terms and goes back four centuries), it is perhaps as much because of its novel and valuable "English-Underworld" section and O'Leary's gift for explaining words in context as it is because of the original research conducted by the two men while they were in prison. Nevertheless, Lipsius and O'Leary did turn up a lot of words and phrases that had not appeared in previous books. A very few of these are: "banker's bit," meaning a sentence of from five to ten years, the term usually imposed on absconding or defaulting bankers; "baseman," or "outfielder," a thief who seeks a safe, outside assignment in a criminal operation; "shlepp," the act of stealing packages from automobiles; "limb-joint," a magazine or newspaper, real or fictitious, whose name is used by bogus solicitors to swindle advertisers; "buckwheats," unfair assignments imposed on prisoners by prison guards; "toss," an armed robbery; "potato water," a prison alcoholic drink made from fermented potato peelings and sugar; "schmear," a bribe; and

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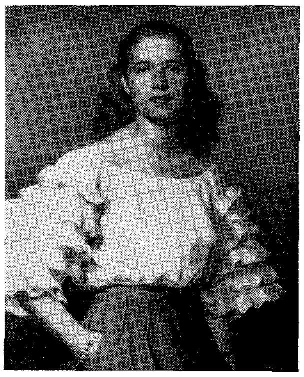

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“clincher,” a cigarette extinguished with the thumb and forefinger, to be saved and smoked again.

Since the publication of the two dictionaries, several fanciers of cant (this word, which is distinct from “slang,” though cant often becomes slang, is defined in Webster as “the secret jargon or language of thieves, gypsies, tramps, etc.”) have found that the respective values of the “Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo” and Partridge’s work can best be appreciated by reading the two in conjunction. O’Leary and Lipsius provide contemporary meanings and associations for words like “phony” and “chiv,” or “shiv” (a knife, razor, or other edged weapon); Partridge gives the etymologies of these words as well. “Chiv,” he says, comes from the Romany verb “chive,” meaning to stab. “Phony,” or “phoney,” which Webster associates with “funny,” as in “funny business,” and which the Oxford English Dictionary tentatively associates with “telephone” (or “telephoney”), comes from neither of these sources, according to Partridge. He traces it from “*fainné*,” an Erse word meaning “ring,” through an Anglicization, “fawney,” to an English swindle in which a ring, or fawney, with a fake jewel was employed, and thence to various uses of “fawney,” or “phony,” in the sense of “fake,” such as “fawney (phony) man” and “fawney (phony) shop.” In Partridge, there is the following meagre account of the word “moprey,” or “mopery,” as it is usually pronounced and spelled in this country: “ ‘A classic jest among criminals: it is supposed to consist of exhibiting oneself in the nude to a blind woman,’ says a most dependable correspondent in a letter of Sept. 9, 1946. An arbitrary word.” It is also a word that has many uses, all of them nonsensical. O’Leary and Lipsius list a dozen variations of the joke. Some of these involve the word “mopery”—as in the offense of a parole violator already noted—and some do not, but the idea is the same in all cases: a convict, when he is asked by a fellow-inmate what he is in prison for, mentions the most ludicrous or the most trifling offense he can think of, by way of telling the questioner to mind his own business. He may reply, “Mopery in the first degree,” or “Mopery on the high seas,” or “Spitting on the sidewalk,” or “Waiting for a streetcar,” or “Stabbing a horse and stealing his blanket,” or “Being lousy and attempting to scratch,” or “Highway mopery and attempt to gog.” (“Gog,” according to the “Lingo” dictionary, means literally “look,” or “gog-

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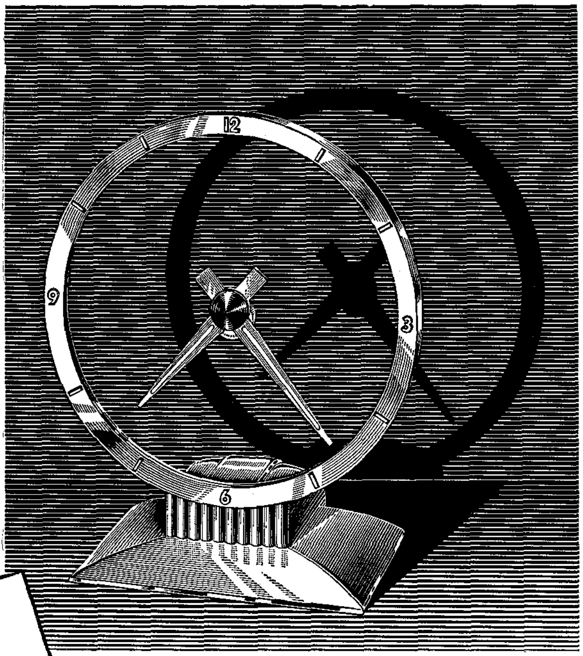

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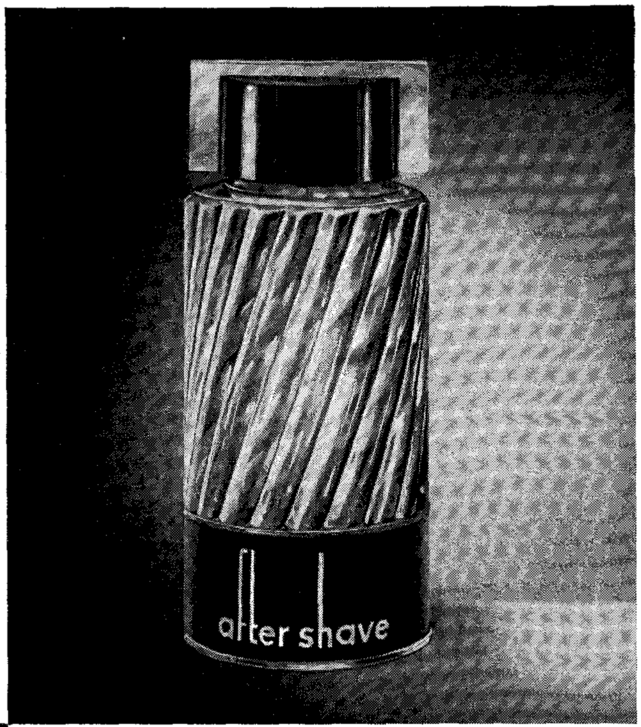

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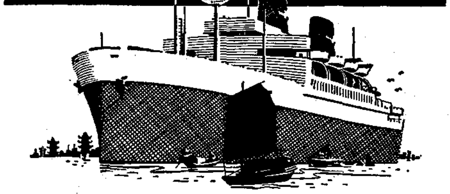

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gle," but in this case, it represents, like "mopery," pure cynicism and evasion.)

THE extent of the reading both O'Leary and Lipsius did in jail is reflected in their talk today. They have had almost no money for buying books or magazines since they last "hit the street," but in prison libraries they acquired the ability to salt their conversation with literary allusions. "A warden or a chaplain," said Lipsius the other day, "must be above reproach, like Caesar's wife." A little later, when a friend mentioned Budd Schulberg's novel "The Disenchanted," which neither of the lexicographers could afford to buy, O'Leary asked, "Is it true that the leading character is based on Fitzgerald?" "Fitzgerald?" Lipsius interrupted. "That's the man who translated Omar Khayyám, hey?" O'Leary corrected him, and went on to say that he, like Lipsius, had experienced a period in his early life—during his first stretch in Sing Sing—when "The Rubáiyát" appealed to him. "I had a Mencken period, too, like a lot of young guys," said O'Leary. "I went through all the 'Prejudices.' " Some of the essays that O'Leary wrote while he was in confinement—"I didn't keep them; they're all down the latrine," he says—were influenced by Mencken's work. One of these was a satirical treatise on the experiences of a parole executive facing a board of review in Heaven.

Next to Lipsius and O'Leary, the busiest reader in Great Meadow during their time was Lucky Luciano, who used to have boxes of books sent in to him by friends. It's hard to say how much spiritual good his reading has done Luciano, whose sentence was commuted by Governor Dewey in 1946, with the provision that he be deported, because it is not known for sure whether, in his present life in Italy, he is a decent, law-abiding citizen, as he claims he is, or the remote-control czar of half the rackets in the United States, as has often been alleged by others. "Either way, he's probably doing all right," Lipsius says. "In Great Meadow, when I was assigned to clean Cell Tiers Twenty-three and Twenty-four, Lucky drew Tiers Twenty-one and Twenty-two. I did my work alone. He had nineteen friends from the population helping him."

Both Lipsius and O'Leary have found further evidence since leaving prison that as far as non-literary work goes, the life of an ex-convict in the free world is not an easy one. Lipsius owns an interest in a small notions store

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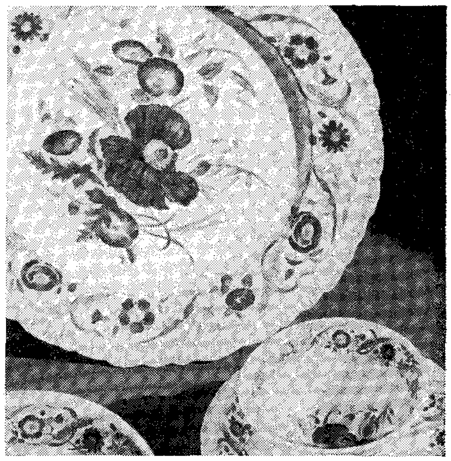

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on a side street off lower Second Avenue; the store is losing money. O'Leary does not get enough dock work to keep him regularly in funds. However, they are cheered by the thought that they have literary careers to fall back on. To date, O'Leary, Lipsius, and Rabbi Goldin have collected four hundred and thirty dollars apiece in royalties from the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo," two thousand copies of which have been sold; as their publisher has pointed out to them, dictionaries do not move fast. Since the publication of the "Dictionary," O'Leary has reviewed three books on prison and parole subjects for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, for a total payment of forty-five dollars, and has written two articles for a new magazine called *U. S. Crime*, at a rate of five cents a word. The *Herald Tribune's* Sunday "Book Review" section has promised to assign him a forthcoming book by Fulton Oursler, "The Reader's Digest Murder Case," for review, and that may bring a total of anywhere from twenty to forty dollars, depending on how many words O'Leary is inspired to write, and the *Tribune* to print, about this account of the last adventure of his former acquaintance Stein. The chief literary hope of Lipsius and O'Leary at the moment is the collection of prison anecdotes and reminiscences they are trying to write together. They occasionally wish today that they had got this work well started while they were still in Great Meadow, where room and board are free.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

### REMARKS WE CERTAINLY HOPE GOT MADE

[*From "The Yale Football Story," by Tim Cohane*]

Nathaniel Curtis, a large, formidable man with a full and bristly beard, was the captain and halfback of the 1876 Harvard Rugby football team. As Harvard and Yale were lining up for their match at Hamilton Park, Friday, November 17, Nathaniel walked up to Captain Gene Baker of Yale and pointed to Walter Camp.

"You don't mean to let that child play, do you?" he asked. "He is too light. He will get hurt."

"Look to your business," replied Baker. "He is young but he is all spirit and whipcord."

•

Other numbers were: Rimsky's "Hymn to the Sun" as arranged by Korsakov . . .
—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

One of those split personalities, probably.

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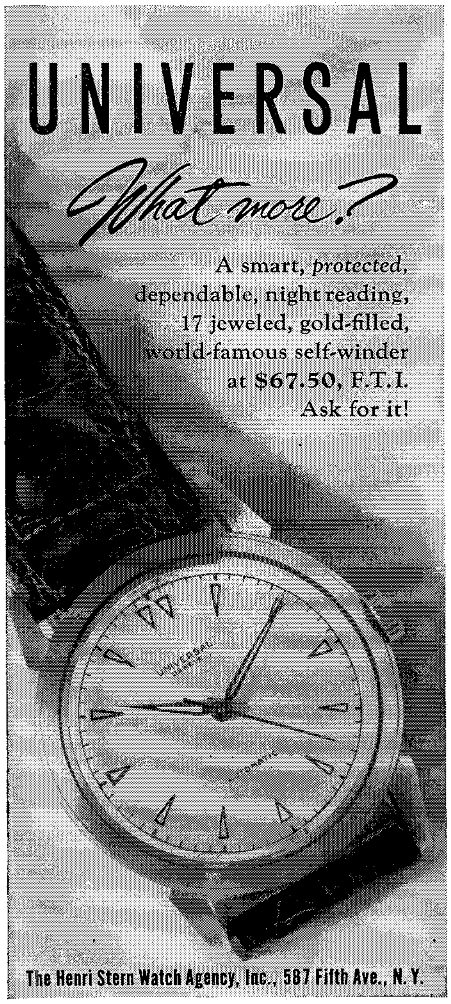
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# A SWORD FOR MY CHILDREN

About ten years ago, when I was commissioned an ensign in the Coast Guard Reserve, Coast Guard officers were still required to have swords. The swords were regarded as symbols of responsibility and trust. They were carried in parades ashore, and officers wore them aboard ship during formal ceremonies, such as general muster. When not in use, they were hung alongside the officers' bunks, and if an officer got into serious trouble, he had to surrender his sword to his superiors.

Shortly after I was commissioned, the regulations were changed. It would have been ridiculous to insist that the thousands of Reserve officers who were to take part in an unceremonious war must own swords. Most of the Reserve officers commissioned just before the change sensed its imminence and, realizing the absurdity of buying a sword, did not get one. I should have known better, myself, but I did get one. The reason, I suppose, was that I was so new and disoriented in the service that my common sense did not seem a useful guide, and I depended on a rigid interpretation of the regulations to keep me out of trouble. As soon as I found out that a sword was among the articles a Coast Guard ensign was expected to possess, I went right out to look for one.

I had a good deal of trouble finding the prescribed kind of sword, but finally the tailor who had sold me my uniforms located one. I was practically broke at the time, and was relieved to find that he would allow me to charge it. Soon afterward, the sword arrived by parcel post at my home, where I was on leave awaiting assignment. The blade, of soft steel, was made for show rather than for combat. It was delicately embossed with anchors, shields, stars, flags, and leaves. The handle was white with gold stripes running around it, and there was an eagle on the pommel. A gold serpent reared up to protect the thumb, and another was coiled around the tip of the black scabbard. A heavy black leather sword belt with a fancy gold-plated buckle and a gold-lace sword knot came with it. The sword and scabbard were enclosed in a leather affair that looked something like a violin case. The whole thing cost about as much as my wife and I might have spent on a week's vacation in Miami, and to pay off the tailor I had to borrow the money from my mother, who was proud to let me have it.

Not long after the sword arrived, I realized that I was practically the only Reserve officer who had bought one, and that I would be made fun of if I arrived aboard ship with it. I left it behind when my assignment came.

After a year on the North Atlantic, I returned home for ten days' leave, and one day I got out the sword and tried it on in the privacy of the kitchen. Neither my wife nor I could figure out how the sword, belt, and sword knot were to be worn. Coast Guard officers' coats were made with a slit in the left-hand side, at belt level. We decided that the sword belt went on like any belt, underneath the coat, and that the sword, which was supposed to hang outside the coat, was attached to the belt through that slit. Then, there was a strap that looked like a dog leash and that obviously was supposed to hook up someplace. Where the gold knot went, heaven only knew. Anyway, we never did figure out how to rig up that sword so it looked right, or so it wouldn't drag on the floor when I walked, and I was exceedingly glad I never had to wear it outside the kitchen.

During my second tour of sea duty, my wife put the sword away in the attic. Once, when she was sick and I knew she needed money, I wrote her and reminded her how much we had paid for the sword, and suggested that she sell it. She replied that she was feeling better, that she doubted whether we could get much for the sword, and that anyway it would make a good souvenir for our children. At the time, we didn't have any children, but I agreed that it seemed like a fine idea to collect souvenirs for them.

As soon as the war was over and I was out of the service, my wife and I started what proved to be a series of moves from one city to another while I got settled in the business of making a living. Every time the moving van came, the sword, in its violin case, turned up and was taken along. Useful objects, like our sewing machine and a bridge lamp, got lost or damaged in transit, but the sword always arrived safely. When, a year and a half ago, we moved into our present house, the sword case was one of the first things the moving men set down in our living room. Moving always makes me irritable, and the sight of that case in a room entirely

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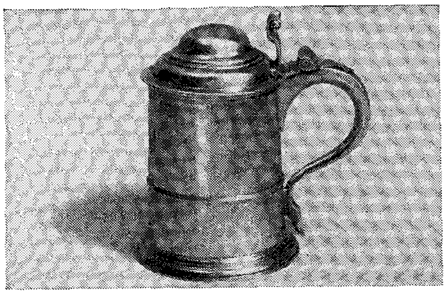

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bare of necessary articles annoyed me.

"Put that thing up in the attic," I said to my wife, who was already staggering up the stairs with an armful of blankets.

"We've got more to worry about than that," she said. "Go out in the kitchen and make sure they've got the icebox where we want it."

That night, I picked up the case to put it away, and, for the first time in eight years, opened it and took the sword out of its scabbard.

"You better oil it," my wife said. "It's a shame to let a beautiful thing like that rust."

I put some oil, left over from the maintenance kit of the broken sewing machine, on the sword, and again suggested that we might sell it. My wife said the children would get a kick out of it someday, and that it would be good for fancy-dress balls. By that time, we had three children.

UNTIL a week ago, the sword rested, forgotten, in the attic. Then, during a long rainy day, my son, who is five, decided to investigate the attic, and found it. The case is almost as big as he is. He dragged it down to the living room, where my wife and I were talking. "What is it?" he asked.

"A sword," I said. He watched in wonder as I, glad to realize something on my investment at last, opened the case and drew the shining blade from the scabbard.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Your father had it during the war," my wife said.

"Did you ever stick anybody with it?" he asked me.

"No," I said. "I never used it at all."

"It's pretty," he said. "Can I hang it up in my room?"

"Sure," my wife said. "It will look nice on the wall."

That afternoon, my wife took some picture wire and hung the sword over my son's bureau. She suspended it near the ceiling, with the scabbard hanging under it. The gold knot we never knew what to do with she hung tastefully from the sword's handle. My son is delighted. At night, the sword reflects the night light without which he is afraid to sleep, and he likes to lie on his back, so he can look up and see it there.

—SLOAN WILSON

•

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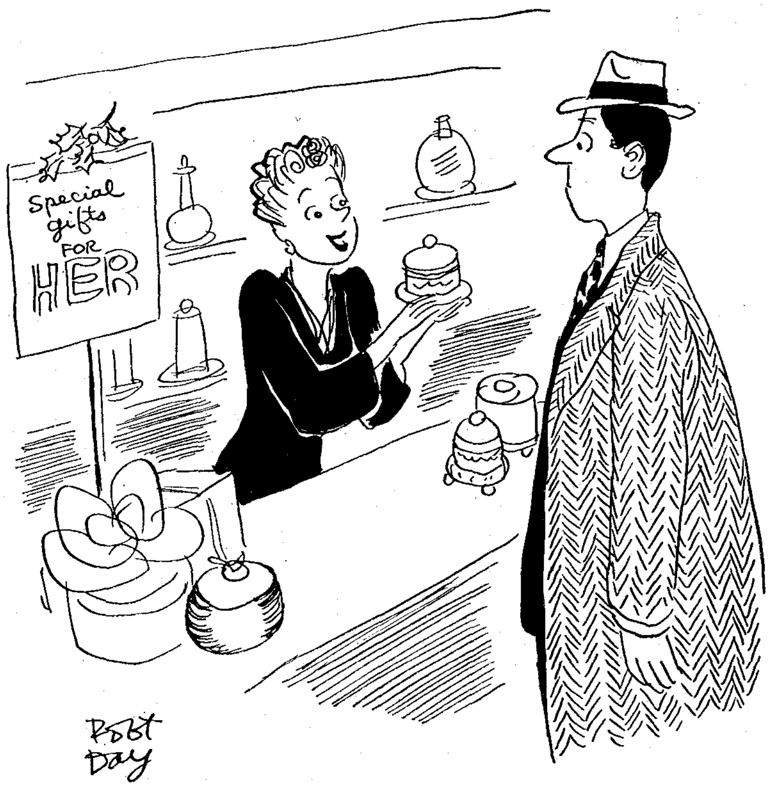
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## TOYS FOR UNDER THE TREE

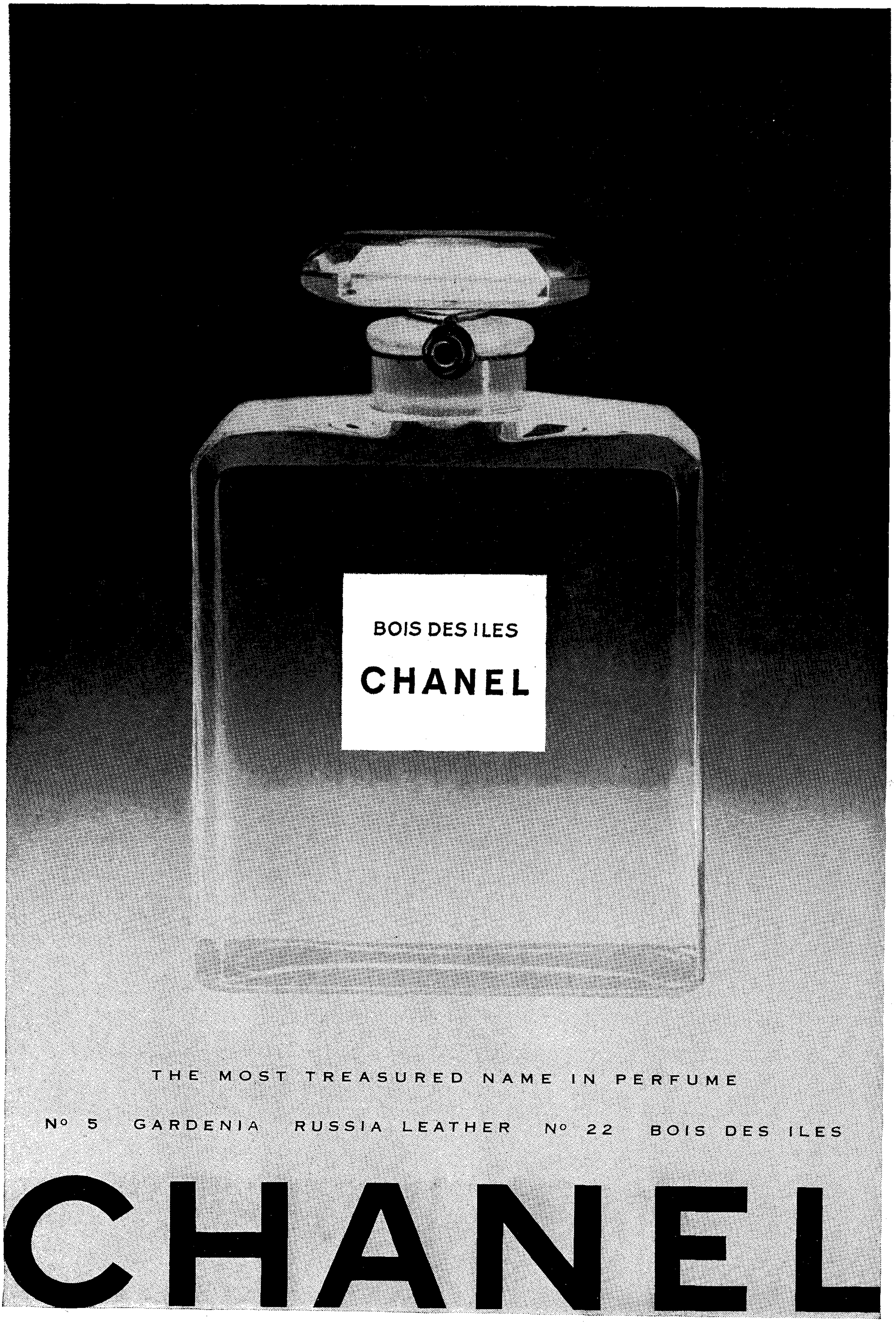
WE are bursting with information this week on a subject that is dear to our hearts—toys. In our last three issues we have dealt with presents for no doubt perfectly deserving ladies and gentlemen—custom-made things, jewelry, and gifts for householders, with a few added words on wrappings and trimmings—and we like to think of the graceful compliments that will be yours when they are unwrapped on Christmas morning, but what gives us most pleasure is the thought of some undoubtedly undeserving child's bellow of raw, animal joy over a Space Patrol Gun or a ranch-type doll house with detached garage. In our enthusiasm for young fry at this time of year, we also provide an appraisal of books for children; it starts on page 167. Next week, we'll take up food and drink for the holidays, and gifts for women.

IF you accept Whitehead's notion that spoken language is merely a series of squeaks, you'll come to the conclusion that this year's crop of playthings approaches a high level of verbalization. Almost everything squeaks, rumbles, moans, growls, crackles, pops, buzzes, or rings, and many toys also light up or emit sparks. Mind you, we're not talking about everyday audible playthings, like musical toys or garrulous dolls (we'll take up dolls in detail later on), but about fish that not only float in the tub but make bubbling and gurgling noises, junior-size household appliances that pipe nursery tunes, games that are armed with whirring, purring, and sparkling devices, and so on. So many of these are run by electricity that, the way things are going, a reserve supply of batteries will soon be standard equipment in nurseries and playrooms. Almost every store has one variation or another of an intercom system, for instance. Some of them, it is true, like the Captain Video Two-Way Telephone ($2.95), are nothing more than a length of wire connecting two plastic discs that work as receiver and transmitter when the wire is pulled taut, but most are far more elaborate, with full complements of bells, buzzers, and batteries. Such a one is the Official Signaller ($5.75), which is a pair of signalling boxes—each crowned with a midget light bulb and buzzer and connected by wire—that can transmit messages back and forth by telegraph or blinker code. Batteries are also used in a telephone set consisting of two standard-looking three-quarter-size desk telephones, with dials that click when whirled and bells that ring when a button is pushed. These phones carry the voice as effectively as the phone *you* use, and, with fifty feet of insulated wire, cost $8.95. A telephone switchboard about a foot high has six extension lines and three trunk lines, a dial that clicks professionally, and two half-size prop telephones connected to the board by ordinary string. When an extension and a trunk line are plugged in, the operator can produce a ring or a buzz in the board by flipping the right switch. This setup is called the Ring 'n Buzz Switchboard, and costs $6.95.

THIS year is a great one for play tools, as toys that instruct as well as distract are called. All over town we find scaled-down paraphernalia that might guide little feet into paths of success as circus performers, metallurgists, hairdressers, jewellers, laundresses, or nuclear physicists. Most of this gear comes in kits, which, more often than not, are compactly boxed, so that the storage problem won't put too much of a strain on the household. (Incidentally, a word or two about kits—and assembly kits in particular—might be helpful here. In some of them, the article to be assembled is broken down into such minute parts that Dr. Irving Langmuir or a twelve-year-old boy might well have a terrible time getting them into line; in others, the job requires no more than the tightening of a couple of screws. A number of manufacturers give an indication of what to expect on the box the kit comes in. A kit marked "Pre-fab" is of the screw-tightening variety; one marked "Fast Assembly" is rather more complicated—somewhere between the Pre-fab and Langmuir's Despair. On all others, you'd better consult the salesman.) Many of these play tools are actually games, or combinations of several games, and come with lots of instruction books, blueprints, and charts. For example, there is a game involving dice and a board that will be helpful to the child who wants to be a private eye. It's called Clue, and among its instructive accessories are a revolver, a piece of lead pipe, and a knife—none of them lethal; $3. Probably the most popular construction toy to appear this year is called, with Gothic simplicity, the Toy. It comes in a tubular box, three inches in diameter and about a



*"Do you know her well enough for a musical powder box that plays 'Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll'?"*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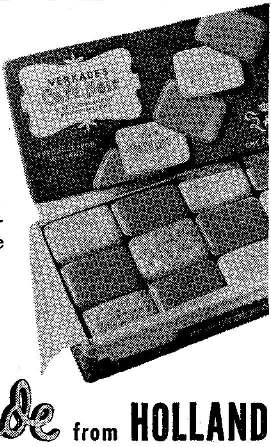

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yard long, and it consists of an assortment of sticks and eight panels of tough, plastic-coated paper—four thirty-inch squares and four thirty-inch equilateral triangles—which can be put together into practically any sort of crazy structure that might appeal to an imaginative child, from an ordinary box or pup tent to a towering something-or-other. The constructions are lashed together with pipe cleaners, and can be erected and taken apart again endlessly; $3.50 almost everywhere, and no noises or sparks.

Blocks, which have recently been somewhat neglected or relegated to the infants' counters, show up this year in dazzling colors and shapes, as well as in incredibly intricate three-dimensional puzzles that the brightest parent may have trouble assembling. One of the less involved of these is a Bonhop set of seventeen blocks, which fit together to make a locomotive; it comes already assembled, in a frame, and it costs $2.95. Then, there are the new Snap Blocks, which have snap fasteners to hold them together. (Why didn't someone think of *that* before?) Pyramids, discs, balls, cylinders, and a number of outlandish shapes, made of chartreuse, cerise, and black plastic, stand ready to become spectacular animals, cars, robots, and— but surely you get the idea. A box of twelve costs $1.95. All these toys are in most of the larger toy stores.

HOPALONG CASSIDY and cowboys in general still hold the practically undivided attention of a certain number of the very young, but there is a marked restlessness in the audience as a whole and (ah, show business!) the toast of the graham-cracker set at the moment seems to be the Space Cadet. At any rate, a good many of the new toys are related one way or another to interstellar doings. Space Cadet jackets, with a zipper front and a rocket emblazoned on the chest, are $7.95; Space Cadet pants, narrow in the legs, are $5.95; and a silver-colored plastic crash helmet is $1.69. A rocket ship that shoots out sparks when it is pushed along the floor is $1.89. The Buck Rogers' Sonic Ray, a plastic pistol ($2.29) that buzzes and lights up when the trigger is pulled, comes in a box whose label explains how the damned thing works: "Neutrons are shot into Uranium Power Chamber and atoms are split at a rate controlled by Fission Speed Regulators." The Atomic Laboratory Outfit, launched last Christmas, is still harping on the same old stuff, based on the quantum theory and Goudsmit's predictions on the spin of the electron, but among the other scientific toys we noticed one advance over last year: The box containing the 1951 toy Geiger Counter ($19.95) carries an announcement that the United States government will pay thirty-five thousand dollars to anyone who discovers a worth-while deposit of uranium. Last year, the reward offered was only ten grand. Gilbert has a beginner's microscope set for $5; it includes a microscope that magnifies sixty times, some Polaroid filters, some slides, several specimens of flies, bees, straw, and hay, and a booklet given over to a brilliantly stupefying discourse on weights and measures.

NOW for the dolls. Well, what *can't* they do? They walk, either by themselves or holding on to their owner's hand; they play pat-a-cake; they nod approval or shake their head no; they have beating hearts you can listen to; they have soft, fleshlike faces that can be squeezed or petted into expressions ranging from vapid blandness to stubbornness or resolve; and, of course, they—well, let's just skip some of their other accomplishments. Their wardrobes follow Paris fashions (at Wanamaker's, some of the dolls wear clothes that were actually designed by Schiaparelli); they have polish on their fingernails and toenails; and the feet of a few are so lifelike they are supposed to go barefoot. They have human hair or the next thing to it, and one minx has locks that can be dyed and washed clean, over and over again. They cry, whimper, or whine (some of them only if roughly treated); they sing, they pray, and they talk, talk, talk. One loquacious species has a talking-singing routine that is available in French, Italian, Spanish, or English. "*Je m'appelle Noma*," says Noma. "*Ecoutez comme je parle bien. Je suis une petite fille bien bonne et bien gentille.*" Noma rattles on, by means of a record within her, for almost a minute. The Spanish representative (her name is Loló) remarks, "*Yo me llamo Loló. Soy una niñita buena; sé bailar y cantar, reir, llorar, y sumar.*" There is a toy cat or bear named Algy, because he is hypo-allergenic and dedicated to children who are allergic to fuzzy toys; Algy is made of coated plush and costs $5. The Four Seasons Book Shop, 17 West 8th Street, has felt dolls that were inspired by, of all things, figures in Joan Miró murals. This year, by golly, there *are* dolls.

TOYS that run on wheels are far less responsive than other playthings to the vagaries of fashion these

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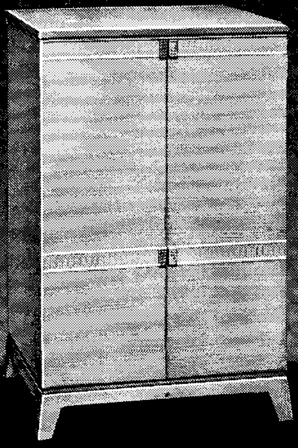

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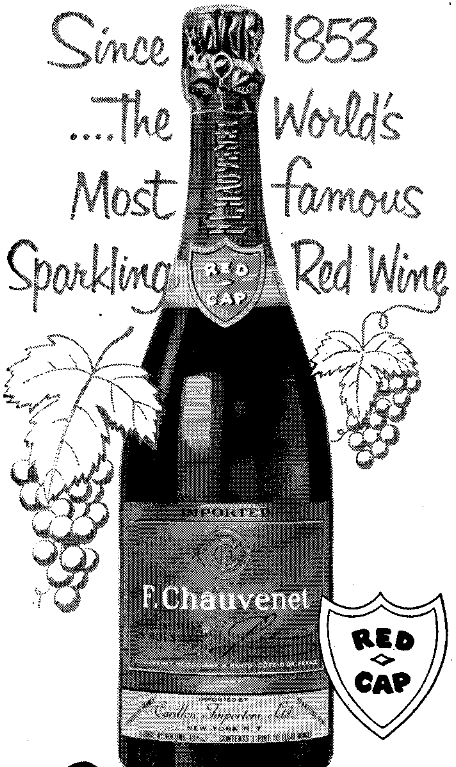

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days, mainly because of the shortage of sheet steel (there is plenty of *tubular* steel around) and the cost of monkeying with new tools and dies. Example: Retooling in a factory that makes, say, a single model of a child's pedal car might easily run to two hundred thousand dollars. Result: Practically no new models of bicycles, wagons, trains, and the like. However, a number of new wheel toys have come in from abroad, where the assembly line hasn't replaced hand manufacture as completely as it has over here. Now that the shipping strike is over, it may well be that more English, German, French, and Italian pedal cars and trains than domestic ones will be in the shops by the time this essay appears. There are no new American-made trains whatever. The best the industry offers, besides prices about ten per cent higher than last year, is new groupings of cars, like the Lionel Scout Train, a freight that consists of a locomotive and tender, a gondola, a freight car, and a palace (as railroad men call the caboose). This (with ten pieces of track) is $17.75. New electric-train accessories are also almost nonexistent. Polk Model Craft Hobbies is turning out an inclined-grade track set for owners of Lionel Magne-Traction locomotives—a series of twenty graduated cherrywood trestles, with holes drilled in them to hold the tracks, which will take a train up and down a five-per-cent grade ($4.95), and a series of six trestles, all five and a half inches high, to provide for a straightaway in the middle and allow enough room for an underpass ($1.75). All the hardware necessary is supplied. Gilbert's major contribution this season is the Nathan air chime whistle, which is operated by remote control and gives off a hoot superior to that of the old-fashioned diesel horn. Also, the operator can make it give off tootles of varying lengths; other toy train whistles are mere Johnny One-Notes by comparison. There are complications, though; the new whistle is not available except as part of a complete train set. Train exhibits are on view at Lionel, 15 East 26th Street, from nine to five, Monday through Friday, and nine to three on Saturday. American Flyer trains are on display at the Gilbert Hall of Science, 1 West 25th Street, every day except Sunday, nine-thirty to five.

ADDED NOTE: Santa Claus is doing his stuff at the larger department stores every day; at McCreery, there is a photographer handy to take a candid shot of your child chatting with Myn-

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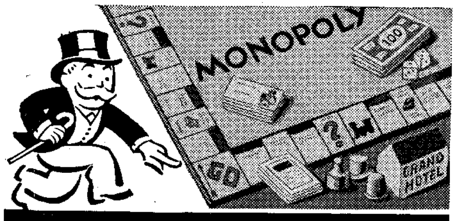

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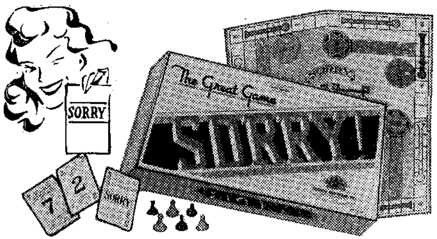

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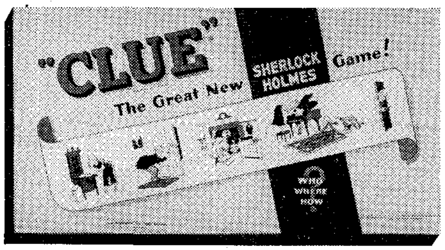

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heer Claus ($1). At Gimbel, in addition to the old gentleman, there is Tom Corbett's Space Cadet Ship to take young customers on a free two-minute trip to the moon. And for young Christmas festivities, Mary Arnold, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th), provides everything except food—favors, table decorations, and so on, including Jack Horner pies stuffed with presents, each one done up in holiday wrappings. Finally, at Brentano's, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th), there is a daily exhibit of the famous Bernard Ravca dolls.

And now, Space Cadet Tom Corbett, let's buzz off to the individual stores:

ALTMAN: A slick-looking helicopter whose three-bladed rotor takes it whizzing fifteen or twenty feet into the air has an aluminum fuselage, eleven inches long. The windmill blades are set whirling by means of a spiral rod, and the thing takes off with surprising speed. The rotor blades are nine inches long and covered with a silvery plastic; $3.95. A scaled-down Army jeep, forty inches long and seventeen and a half wide, has a front bumper and a spare wheel that won't come off and a jerry can for extra gasoline that will. The jeep isn't run by gasoline, though, but by footpower; $29.95. A small brown mohair monkey pedals about on a four-wheeled coaster when he is pulled along on a string. He also squeaks; $5. No action at all, just a mild tinkle, is to be expected from a plush dog, something over a foot long, who sits around the house with his long ears and his front feet sprawling all over the place; the tinkle comes from a bell inside one foot. He's $3.50, in solid brown or black, or in white with brown ears. Assorted books about the size of a Manhattan telephone directory but considerably lighter, because they aren't books at all but boxes of tricks, are a good bet. One volume, the Sorcerer's Apprentice, contains apparatus with which the household magician can, say, change the colors of some silk handkerchiefs (provided). The others, whose titles are self-explanatory, are the Practical Joker, Puzzlers, and Funny Faces. They are $3.50 each. The Ark has a hull nearly two feet long, stands nearly a foot high, and has a ramp up or down which the hand-painted composition animals that inhabit it can be pushed, two by two, by the child who owns it. There are a dozen or so pairs of animals, along with Noah and his wife; $24.95. A thirty-inch scale model of a Heiliner earth-mover, one of those heavy-construction mastodons, scoops up dirt into its maw, and, at the whim of the operator, dumps it. This impressive machine, made of heavy steel and painted bright red, is $15.95. A scale-model fire truck carries, thank goodness, no equipment for squirting water, but it does have a shiny aluminum ladder with two extensions that can be stretched four feet into the air and rotated in any direction. The vehicle itself is, naturally, fire-engine red; it has six rubber-tired wheels, is nearly a yard long, and costs $24.95. There's a wonderfully giddy ballet costume here, all pink rayon satin and net, that would entrance any little girl (sizes 4 to 10 are $8.95, and sizes 12 to 14 are $10.95). A matching costume for her doll, complete with ballet stockings and slippers, is $3.95. If you want to bowl the child all the way over, you can add to this ensemble an immense doll ballet dancer of cloth, three and a half feet tall, who has pink yarn hair, green felt eyelids with long, long lashes, and purple felt eyebrows; $17.95. Altman's Alice in Wonderland doll, fifteen inches tall, wears the sort of clothes expected of her, but she also has a copious wardrobe that would flabbergast Lewis Carroll. It consists of red plaid pedal-pushers with a matching beret and waistcoat, and a white blouse; skating shorts and a striped polo shirt; a pair of red shoes; a pair of brown shoes with roller skates attached; a play suit; a blue, lace-trimmed nightgown; a pink, lace-trimmed robe; a brassière and a girdle—for heaven's sake; two clothes hangers; two compacts, a lipstick, a comb, a brush, a mirror, and curlers. The works, $21.95.

MARY ARNOLD, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): A doll-size electric stove (A.C. or D.C.), eight inches high and eleven wide, has a square heating plate that warms up, but not enough to burn any fingers, when the stove is

plugged in; $4.95. A companion refrigerator, thirteen inches high and eight wide, doesn't get cold, but it looks as though it could, for it contains all the standard equipment, including two transparent plastic ice trays; $2.95. In the Gentle Hint category, a boxed housecleaning set consisting of a small carpet sweeper, a broom, a gay pink, red, and blue mop, a dustpan, and a dish mop might prove instructive; $2.95. A burgeoning artist who has not yet decided on his medium would get a fine start with a small suitcase filled with almost every kind of artist's gear: a plastic palette with twelve attached cakes of water color; a brush and a brush moistener; eight crayons and eight colored pencils; an assortment of colored paper, tracing paper, and coloring books; four sticks of modelling clay; blunt scissors; and a small ruler; $5, without a beret. A stout wooden box about a foot square, packed with a lot of unpainted wooden blocks, none of them too large to be handled by a three-year-old, and including some columns and arches for more advanced architects, is $4.95, and so is a stylish mahogany-and-metal boat that will accommodate two passengers, provided they are no bigger than clothespins. It has a wind-up outboard motor and can skitter through the water at a smart clip. There is, as always at this shop, a splendid collection of stocking toys: a leather tom-tom, three inches in diameter, that gives out an agreeable muted sound to wake you gently on Christmas morning (fifty cents); a foot-long pencil with a plastic crook at its top end, so that it looks like a small cane (fifteen cents); equipment for a young policeman, including a badge, a club, and a pair of somewhat insubstantial handcuffs (fifty cents); a purse containing six jacks and a rubber ball (thirty cents); and a tiny Army truck of olive-drab rubber (twenty cents).

**Best**: It was news to us that Alice in Wonderland ever put her hair up in curlers, but here is *another* Alice in Wonderland doll who does. She is equipped with a small pink cardboard case holding six microscopic metal curlers and a comb of pink plastic, and her hair is of a material that can be endlessly curled. She wears nylon stockings, too, but her dress and apron are more or less in line with the Tenniel drawings. Alice is $9.95 and fifteen inches tall. To relieve boredom in the bathtub, there's a floating duck of soft plastic, who

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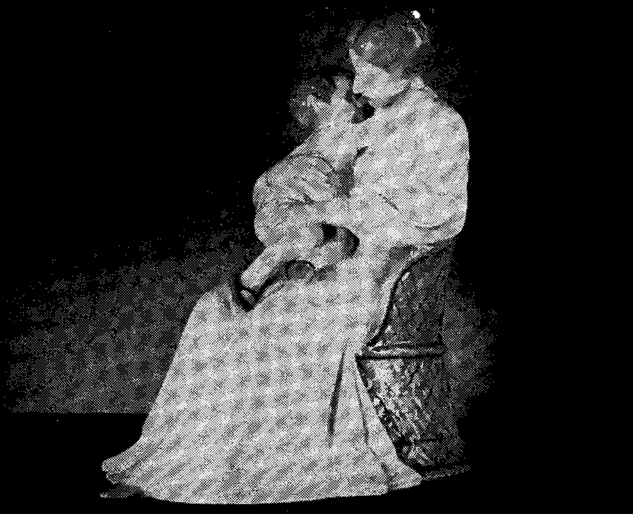

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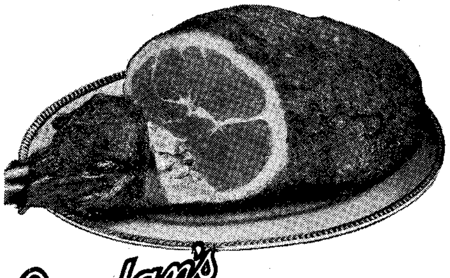

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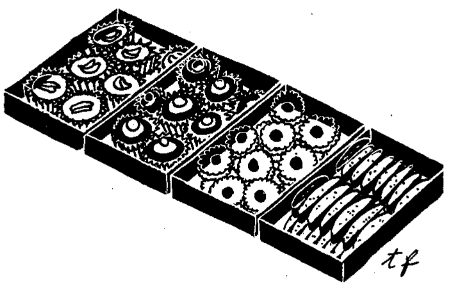
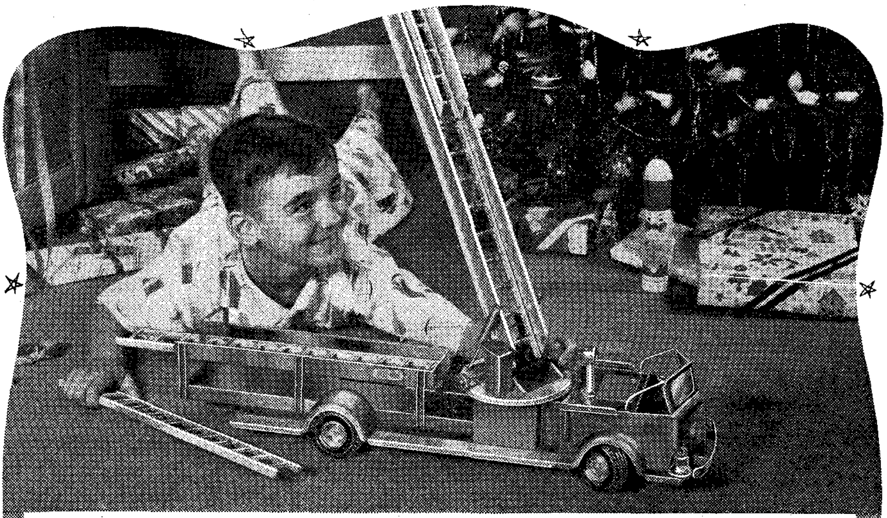
states "Quack" when squeezed; also a fish of the same plastic, but all that can be got out of it is an unintelligible bubbling noise; $1 each. Raggedy Ann, who hasn't changed a whit in years, is on hand, with Raggedy Andy, both of them wearing red-and-white striped stockings, gingham costumes, and carrot yarn hair. They come in several sizes; fifteen inches high, they are $2.95 each, and it's worth that to know there's *something* permanent in the world. The toy dogs here are covered with real fur and number among them a shaggy poodle puppy and a Scotty; $6.95 for a dog, of either breed, about a foot long.

BLOOMINGDALE: Five gray plastic Navy planes, two inches long, can be spring-catapulted off the deck of a gray plastic flattop, a little over fourteen inches from stem to stern, known as the Super Catapult Plane Carrier; $1.50. A plastic friction-drive racing car with heavy rubber tires and a transparent hood to show off its fake straight-eight engine moves in reverse as well as straight ahead; eight inches long and $1.29. Six non-operating plastic planes that are reproductions of commercial and military aircraft, including a DC-6, a P-38 Lockheed Lightning, and a Boeing B-29, have wingspreads of from five to nine inches; $1.98 the set, and the big carton the planes come in can be made into a nice airport for them not to take off from. A substantial and compact rotary printing press about the size of a portable typewriter prints on paper of postcard size; there's an automatic pressure lever for adjusting the press to varying thicknesses of paper; tongs and slots for setting rubber type, of which there are four hundred pieces; and other helpful trappings; $9.95. For cowboys and Indians, there's a foot-long tomahawk with a rubber blade (seventy-nine cents), a studded white leather scabbard holding a knife that looks deadly but is rubber, too ($1.79), and a plastic pistol that rooty-toot-toots five blunt-nosed plastic bullets that can't even make a black-and-blue mark, so they say ($1.39). Anyone with some young savage breasts to soothe might consider a number of well-made small brass wind instruments from France. A four-key cornet, about eight inches long, is $2.19; another, slightly longer, that plays tremolo notes is $4.49; a third, with a scale of thirteen sharps and flats, is $10.98; and a nineteen-inch slide trombone that can be played in four keys (oh, rapture!) is $6.98. A new kind of copper coating appears on some two-inch lead figures from England; it shows to best advantage, unsurprisingly, on a group of redskins. Some of these coppery fellows are chiefs with full, hand-painted headdresses, some are doing a war dance, some are lying prone with rifles aimed; $1.98 buys a set of nineteen. A bank in the shape of a nine-inch-high Texaco gas pump, with hose, faucet, and all, has a wind-up mechanism that will sound a bell whenever a coin drops in; ninety-eight cents. From Switzerland comes a jaunty fifteen-piece aluminum coffee set, red with white polka dots. Its five-inch percolator can really make coffee, enough to fill a normal breakfast-size cup; $6.98. A wooden cutlery tray holds a flat service for four dolls—exceptionally nice aluminum knives, forks, and spoons; ninety-eight cents. A doll named Honey Bug is about the size of a year-old infant but weighs only three pounds, being of soft vinyl plastic. She is wearing pink piqué clothes and an insouciant air, having one shoe off and tied to her wrist, and one bare toe sticking up; $17.98. An elegant Italian doll, three feet high, has flirty eyes and an elaborate coiffure of human hair ($69.50—it's the very *best* human hair), and a small doll resting in a ruffly pink plastic cradle is up to moving her eyes a little ($3.98).

CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd): A capacious hardwood doll carriage, big enough (thirty inches long) to hold the doll's mother if she is not past kindergarten age, is made so solidly that it is almost impossible to tip over; $17.95. The junior bibliophile will surely welcome a set of paraphernalia for classifying a hundred-book library—date stamp, index cards, stamp pad, book jackets, author and title cards, paste and brushes, and various labels; $10.95. A vast plywood jigsaw puzzle, meant to be assembled on the floor, forms a map of the United





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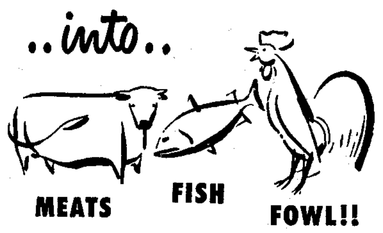
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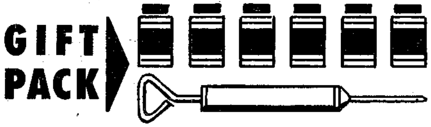

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States that covers a space forty by thirty inches; $10.95. A new bulletin board is punched with hundreds of holes, and with it comes an assortment of colored wheels, rods, and squares, which a child can fix to the board with pegs in whatever design strikes his fancy; a thirty-two-by-forty-eight-inch size is $10.95. A five-by-ten-foot cargo net, of half-inch rope woven in eight-inch squares, is just right for climbing on when hung from a tree; $29.95. A ten-inch pink sea horse and a dashing pale-blue flounder of the same size are made of foam rubber, cloth covered, and are most at home in a bathtub; $1.25 each. Good, solid tables for a child's room have formica tops, two feet by four, and come in trapezoid or semicircular shapes; $26.95. The sets of unpainted birch building blocks here can be supplemented, from year to year, with more complicated pieces. A beginner's set, for a two- or three-year-old, contains twenty blocks in eight shapes, and costs $5.

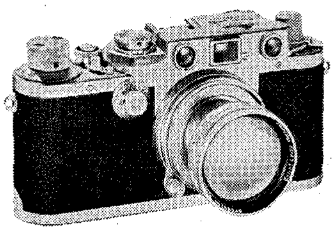
THE DAINTY SHOP, 23 West 57th Street: If it's all right for children to play with atomic-energy sets, we suppose there's no legitimate argument against putting bagpipes within their reach. At any rate, this place, despite its name, sells a pint-size but authentic bagpipe, with built-in reeds that scale, or skirl, a full octave. The instrument can be mastered by following the leaflet that comes with it. ("They laughed when I sat down at the bagpipe.") It's all plastic—even the plaid bag—and it costs $6. An oval highway on a metal frame twenty-seven inches long is travelled by seven cars that can be adjusted to keep in their own traffic lanes or to swerve around and cause all sorts of traffic jams. The cars are motivated by an electric vibrating apparatus (A.C. only) that jiggles the track almost imperceptibly; $6.75, including everything. A toy sewing machine, just arrived from Germany, has a quaint look about it, what with its painted-flower decorations. It's about eight inches long, is operated by a hand crank, and sews backward or forward; $4.15. A scale model of a Bell Telephone service truck has a working crane in the rear, carries a post-hole digger, a spade, and a crowbar, and pulls a detachable lumber carrier on which is a six-inch log. Truck and log carrier, both of metal, are fourteen inches over all; $1.98. A bright-yellow diesel road-roller at the same price, also of metal, and ten inches long, has a heavy roller in front and two lighter ones in the rear. The front one can be turned right or left by a steering lever.

EDUCATIONAL CENTER, 971 Lexington Avenue (70th): A horseshoe-pitching set, with shoes scaled down out of consideration for a six-year-old hand, and made of rubber out of consideration for the neighbors, consists of four shoes and two stakes on rubber mats; $1.30. Some new nested blocks—five of them—made of a pliable colored plastic, can be filled with sand (on the beach) or water (in the tub), and cost $1.40. A carpentry set designed for a tyro woodworker provides pieces of wood with holes drilled in them, nuts and bolts for joining them together, a small coping saw, a mitre box, and some sandpaper; $5. A ten-inch laundry tub, a wringer, a washboard, and a couple of dozen clothespins, all in shellacked natural wood, are light enough to be hefted easily by even the frailest of laundresses; $2.50. For sportsmen, there's a golf bag containing three aluminum clubs (the driver is twenty-nine inches long) and a rubber golf ball ($3); a compass ($1); and a tubular metal case filled with fishing gear—a two-piece rod, with reel, an envelope of hooks in assorted sizes, sinkers and bobbers, a metal bait box, and a generous length of line ($4). A small child of simple tastes would probably enjoy riding the Cannonball Express, which is nothing more than a tubular cushion of inflatable plastic with an upright business at one end, representing a smokestack, which squeaks when squeezed; $2. For $1, you can get an ingenious contrivance for target practice that obviates all danger of broken windows. It's made up of two crossed sticks held together by a screw, each about a yard long and each with a wire stretching from end to end; a small metal duck slides along one wire when the sticks are tilted. A pellet whips along the other when a spring trigger is snapped. The object: Hit the duck with the pellet. All that's needed to make four good-size lampshades—wire frames, parchment that can be decorated with painted designs, and lacings to hold everything together, along with two paintbrushes and eight cakes of paint—costs $3.20. A handful of colored wooden houses, trees, and animals, plus a church and a town pump, make a village that would find ample *Lebensraum* on a chair seat; $1.15. We're not sure what a psychiatrist's view on this would be, but there's a two-headed puppet, to be manipulated with one hand, that represents a husband and wife. Mother looks very serious and dedicated, while Father, we regret to report, has one tooth missing and an unutterably foolish grin; $1.50.

EDUCATIONAL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, 69 West 23rd Street: Changing a tire comes under the heading of fun, we guess, because the Fix-it Truck, a new plastic toy a little over eight inches long, with compartments for storing tools and tires, is provided with a small plastic jack about three inches high (it really works), a wrench, a screwdriver, a hammer, and a spare tire that can replace any of the four attached ones; $1.29. An English bicycle no bigger than a small tricycle has outrigger wheels that keep it from tipping over; when its rider gets the hang of riding it, the outriggers can be easily removed and he can fall off; $12.95. The blocks here are of the same type as those supplied to the city's schools; they are made of maple and birch, every edge and corner is bevelled, and they are sanded to an exceptional smoothness. What is called the Beginner Set, for a child about eighteen months old, has twenty-four blocks, of four different shapes ($4.90); for a child of two, there are forty blocks, more varied in shape ($7.40). With each passing year, a child presumably works up interest in new shapes, so that when he reaches the majestic age of five, he will require the whole caboodle—a hundred and six blocks, in twenty-one varieties; $26.

JANE ENGEL, 1025 Madison Avenue (79th): Well, an investment of $2.98 will get you all this: a toy stethoscope, Band-Aids, antiseptic soap, a bottle labelled "Alcohol" (syrup), a pillbox and an envelope of pills (candy), a plastic wristwatch (no works), pince-nez (no lenses), a feeding tube, a three-inch hot-water bottle, a tongue depressor, a medicine spoon, a toy thermometer, a washbasin (doll size), a plastic apron, a four-inch microscope (it doesn't work), and four small films showing drawings of some scary-looking germs from dirty water and dirty faces, *and* a patient, who is a plastic doll about five inches tall. After this assortment has been strewn around the house, the young healer might like to relax with a finger-

How to make a grown-up believe in Santa Claus



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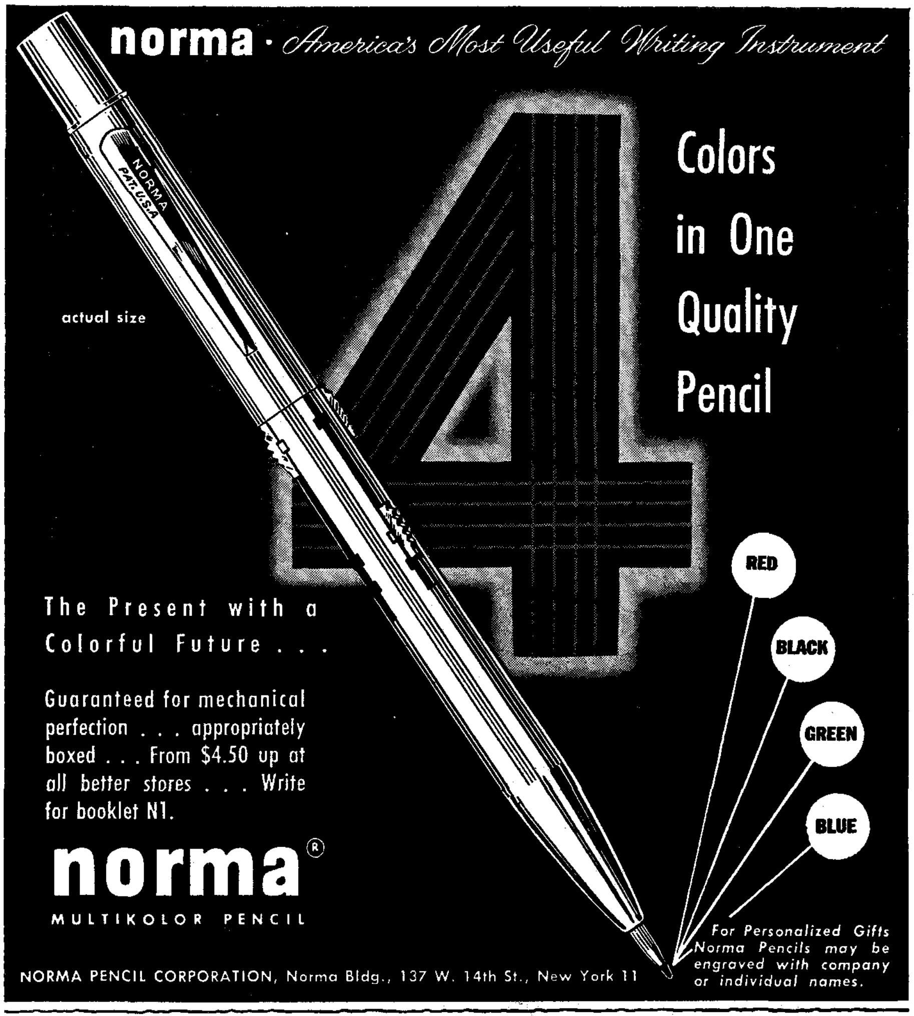
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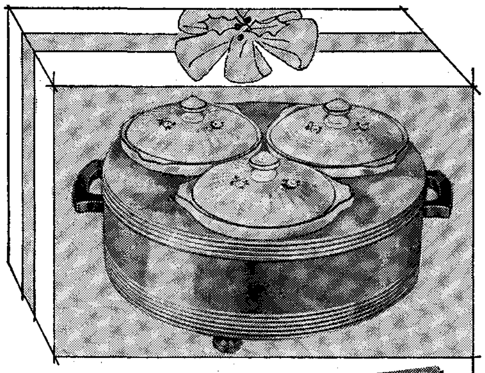
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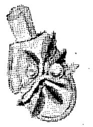
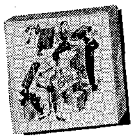
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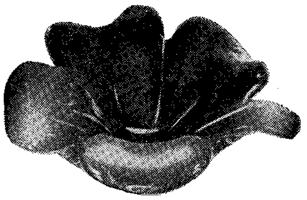
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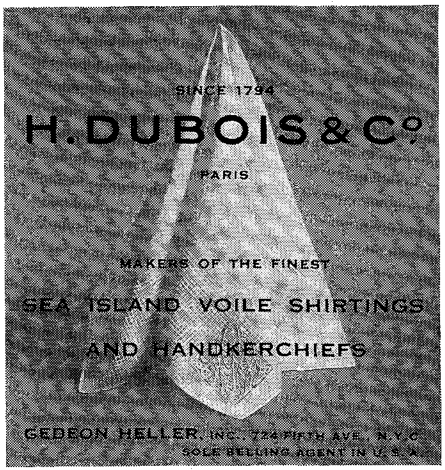
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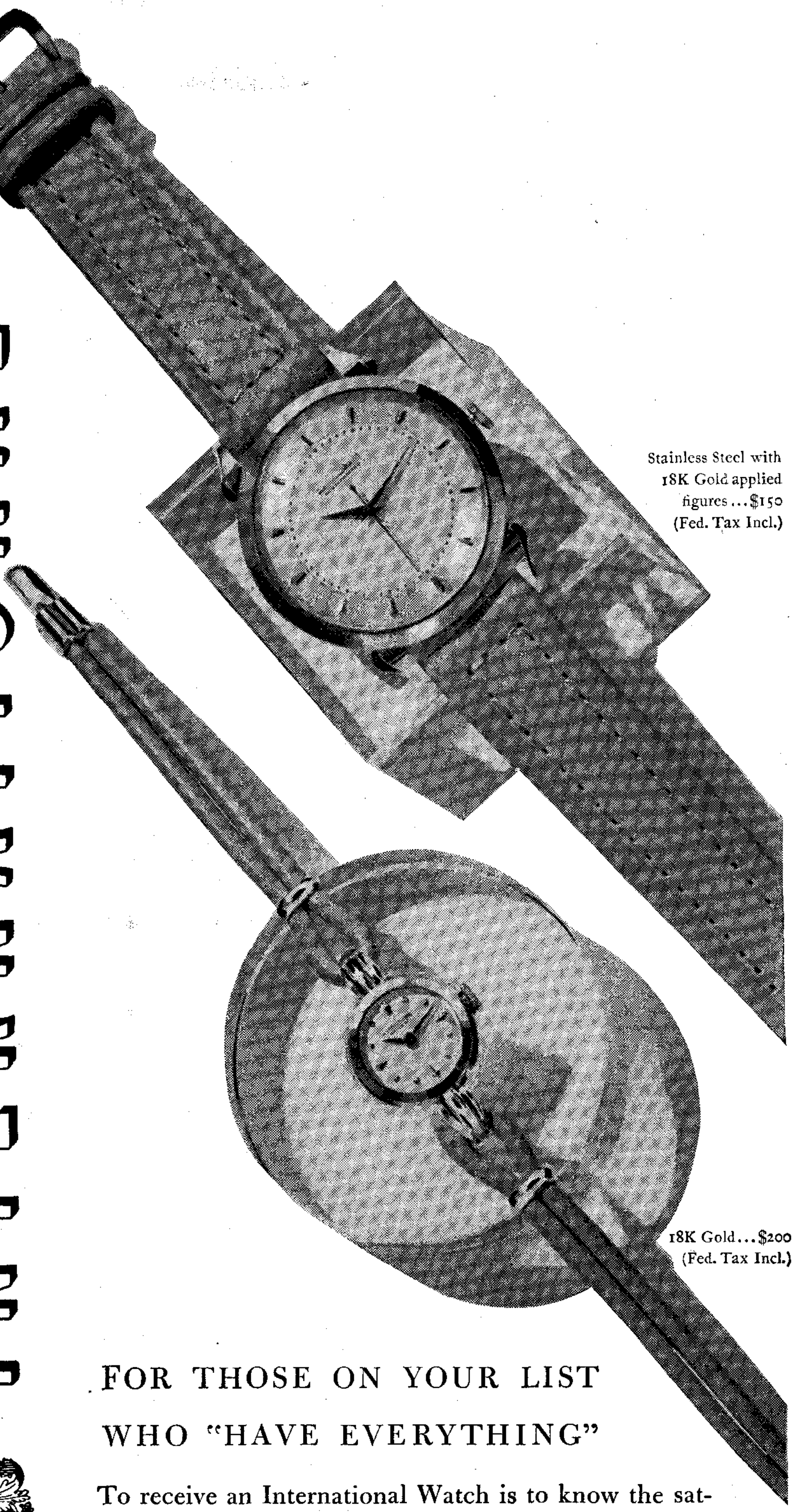
painting set; there's a good one here for $2. A big box labelled the Alice in Wonderland Tea Set turns out to be lacking a teapot. It does contain an aluminum coffee percolator, though (it won't percolate), and an aluminum tea service for four; $2.29. All the equipment necessary for making a doll-size quilt—patches, kapok filling, blunt scissors, and so on, may be had for $2. A foot-tall plastic doll, dressed in a red-and-white striped T shirt, a navy-blue skirt, navy-blue bloomers, and a red beret, will nod its head yes whenever its owner presses a button at the front, or shake its head no whenever a button at the back is pressed; $3.98.

GIMBEL: A boy too young to cope with the engineering requirements of an electric train, or even a mechanical one, will have no trouble at all with the new Touch-a-Train, a pull-model freight train whose locomotive and five cars have magnetic couplings. The wheels are metal, but the locomotive and cars (a tank car, a lumber car, a boxcar, and so on) are of painted wood, and the box they're packed in can be transformed into a small tunnel. The whole business is a foot and a half long and costs $1.98. A blackboard easel is equipped with an overhead electric light for artistic insomniacs, and provides paints, crayons, chalk, and paper; $4.98. A flashy new cream-colored piano, baby-grand style, with a two-and-a-half-octave keyboard, is $29.95, with bench. A well-planned carpenter's bench—wood, of course—has a built-in vise and a rack that holds a hammer, pliers, a screwdriver, a plane, a tri-square, and a supply of sandpaper; it's two feet long and fifteen inches wide, and costs $4.98, all told. The Keystone Bus Terminal, two feet long and made of fibreboard, is supplied with a plastic traffic cop, a plastic bus, and some portable pieces of plastic luggage; when a crank on the side of the building is turned, an authoritative voice (recorded on tape) calls out stations; $5.98. An English pedal car, a yard long and

Gift Packages

fourteen inches wide, is designed to take up a minimum of parking space in an apartment; it's a low, bright-red roadster, with rubber-tired wheels and an extra petrol can at the back; $10. A new sulky here is pulled by a wind-up steed that, unlike most mechanical horses, actually looks like a well-proportioned race horse. He breaks into a nimble trot when his spring is wound. Horse and sulky together are fourteen inches long, made of plastic, and cost $1.98. Add to the list of remote-controlled mechanical animals a spaniel ($2.98) whose head and forepaws waggle as he joggles along at the end of his leash, dragging his aft paws behind him; a squeeze on the leash handle starts him going. Now for the dolls. The Tintair doll has a special kind of blond wig, which can be colored either carrot-top or chestnut, and then washed out and tinted again. A fourteen-inch Tintair doll ($11.98) is accompanied by a kit with the two shades of hair dye (it's said to be harmless food coloring), brush applicators, a plastic dish, and plastic curlers; refill kits are $1.29. A doll who has a cloth body and a perfectly blank plastic face comes with a set of crayons, so its owner can draw on whatever face she likes. If one face doesn't suit, it can be washed off in a trice and replaced with another. This one is thirteen inches tall and costs $2.49.

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, 145 East 57th Street: An apartment child who can't be given the dog he wants might be consoled with a life-size, lifelike cocker spaniel you'll find here. He has a curly brown coat, a soft look in his eyes, and a head that can be moved from side to side; $12. A life-size black standard poodle is equally appealing, but $45. For a live puppy or kitten who tends to feel the cold a good deal, there's an electrically heated house, fifteen inches square, that can be set up indoors or out, as long as there's an A.C. outlet handy; $12.50. A two-foot doll made entirely of cloth has skinny legs and arms that are long enough to be tied into knots, if that's what's wanted; $6.95. A Boy Scout, whether a Cub or an Eagle, would enjoy a pedometer that can be strapped to a belt ($5.95) or a metal hand warmer, about the size of a pack of cards, which glows safely for hours when filled with benzene or naphtha and lighted ($2.95). Anglers' pliers have a knife folded back into one handle and an emery stone (for sharpening



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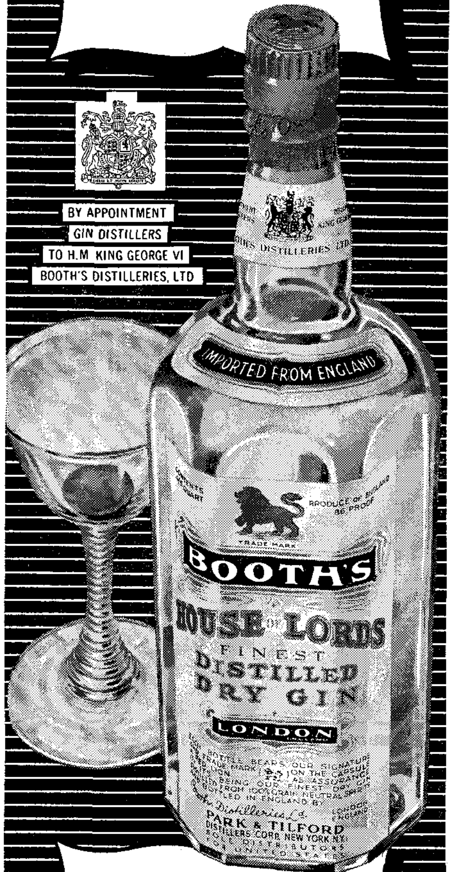

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fishhooks) in the other; $5.95, in a leather case. A steel knife, a fish scaler, a can-and-bottle opener, and a fork all inhabit the same handle, which has a ring at one end to attach to a belt or a shoulder strap; $2.95.

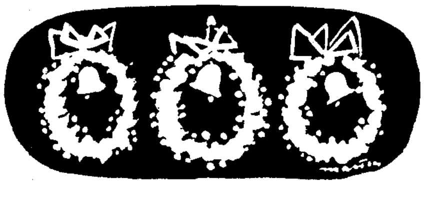
Hammond, 1 East 43rd Street: Stamp collecting and painless geography lessons are provided for in the new Educator stamp album, which has eight pages of colored maps and spaces for fourteen thousand stamps, as well as illustrations of famous issues that have come out since 1840 (the date of the first adhesive postage stamp), and some basic information about every country in the world; $4.50. The Commander globe, which stands nearly a foot and a half high, comes with a book that not only tells how to measure air distances but includes a number of geographical question-and-answer games; the globe itself is up to date (as of last year, anyway), shows the population of the larger cities everywhere, and has a washable surface; $7.95 buys both globe and book. Go to the Head of the Class is another question-and-answer game, which can be played by as many as nine people, and is fun even for players who don't know much, since luck has something to do with it; $2.25. A wall chart illustrates details of life on the range—varieties of saddles, spurs, reins, methods of roping and branding cattle, and such; $1. A similar chart shows American Indian tools, headdresses, sand paintings, papoose cradles, and such; $1.

Fred Leighton, 15 East 8th Street: Most of the simple, guileless playthings here were made by North and South American Indians from wood, tin, straw, pottery, or coconut-palm fibre, and though they won't wind up, take off, or play "Anchors Aweigh," they should brighten the eye of all but the most jaded. Twenty-five cents buys a small red-and-green tin horn, and thirty-nine cents gets a pair of small tin maracas, brightly painted, which turn out to be whistles as well. Life-size ducks woven from colored sisal were originally devised to edify tots in Haiti but have met with many admirers in New York; $3.95. Then, there are all sorts of delightful minutiae for doll houses: a dish cabinet, two and a quarter inches high, of gaudily painted wood, stacked with a dozen or more tiny pottery dishes ($1.50); minuscule baskets of split cane (twenty cents); a set of five nested casseroles, from an inch and three-quarters to four inches across (eighty-five cents); two-inch flowerpots sprouting ceramic flowers (fifty cents); and miniature hand-blown swirl-glass mugs (twenty-nine cents). Painted Mexican chairs with rush seats are intended primarily for the kind of person who sits comfortably at nine inches from the floor, but they will hold up to two hundred pounds, in case grownups insist on taking them over (two for $5.50). A Seminole Indian squaw doll wears a traditional Seminole getup, with many beads around her neck. Being five inches high, she will fit handily into the grasp of a two-year-old, and being woven of palm fibre, she can withstand the going over she will receive there; $2.

Lord & Taylor: Bowling Pins is an arrangement of five small pins swung from a wooden frame at the end of an eighteen-inch alley, which saves the services of a pin boy, since they drop back into place after being hit. The price is $3.25, including three balls. An Italian version of a Red Riding Hood doll is definitely Neapolitan in complexion but otherwise lives up to specifications: golden locks in long braids, a red felt cape and hood, and a red-and-white checked dress with a little white apron; $14.50, and she's something over a foot tall. A nursery street-cleaning machine, inspired by the Department of Sanitation kind with a wide roller brush at the back, is about eight inches long, and has a wind-up motor and a start-and-stop control; $3.50.

Macy: A two-foot-long, two-car express train, imported from Italy (it's the Le Havre-Parigi-Roma-Torino-Venezia Express), can either be used as a pull toy or be wound up so that it thunders along on a powerful spring motor; $11.98. The Dover-Calais Ferry, also from Italy, has a wind-up motor that will take it from Dover to Calais (or nearly). It's nine inches long and has a train parked on its deck; $7.49. A child in need of a new excuse for not going to bed would be delighted with a white football, of cloth with a plastic coating that looks like leather; it's for night games; $2.98. The party costumes here are getting away from the cowboy-and-Indian arena and into the professional fields. There's a student-nurse costume, with the regulation blue-and-white striped dress and white apron ($3.71), a surgeon's getup, with white trousers and shirt, a cap, and a mask ($4.22), and an airline captain's uniform, with gray trousers and jacket and a pilot's cap ($5.62); all these come in sizes for children between four and twelve years old. Sonny the Bunny, who, according to a little song that Macy is plugging, is the most cheerful, unselfish, and noble of bunnies, appears in a picture puzzle for four- to seven-year-olds (ninety-four cents) and in a Sonny the Bunny Game, for even younger children, that has something to do with some small wooden carrots that are to be pounded into a board ($1.98). He also shows up as a stuffed animal, two feet tall, carrying a carrot in his back pocket, and with a four-leaf clover on the sole of one foot; $7.98. A pair of businesslike cowboy pistols (thumb-cocked hammers, side ejectors, and ornate handles) come in businesslike holsters that have snap locks to keep the guns in place; $5.69 a pair. The Space Patrol Gun is nine inches long and looks homicidal but is made of light plastic and shoots nothing more harmful than its two suction-dart missiles, which carry rolled bits of paper, possibly to be used for propaganda in some interplanetary cold war; $1.41. Some new three-dimensional jigsaw puzzles from England depict a nineteen-inch cross-section of the Empire Flying Boat ($3.49), and an airplane view of H.M.S. Warspite ($3.49). A book giving the rudiments of chess comes with a set of plastic chessmen and a heavy cardboard chessboard; $1.89. Pitter Patty, a girl doll nineteen inches tall, gets in a dither every time she's picked up—you can hear her heart pound; $9.34. A new scooter that makes remarkably sharp, quick turns, because its front and rear axles are geared to turn together, is $9.98. To keep a doll in the lap of luxury, there's a pink wicker bassinet on wheels, extravagantly ruffled in pink net ($11.98), and a plaid carriage blanket, two feet square, with fringed edges like an automobile robe ($3.64).

McCreery: A spectacular metal doll house comes ready to be assembled into seven rooms, and there's furni-



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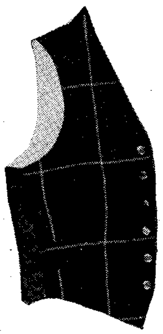

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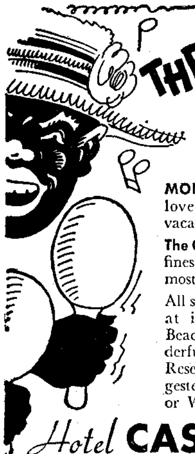

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ture for all of them. Furthermore, there's a patio, a playground, a maroon town car with a chauffeur and a footman in maroon livery, a father, mother, and four children, a dachshund, a Scotty, and even garden tools, golf clubs, a pressure cooker, and a Mixmaster. All for $10.95, title clear. Among some excellent blocks is a set of twenty-six small English ones, each bearing a removable cutout capital letter. The opposite side of each block shows an animal, from antelope to zebra; $3.95. A small model of an automobile steering wheel has attached to it a three-speed gearshift and a button for sounding a fairly quiet horn; the wheel is set on a rubber shaft with a big suction cup at the end, so that it can be fastened to the dashboard of a car, or to a chair back or a wall; $2.98. A nursery desk of metal tubing and wood is substantial enough to stand lots of pounding but can easily be folded up and put away when not in use. The desk top is a sixteen-inch black fibre board decorated with the alphabet, and inside there are pegs, nails, chalk, blackboard eraser, and a wooden hammer. Its accompanying bench is eleven inches from the floor, a satisfactory distance for anyone from two to four years old; $4.98. Sweet Sue is a poised-looking doll, a foot and a half tall, wearing pink lace over a wired crinoline (a cocktail dress, the label says). Her shoulder-length hair is washable, and she brings with her a box that holds a chignon designed by Charles of the Ritz; $11.95. Another doll arrives in a state of complete deshabille, but is just the right size to wear size-1 baby clothes. She can be put into the bathtub, and has an emotional nature something like Ben Bolt's Alice's, since she cries when hugged; $4.98.

Polk Model Craft Hobbies, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd): Jerry Mahoney, the spit and image of Paul Winchell's dummy, turns his head this way and that and waggles his jaw as soon as his new owner learns how to manage him, which isn't at all difficult. An accompanying book purports to teach anyone how to be a ventriloquist, which is something else again. Dummy and book are $14.95. The new Tom Thumb typewriter weighs only seven and a half pounds, has a standard keyboard—both capital and lower-case letters, and numbers—and uses a standard (though shortened) ribbon; $18.95. A scale

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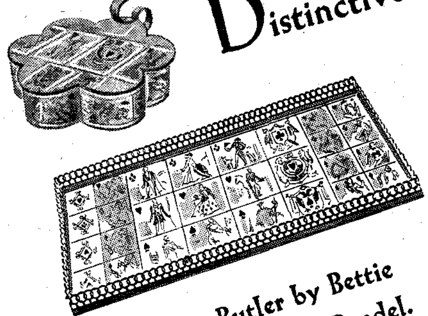

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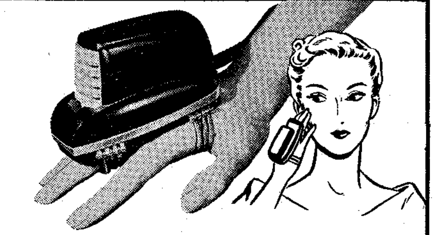

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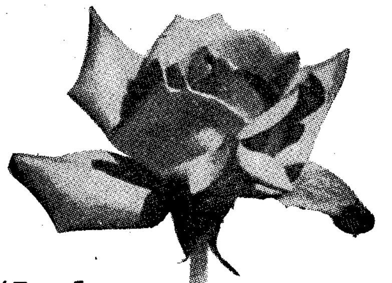

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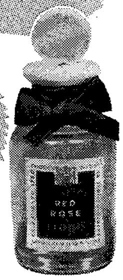

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model of the Spitfire F-45 Supersonic Fighter, seventeen inches long, with a twenty-inch wingspread, holds a real gasoline motor about the size of a cigarette lighter. (It's called the Spitzy, and it has a piston displacement of .045 cubic inches.) The fuselage is of silver-painted balsa, the propeller is of varnished wood, and under the bubble canopy there is an inch-high pilot. Ready to fly, the plane is $9.95; the makings of the same plane, in a set that takes about fifteen minutes to assemble, are $7.50. An assortment of wooden model sailing ships, from Spain, come either completely finished or in a kit that has to be assembled. The finished ones are in full sail, set up on a board that's meant to look like the surface of the sea, and mounted in a cardboard shadow box. The kit opens out like a book, and each piece is tacked lightly in place on a master chart, which explains its use and position in the completed product. A small catboat in twenty-four pieces (the more complex parts are already put together) is $2.50. Assembled, it's $7. Scale-model artillery, from France, comes in sets that contain, say, a howitzer with a half-inch bore and a field gun with a four-inch barrel; each is mounted on its proper carriage—the fieldpieces on wheels and anti-aircraft artillery on stationary bases. They are all breechloaders, and shoot paper caps with a whale of a bang; a two-inch wrench comes along with each gun, for putting on the wheels. The guns cost $5.95 a pair. Probably the most lavish amount of extra equipment ever seen for any toy automobile anywhere comes with the remote-control model of an Italian racer, seventeen inches long, which has an electric motor (A.C. or D.C.) swung low between the front wheels. Behind the steering wheel sits a helmeted and goggled driver whose body turns in whatever direction the car turns. The car is steered from the panel board of a control box, to which it is connected with a light eighteen-foot cable. So the operator can exercise his skill, there are some four dozen obstacles and hazards, including barrels, traffic lights, railroad crossings, telegraph poles, and such, among the accessories, which come in a box two feet long. Everybody ready to hear the price? $299.95.

RAPPAPORT'S TOY BAZAAR, 1381 Third Avenue (79th): The latest velocipede has a plastic windshield labelled "POLICE," a fake radio an-

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The finest gift in great taste for Christmas, wedding or anniversary. Léron's heavy-dot satin damask trays and napkins, the final classic touch for the modern or traditional dining room.

Large size trays and napkins 18" square, hand hemmed.

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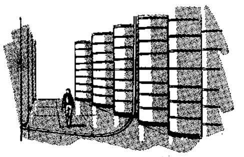

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tenna on the handle bars, a battery light on the fender, and a loud siren; one with a sixteen-inch front wheel is $17.95. A champing rocking horse, imported from Germany, has real horsehair in his mane and tail and wears an English saddle; $37.95. Young musicians are given a great deal of assistance by a red plastic piano with a fifteen-key, eighteen-inch keyboard. No matter what keys are banged, it tinkles forth a nursery tune, but it's up to the musician to keep the tune in time; its repertoire is "Farmer in the Dell" and either "Merrily We Roll Along" or "Old MacDonald." The price is $5.95, together with an edifying booklet about rhythm and pace. One can play eighty-two games, no less, with the Carrom Board set, including backgammon, tenpins, and crokinole; $9. An extra $2.50 buys a revolving wooden stand to set the board on. Every team member of the Dodgers, the Giants, or the Yankees has a reproduction of his signature crowded onto the surface of a standard-size baseball that costs a mere $2.50. A sturdy stake wagon over four feet long, with puncture-proof semi-pneumatic tires, will run you $19. A ranch-type doll house with a detached two-car garage and four rooms, two of which have floors that look something like California tile, costs $8.95, ready to be put together by the new owner or by Santa Claus. A splendid metal model of an old-time Army outpost (card-table size) includes a two-story trading post, a blacksmith shop, two plastic cannon that can shoot small pellets, a wagon drawn by a horse whose legs are movable, and nearly three dozen plastic cowboys and Indians, some on horseback; ninety pieces altogether, for $5. A plastic picnic set for four children provides cups and saucers, knives, forks, spoons, plates, and paper napkins, all packed into a pocket on a thirty-inch-square picnic cloth; $2.25. The Skyro-plane ($2.98) has a twenty-four-inch wingspread but weighs only about half an ounce, and can be reeled into the air like a kite. It operates on a thread attached to a small wooden fishing rod and reel, and there's no telling how high it would go if it had enough thread; seventy yards are provided.

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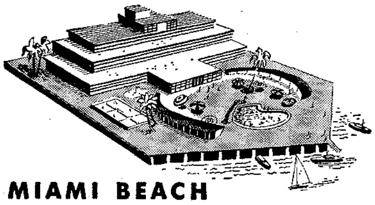

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*Owen W. Nicholls, General Manager*

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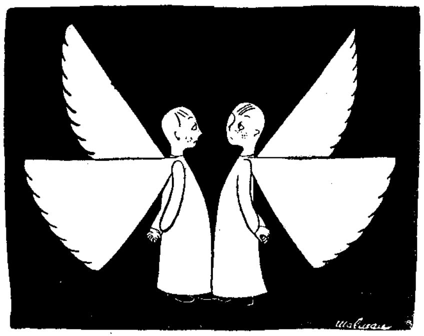
ings hideous; it won't cut pavement, but it is strong enough to rip right through, say, the topsoil in the back yard. This instrument is two feet long and costs $2. A toy that makes *much* less noise than its real-life counterpart is a milkman's delivery tray seven inches long, made of wire and holding six small wooden bottles painted to look as if they contained milk; $2.25. White blackboards, recommended for children with asthma or hay fever because the crayons designed to be used on them have a soap base and are dustless, are thirteen by eighteen inches; $2, with eight crayons. A thirty-two-page book in which the more popular birds are outlined on drawing paper comes with thirty water colors, a brush, and instructions; $1.50. The Marksman, a spring-powered automatic pistol, fires five suction darts with one loading; the pistol, five darts, and four colored bull's-eye targets for $3.95. A scale-model metal submarine, twenty-six inches long, copied from the U.S.S. Tarpon, is $9.95 in a kit that can be assembled by anyone around ten years old, or $16.50 already put together. It has twin screws and a spring motor, and it's supposed to run a minute and a half on the surface or forty-five seconds submerged, and to be capable of diving to a depth of fifty feet—quite a thing. Crystal Craft, a glass-blowing set, includes a Bunsen burner, a supply of glass tubes and rods, and detailed instructions for blowing tumblers, flowers, small animals, and so on; $3.95. A kit for making a twelve-inch scale model of a stagecoach, with copper and brass fittings and leather-upholstered seats, is $7.95. The forty components of a miniature but working four-cylinder automobile engine come in a kit for $21.50. The cylinder block is transparent, so that when the engine is running, the young mechanic can see the five-inch crankshaft turn and the sparkplugs light up.

Ann Roberts, 107 East 60th Street: This shop specializes in the enchant-



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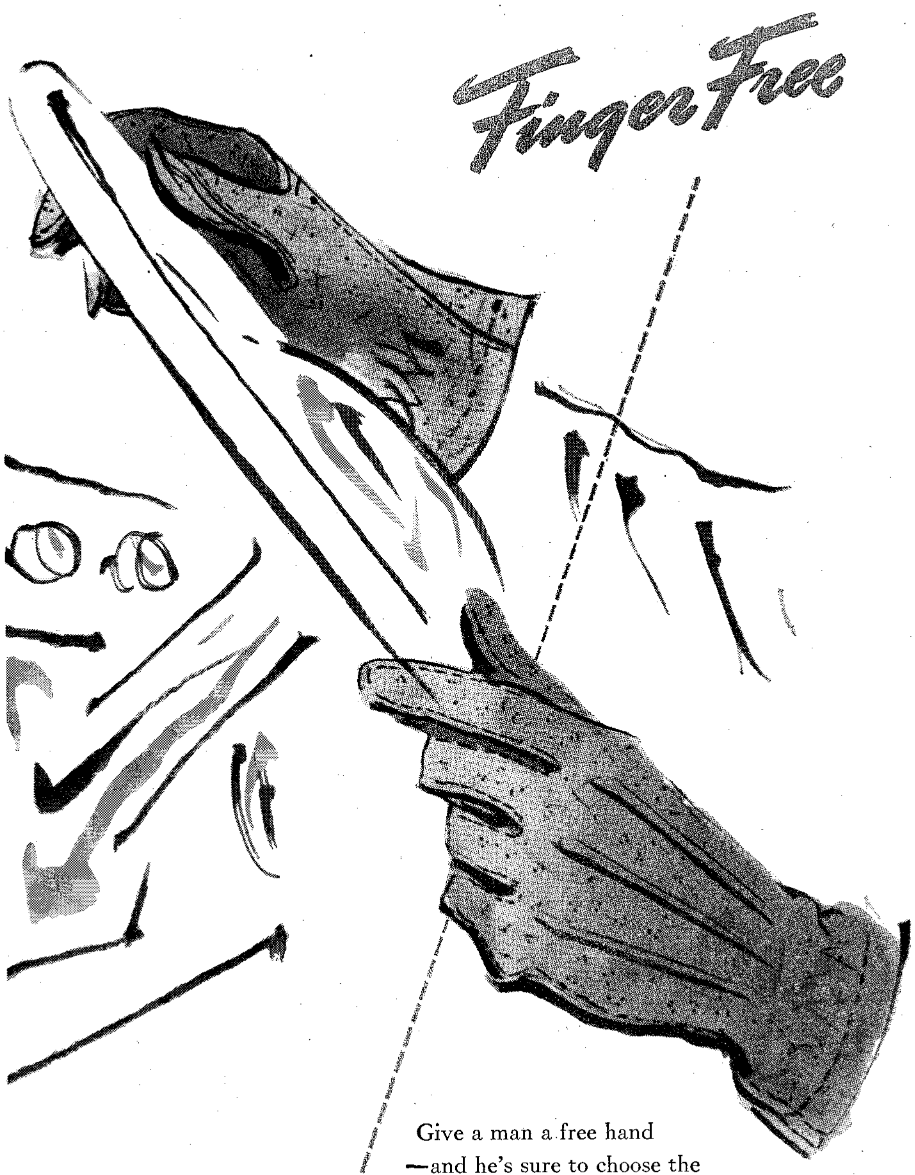

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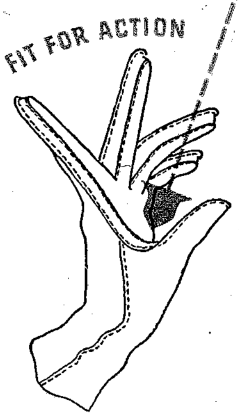

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Price depends upon the material you choose, and *includes* custom tailoring. What's more, if he prefers a fabric different from the one you select, we cheerfully make an exchange.

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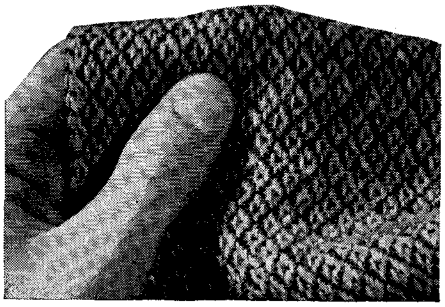

ing felt dolls made in Italy by the Lenci Company. Among the handsomest is a two-foot-tall doll whose dress is made of intricately sewn diamond-shaped pieces of felt, in a harlequin pattern. Her hair, beneath a wide-brimmed yellow felt hat, is done up in braids and bangs, and her expression is the traditional Lenci blend of pout and frown. Under one arm, she carries a fuzzy gosling; $35. A small open-mouthed baby doll with startled eyes and a pink rose sticking straight up on top of her head wears a pale-blue (or pink or green) felt dress with a zipper at the back, which, when taken off, becomes a child-size handbag; $2.95.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: The toy department here has been moved from its old quarters on East 50th Street into the main store. A red suitcase about a foot square holds a water pan, two paintbrushes, and sixteen books filled with what appear to be plain black-and-white drawings. When they're brushed with water, colors appear ($3). Castile-soap animals—the Three Bears, for instance—molded and painted in Austria, are $1.50 for a box of three. A candidate for a bath with this soap (or any other that's handy) is a puppy-size dog with a white fur body and black ears and tail; he costs $5.50. A bathinette, twenty-one inches high, made of rubberized material is $5.95. A sewing set contains seven cotton handkerchiefs to embroider, a six-inch doll with seven dresses that are cut out but need to be sewn together, thread, needles, and the rest of it ($2). A font of rubber type, with a primer that is designed to teach spelling as well as printing, is $2.50. A hairdo set in a box that is shallow enough to go into a dresser drawer is stuffed with a small printed-cotton *coiffeur's* cape, a comb, a brush, and a mirror, together with an assortment of hair ribbons, curlers, hairpins, and bobby pins (everything plastic except the cape); $4.50.

SCHIRMER, 3 East 43rd Street: All the toys here are musical, and some are so lifelike that it may be saddening for some child when he learns, later in life, that not all baby leopards can be wound up to play "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and that not all black kittens, sleeping in a kitten basket, produce "Three Little Kittens" or "Rock-a-Bye Baby" when their tails are twisted. Schirmer's leopard is $10.95, the kittens are

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The ORIGINAL
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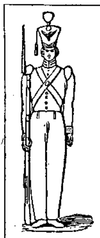

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$5.95 each, and a brown mongrel puppy (part cocker) who can bring forth "Jack and Jill" is $8.95. A squashy plush elephant, who would be about fifteen inches tall if he would just stand up (he can't), wears a pink or red clown hat and plays one of several selections, among them "Frère Jacques;" $8.95. A musical bank from Germany, topped with a carved figure of a little girl reading to three birds, won't play until a coin is dropped into it; $9.95.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ: A yard-long car with rubber-tired wheels has an adjustable seat. Its chauffeur propels it along by pumping a handle forward and back, in a rowing motion, and steers it by pushing the front axle with his feet; $27.95. A jeep imported from England, forty inches long, is faithful to the wartime models in almost every detail. It has ball-bearing wheels with solid rubber tires, and is finished in khaki enamel with stencilled numbers on the side of the hood; $29.95. A twenty-inch-long ocean liner, with a single smokestack, and four lifeboats on deck, makes a fair speed through water by means of a wind-up motor; two metal brackets attached to the hull serve as a stand to hold the ship upright when she's in drydock; $12.95. Among a vast fleet of motorcars that can accommodate nobody bigger than a doll, there's a six-inch one equipped with a spring motor and a gearshift for three speeds and reverse; $5.75. Two four-inch racing cars, when wound up, speed around the hairpin turns and overpass of a twenty-seven-inch metal speedway; $5.35. The piggy bank of piggy banks is for sale here—a black mother pig a foot and a half long, with flowers painted on her sides, six piglets snuggled against her, and room inside for about a thousand bucks in silver; $8.95. A German-made microscope, about the size of a cigar, magnifies forty times; $3.75. A beginner's accordion has forty notes, arranged for the key of C, for the right hand, and four chord buttons for the left; $10. A game called Labyrinth, from Sweden, presents a boxed-in playing surface over which a small steel ball is moved, along complicated lines, when the player tilts the board by twisting two knobs at the sides; $8. Nearly four hundred real bricks, each an inch long, are assembled in a big box along with metal window and door inserts and some roofing material. The bricks are put together

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For my best friend*
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Dubonnet COCKTAIL One-half Dubonnet one-half gin; stir with ice, strain, add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet STRAIGHT Serve well chilled, add twist of lemon peel; no ice.

Dubonnet "ON THE ROCKS", 2 ice cubes in old fashioned glass, fill with Dubonnet. Add twist of lemon peel.

Dubonnet and soda Jigger of Dubonnet, juice of ½ lemon; add ice cubes, fill with soda, stir.

Cop. 1951, Dubonnet Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. Product of U. S. A.

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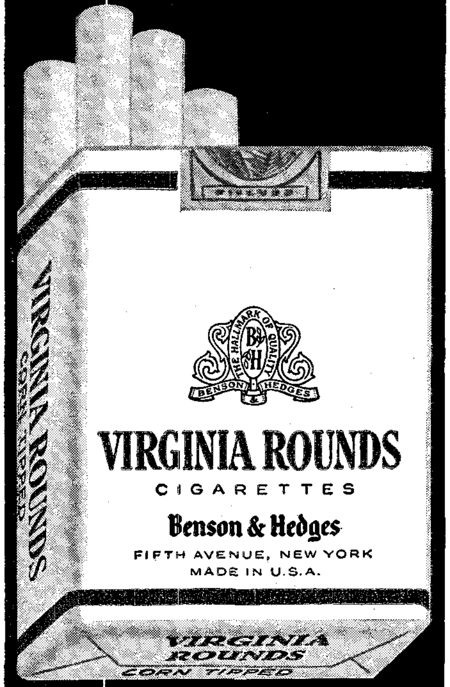
Natural Flavor



*Plain or Corn Tipped*

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

A PRODUCT OF Benson & Hedges

with a special mortar that sets firmly in fifteen minutes, and if one child encases another in brick, never mind; cold water will dissolve the mortar. The bricks can be used over and over; $5, with blueprints thrown in. A child with an artistic turn of mind might like a kit for painting small cork table mats ($3.75). An eight-inch medicine ball covered with colored plush in a harlequin pattern is designed for athletes who haven't yet learned to walk; $6.75.

Youth at Play, 1082 Madison Avenue (82nd): Enough equipment to mesmerize any child with an inclination toward photography is included in a large, professional-looking kit that centers on a camera about the size and shape of a Leica. Moving from left to right through the assembled paraphernalia, we find a roll of Kodak Verichrome 127 film; a package of Kodak Velox No. 2 speed paper (size 2½ × 3½); packages of developer, stop bath, and fixer; a chrome ferrotype plate; three plastic darkroom trays; two pairs of photographic tongs; a print frame; and a pamphlet of instructions. All for $7.95. There's a whole menagerie here of hand puppets, made in Germany of the same sort of plush that has gone into generations of stuffed toys; bears, cats, monkeys, lion cubs, and boxer dogs are represented, at $2.59 each. As for stuffed animals, there are a number of little ones, about five inches high, most of them puppy-like creatures with large heads and paws. A dachshund pup with a bell on his collar is $2.39, a young elephant is $2.29, a piglet is $2.19, and a very young boxer puppy, sitting down with his legs sprawled, is $2.

•

When the autumn came, I made another friend, who was to render me great services during my apprenticeship in Moscow. This was Michael Lykiardopoulos, the talented secretary of the Moscow Art Theatre. "Lyki" was a strange, lovable creature; one-third Greek, one-third Russian, and one-third English.—*From "Memoirs of a British Agent," by R. H. Robert Bruce Lockhart.*

Strange is right.

•

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[*Legend on a box of breakfast food*]

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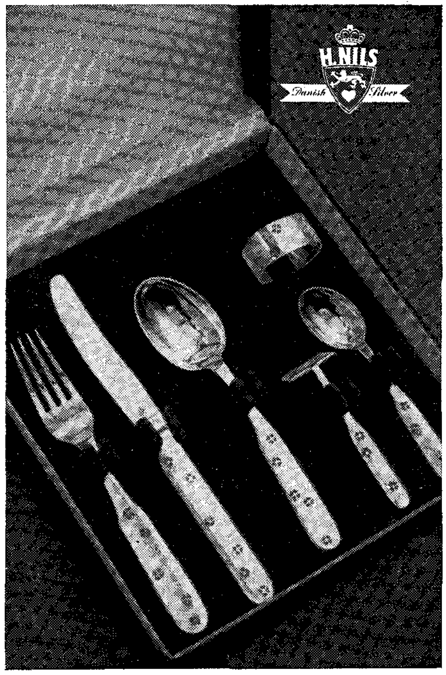

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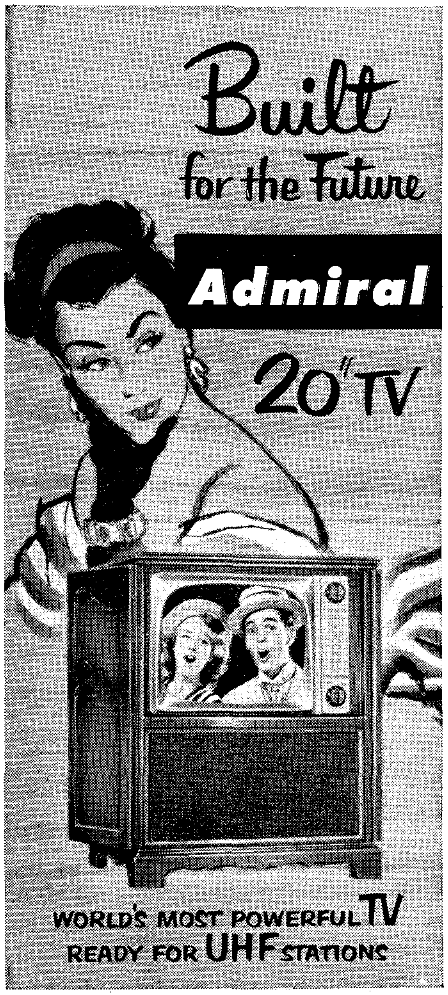
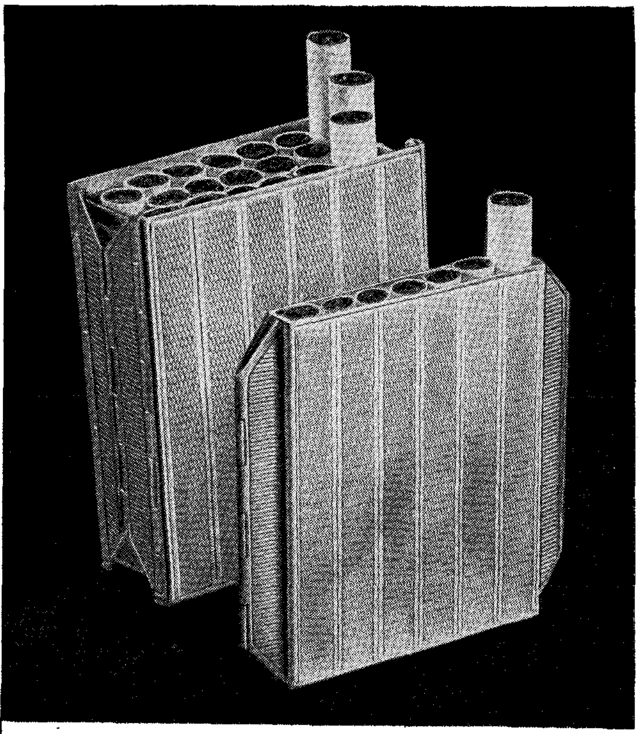


# THE RACE TRACK

## *Auditing at Bowie*

ON paper, the Prince George Autumn Handicap at Bowie last Saturday should have been a soft touch for Hasty House Farm's Oil Capitol and Inseparable, with enough other runners in it to make it mildly interesting. It is seldom, however, that races at Bowie—or anywhere else—come out exactly the way you figure them. Not to mince words about it, the winner was William Ewing's Auditing. Oil Capitol had all the dash he had a couple of weeks earlier when he won the Butler Handicap at Jamaica, but at a critical moment in his try for the lead one of the early pacemakers, Fighting Fleet, swerved, forcing him to make a very wide turn into the stretch. (It wasn't intentional, of course; Fighting Fleet merely ran out of speed, and a tiring horse is likely to sheer off in any direction.) Consequently, Oil Capitol lost lengths—just how many depended on what horse you were backing—and the best he could do was finish third. Inseparable had better luck; he kept close to the rails, and went well, but he's getting a bit long in the tooth, and Auditing, an up-and-coming brown colt by Count Fleet, beat him in the last stride or two. For my part, I wasn't awfully surprised. After all, Auditing finished third to Counterpoint and Hall of Fame in the Empire City Handicap at Jamaica not so long ago, and he is certainly one of the more consistent three-year-olds. He has been out of the money only twice in his fifteen starts this season. He'll run once more before going into winter quarters, at Camden, South Carolina. That will be in this week-end's Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap, which winds up the Bowie meeting. I hardly need add that Auditing will be the favorite.

IF the Endurance Handicap at Bowie on Thanksgiving Day hadn't been the last big event in the East for two-year-olds, there wouldn't be much point in going into it seriously. Let's not anyhow. As things turned out, there were so many entries for the race—eighteen in all—that it had to be run in two sections, like the Congressional Limited. The first was taken by Jampol, who has done most of his racing in Jersey,


it gets THINNER and THINNER

dunhill

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In New York and New Jersey, the "Cocktailer" bottle differs slightly in appearance from the illustration shown.

and he made short work of the job, going into the lead quickly and coming home ten lengths ahead of Khumbaba, Blue Thistle, and half a dozen equally unimportant animals. Orco, the winner of the second division, who had come down from New England, didn't have such an easy time. He started off slowly, and though he picked up speed in the backstretch, he didn't catch the leaders until they were less than a furlong from home. He beat Roman Law by about a length; G. R. Petersen, who set the pace most of the way, was a close third. Both Jampol and Orco carried top weight of a hundred and sixteen pounds, and were favorites in the betting. Orco's record is a shade better than Jampol's. He has won seven of his twenty-one starts, to Jampol's four out of twenty. By the way, Jim O'Brey, Orco's trainer, used to be a night-club singer, if you want to make anything out of it. Jampol will race in Miami this winter and Orco in New Orleans. Neither, I fancy, will worry the better three-year-olds next spring.

COLONEL MARTINGALE has never gone to Lincoln Downs, in Rhode Island, and never expects to go there, but he reports that its management did something last week worth copying at other tracks he could name. On Thanksgiving Day, it started its racing at 10:30 A.M., and ran off the whole program—ten races, no less—in a little more than four hours, giving everybody plenty of time to get home for an early dinner. . . . Just for the record, Bryan G. won the Pimlico Special, leading all the way, and beating County Delight as easily as he beat him in the Westchester Handicap at Jamaica. And, to make myself thoroughly disagreeable to the Maryland Jockey Club, may I say that the Special came in swell on my television set? —AUDAX MINOR

•

The cocktails and dinner are to be at Luchow's Restaurant, 110 East 14 Street, at 6:30 and the screening will be shown at 9 P.M. in the adjourning Academy of Music.—*Invitation from Twentieth Century-Fox.*

You know—the one you adjoin to.

•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*U.P. radio wire*]

(AGAIN LONDON)—PRINCESS ELIZABETH IS HOME AFTER HER TOUR OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. SHE SEEMED TIRED AND A LITTLE THINNER WHEN SHE ARRIVED IN LIVERPOOL—BUT SMILED HAPPILY TO THE CROWDS WAITING IN VAIN TO SEE HER.

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Cagney On and Off the Sauce*

TAYLOR STUA
OVE IN DEVIL

"COME FILL THE CUP" is an unreasonable title for a film that takes as dim a view of liquor as Billy Sunday ever did. The Thomas Peacock notion that "Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise alone and still drink more" is dismissed summarily in this picture. Indeed, its argument against alcohol is based on the premise that the first drink is the depth charge that eventually founders the lush. This, of course, is in line with the modern theory that drunkenness is a psychotic upheaval, a diagnosis once described by Abe Martin as nothing more than "ole d.t.s in a dress suit."

These glancing remarks about "Come Fill the Cup" might lead you to think that it is as serious a work as "The Lost Weekend," which, as you know, really got a good grip on the problems of the alcoholic. Unfortunately, while it is frequently convincing in portraying the troubles the hard stuff inflicts on men with no defense against it, its virtues are almost hopelessly marinated in good old Hollywood oil. The plot is preposterous. Once more, we have the demon reporter, the nice girl who works with him on the paper, the frosty publisher, the malevolent gangsters, and even, just to make this threadbare fabric burst its seams, the handsome young composer (a nephew of the publisher) who somehow can't finish his concerto—a piece that sounds as if it had been composed for Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Rascals. As acted by James Cagney, the reporter is a rum-soaked whiz when we first meet him. He reels steadily downhill, and one day, after knocking off a glass of apparently very powerful red wine, he topples over in a coma and doesn't get properly on his feet again until he's known the horrors of an alcoholic ward. Befriended by a good Samaritan, who was formerly a barfly, our boy is soon making his way upward on his old paper. But right when he's at the top of his game, damned if the publisher doesn't instruct him to straighten out his nephew, who is drunk and disorderly all the time. So that everything will be airtight, this musical lad is married to

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the girl our hero used to love—still does, for that matter. I guess this is enough of the story to give you the general idea, but in case you think it's too silly to cope with, I ought to point out that Mr. Cagney is a very solid actor, and that most of his assistants here—Phyllis Thaxter, James Gleason, and Gig Young, in particular—are all right, too.

As if the movies weren't having enough trouble with television, along comes "Two Tickets to Broadway," which describes, with a good deal of noisy music, how a troupe of talented young actors crash the golden gates that lead to Channels 2, 4, and 5. If Hollywood persists with this kind of noblesse oblige, it will presently find itself with no candidates panting around its casting offices except those who don't blend with the snow flurries and eye-crossing dress patterns of the television screen. However that may be, "Two Tickets to Broadway" is the sort of picture you expect to turn up in the summer, when everybody is out of town. Apart from a toucan, alleged to be nesting in Central Park, I found little of interest in the film. Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Eddie Bracken, Ann Miller, Gloria DeHaven, Smith and Dale, and Bob Crosby make up the cast. The last sings a dreary song about the difficulties of being Bing's brother. I wish the Crosbys, one and all, would confine their family jokes to their homes.

In "Too Young to Kiss," June Allyson pretends to be a thirteen-year-old, so that she can play the piano for Van Johnson, who is supposed to be an impresario with a weakness for listening to children. Miss Allyson is about as plausible in her role as Dame May Whitty would be as Cinderella. You have probably seen Mr. Johnson before, so I need say nothing about his inadequacies.... "Fixed Bayonets!" is standard-brand military stuff about the Korean war. No better, no worse than usual. Richard Basehart, as a corporal too nervous to be a leader, heads the cast.

—John McCarten

•

### WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The Master, by Max Brod (Philosophical Library, $4.75). Based on the life of Christ.—*The Herald Tribune, Nov. 5th.*

The Master, by Max Brod (Philosophical Library, $4.75). A historical novel about Meleager, Greek poet and compiler of the Greek Anthology.—*The Times, same day.*

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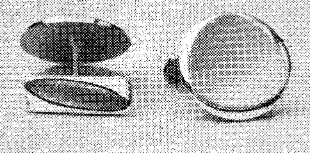

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# PROPRIETORS OF A SILVER MINE

IN 1935, I bought a small hut, called a *bastidon*, with an acre of ground, on the outskirts of the village of Callian, in the Var. I knew and liked that part of Provence, though I was a stranger to Callian itself, except for once having driven through it in a friend's car, stopping to lunch at the inn on freshly caught trout and raspberry tartines. The day I was to move into my *bastidon*, I watched my furniture piled onto a truck outside the rented villa I had occupied in Cannes, took my typewriter, hand luggage, and a case of fragile things I wanted to safeguard, and caught the bus express that ran from Cannes to Draguignan. For a consideration, the driver agreed to deposit me in Callian, "although we do not actually *stop* there," he explained, "so Madame must be quick at the descent."

When we reached Callian, I descended as nimbly as I could with so many bags and bundles. I left them at the bus station in the care of a boy who was to deliver them to the *bastidon* by wheelbarrow, and made my way to the office of the notary to get the deed and my key. His name was Corbeau—straight out of the fables of Jean de La Fontaine. He spoke with a throaty caw and it would not have surprised me to come on him "perched upon a tree."

When I arrived at his office, full of the excitement and eager anticipation of a new *propriétaire*, I found Maître Corbeau in no hurry to conclude our transaction. First, we must drink together from his own wine. "My vineyard is near your earth," he said. Also, he said that we must avoid to walk in the heat of the day, and it was half an hour's steady climb from the village to the *bastidon*. "*Peu commode* for carrying things from the bus," he concluded.

"My things are being delivered by wheelbarrow," I said. "I found an obliging boy who will make the necessary trips."

"The little Ratineau?" he asked.

"I believe so."

"How much did he ask?"

"Five francs for two trips," I said.

Maître Corbeau pursed his mouth. "It was prudent of Madame to engage him only twice," he said. "After that should come discussion. For regular trips, of course, he must take less."

"But it requires only *two* trips," I said, bewildered.

"For Madame to make up her mind," said Maître Corbeau. "Exactly. When it is made up, she must not hesitate to point out to the young Ratineau that there are others in this village with their wheelbarrows who would demand nothing better than to meet the bus and deliver Madame's things. There is Espitalier, who passes daily by her house with a cart. Confidentially, young Ratineau is best. Espitalier is often drunk and always impatient. He will not wait for the bus to arrive if it is late. Who knows how many times he would fail to appear? Madame is safe with Ratineau. That one is serious. But he must be made to reduce his price."

"I don't understand," I said. "There can be no question of regular employment. It is only today that my luggage needs to be transported to the *bastidon*."

"I am thinking of Madame's marketing," Maître Corbeau explained. "The nearest market is in Grasse. She does not need to attend it personally. She can give her list to Rouvier, the bus driver, once a week, twice a week, as often as she needs. He does the buying while the bus is in Grasse. It waits there all day. It goes the once and returns the once, with packages. Then one pays Rouvier his commission, which is reasonable—less than the cost of the fare—and one takes the produce home. Since Madame lives uphill, so long a walk, it is prudent of her to engage a wheelbarrow."

"I do not mind the walk," I said. "I have a knapsack in which to carry my provisions, and I think I will buy what I need locally, a little at a time."

A strange expression traversed Maître Corbeau's face. "You can try," he said, dropping the ceremonial third person.

I thought he took my attitude as an admission of indigence or possibly of parsimony, which, however laudable in the native-born, would be a crime in a foreigner, and I expected that now he would bring our interview to an end. Instead, he poured himself more wine and began to talk of Rouvier, the bus driver. "His ancestors ran errands for the village in the tenth century," Maître Corbeau said. "There has always been a Rouvier in Callian who was the colporteur—first on foot, then with a mule, then with horses, and now with a motorbus. In all that time, not one was found dishonest. A record, *hein*?"

I said it was indeed, and shuffled my

Ronald Searle

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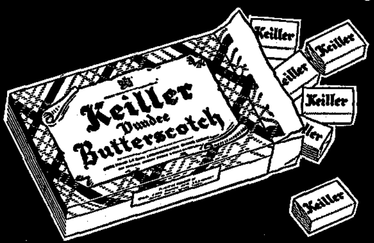

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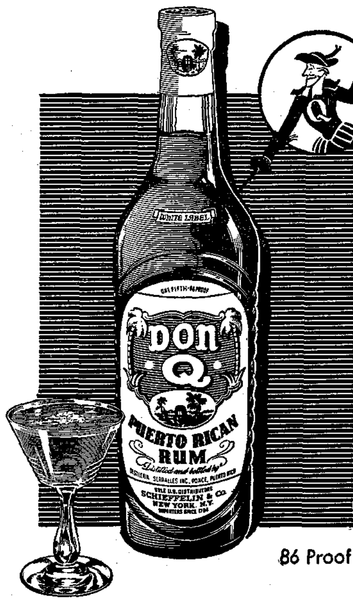

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feet, impatient to take key and deed and climb the hill to my new home, to await the arrival of young Ratineau with his wheelbarrow and the truck from Cannes with my furniture. But Maître Corbeau was not to be hurried. He leaned back reflectively, and began to tell me the history of Callian from the days of King René, in 1441. My attention wandered to a picture hanging behind his head, in which an angry countenance in a cloud was admonishing an angel holding a thunderbolt to get busy and strike with it. The caption read: "*Au Tout Puissant irrité, et à son ange vengeur, frappant de la contagion de la Peste le peuple de Callian.*" I felt, as Maître Corbeau talked on, that I understood what had irritated the Almighty, and could sympathize with His decision to strike the people of Callian with the plague or with anything else that might insure dispatch of one's affairs.

As we reached the seventeenth century, I stood up and held out my hand for the deed and the key. This was rude. Maître Corbeau, cut off in the midst of his eloquence, sighed. He got documents and key from his desk, picked up his hat, showed me out, and accompanied me across the village square. As we walked through the square, we passed two of the shops where I intended to do my marketing. The windows of both were dark and small, and one could scarcely see what was displayed in them. I glanced through the doorway of the *épicerie* and got the impression of a large, dim room stretching away forever, with shelves and tables piled with goods. It seemed probable that I would find there the articles I might require, especially if I bought most of the perishable things—eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, and poultry—from farmers near my house.

MAÎTRE CORBEAU left me at the foot of the hill. Wheelbarrow and truck were in front of the *bastidon* when I arrived. I spent the next two days unpacking and getting things straight. Since I had brought enough food and household supplies from Cannes to last a week, I did not need to investigate the shops of Callian at once. Presently, however, I ran out of soap and *eau de javelle*, and I also thought I would like to buy a mousetrap, some ant powder, and an extra casserole. I walked down the hill one morning before the heat could strike, my knapsack on my back, and went directly to the general store. It was called the Maison Arbetier, according to

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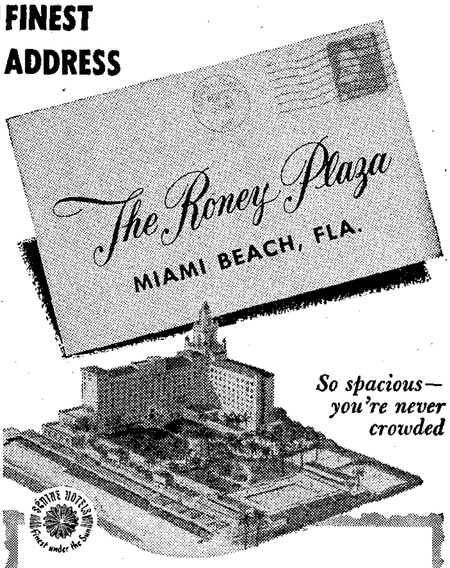

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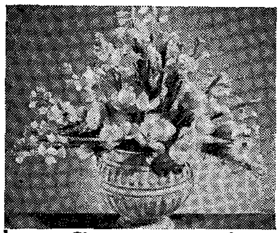

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a sign in faded letters over the door. The doorway was screened by a bamboo curtain hanging from a rod, on which also hung a row of tarnished bells. I pushed the curtain aside, the bells rang, and I went in.

The place was apparently deserted. There was a musty, old-fashioned smell—a mixture of camphor, beeswax, leather, and peppermint. Candles, kerosene lamps, chains, hinges, nails, nightcaps, dishes, bottles with gray powder in them were heaped and scattered in no sort of order on the shelves. I roamed among them, interestedly sniffing, picking up this and that. Suddenly my eyes fell on a small bronze casserole—such a casserole as might have graced a Provençal kitchen a hundred years before. It had a well-fitting cover, a handle that caressed the grasping hand. It was a jewel of a casserole. I lifted up my voice and called "Allô! Allô!" as though I were on the telephone, and "Madame! Monsieur! Is there anyone there?"

No one responded, and I walked toward the door with the casserole in my hand, to look at it in the light. It needed only to be burnished with the juice of a lemon to shine like an angel. I said this aloud to the silence. Then a door in the back of the shop opened and a woman came in—a typical crone, in rusty black, with a cap on her head, gray hair drawn tight beneath it, a lined, waxen face, and little puffed hands. She came toward me, at a steady, purposeful trot that somehow alarmed me, like the advance of a hostile pug dog whose snapping couldn't do much harm but might be a nuisance around one's feet. "*Fermé!*" she panted. "*Fermé!* One is shut today."

"But the door was open and there was no sign," I said.

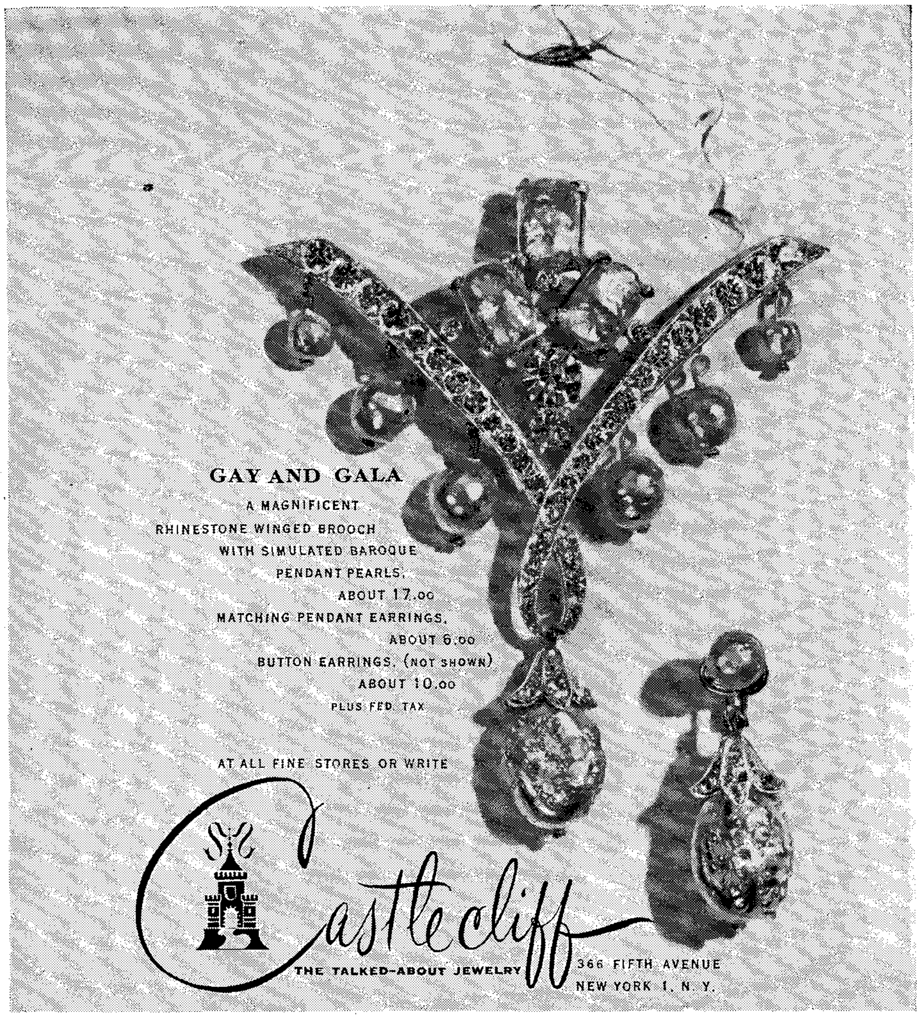
"One is shut today. One regrets, Madame." She made a gesture toward the bamboo curtain.

"But I wanted to buy this," I said. "How much is it?"

"One is shut. One is shut," she said. "Nothing can be sold. Impossible!" She took the casserole out of my hands, held it for a moment uncertainly, then put it on a heap of men's undershirts on a shelf behind her. "One would not part with it in any case. Madame has time to reach Rouvier before his departure. Rouvier will buy her anything she needs."

"Not a casserole like that," I said.

"Understood," she said. "One does not find a casserole like that easily today, in Grasse, or Provence—or," she added, "in France, either," as though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Provence were not to be considered part of France.

"In that case—" I began.

"It is not for sale," she said.

"But it is just the casserole I want!"

"Madame imagines that to want is enough?" The dumpy black figure bent over, wheezing with laughter. "*Ça, par exemple!*" She put a hand on my arm.

"She's crazy," I thought as she propelled me to the door and pushed me firmly out. "*Fermé, fermé, fermé!*" she said, drawing the bamboo curtain. I heard the door behind the curtain close and the sound of a bolt being shot into place.

Standing nonplussed in the street, I tried to invent explanations to satisfy myself. She was some insane relative of the owner of the shop, who had left her in charge for the day, or today was a fête and the shop had to be closed. But in that case why did she expect the shops in neighboring Grasse to be open? Was it a purely local fête? Even so, when there was a customer, cash in hand, ready to conclude a sale, it was unlike any French shopkeeper I had previously encountered not to make the transaction.

I went across the square. The *épicerie* was open. If there was a fête, it was evidently not one for grocers to observe. I was cheered momentarily, but I was at once informed by M. Loubeau, the proprietor, that to his regret his establishment contained no soap, no *eau de javelle*, no ant powder—nothing of interest to Madame, who would do well to make instant contact with M. Rouvier. M. Rouvier would still be available if Madame made some haste, and he would attend to her wants in Grasse.

I saw bars of soap and bottles of javelle on one of the nearest shelves, but I could not get past M. Loubeau's dignified resistance. I was escorted from his shop on a wave of courtesy, convinced that the people of Callian detested foreigners and took this method of declaring it. Their hatred, I thought, must be strong—stronger than self-interest. I was depressed. I crossed the square again and entered the baker's with some hesitation. Here I was served with a cheerful indifference that revived my heart and made me buy more of the long, crusty, good fresh loaves than I needed. I set off up the hill.

A FEW days later, I decided to capitulate and order the things I needed through Rouvier, since there seemed to be no other way of getting

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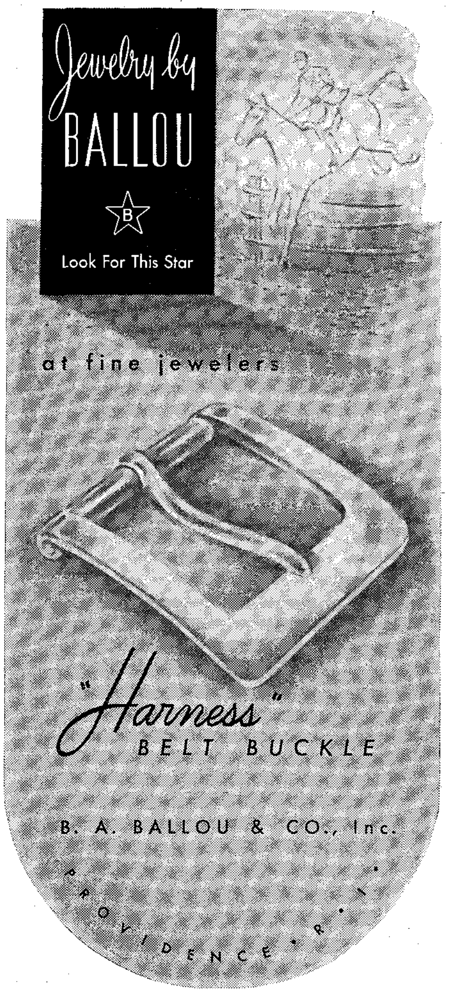

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them. I went in search of the young Ratineau, and after an animated discussion, accompanied by much waving of arms and tossing about of such phrases as "simple justice," "regularity of service," and "the weight of the wheelbarrow," I made a deal with him to deliver packages from bus to *bastidon* for what I felt the notary—whom I threatened to summon to protect my interests—would call a "friendly price."

I got my soap and *eau de javelle* next day, and presently a supply of groceries was being delivered to me twice a week. But I was curious and resentful still, and I thought, sometimes, of the casserole. One day when I felt brave, I made another attempt to become a customer of the Maison Arbetier. This time, I heard voices as I parted the bamboo curtain. A man I recognized—a native of Callian, no foreigner—was leaning over the counter, pleading breathlessly with the old woman. "It is an emergency," I heard him say. "You know well I would not trouble you otherwise, my friend. How many times have I been here in the last six months? Not once!"

"Well," she conceded, "but—"

"Rouvier is already gone," the man said. "We cannot wait until tomorrow. *Voyons*, it is only a little that I need."

"I will oblige you this time only, then, for the sake of our good friendship," the woman said. Then she saw me. "*Fermé, fermé, fermé!*" she shouted.

The man turned upon me, too. "This establishment is closed!" he cried shamelessly.

"Except, of course, in an emergency," I said tentatively, looking toward my casserole.

"Ah, no!" said the crone. "You will not sing me that one! *Par exemple!* They are in the town a month and they think they can have an emergency! They come to bother us with their needs and their notions, to deplete our goods. *Fermé*, I say. *Fermé!*"

I retreated, but I had learned one curious thing. It was not because I was a foreigner, or even, necessarily, a latecomer, that I could not buy my casserole. Nobody could buy from the Maison Arbetier or the *épicerie* except in a genuine emergency. It occurred to me that I had seen all the inhabitants of Callian meekly doing their marketing through Rouvier, which should have shown me I was no exception.

I felt I must know the answer. I made a pretext of needing help with a tax form I had to file, and called on Maître Cor-

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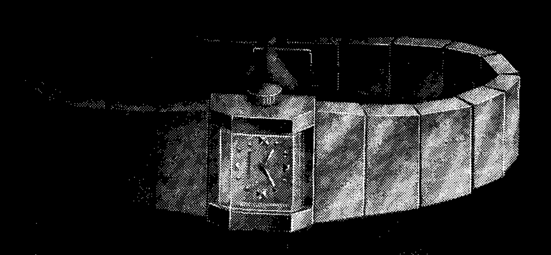

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beau. We concluded this business and had a pleasant visit. Then I put my question.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head and smiling at me, "if Madame had not been in such a hurry on the day of the delivery of the deed, if she had listened patiently to my discourse on the history of Callian, she would know the answer. I was on the way to telling her. But women, especially the young and lovely"—he bowed gallantly—"are impatient. And foreigners!" He raised his eyes and shrugged energetically to show the impatience of foreigners.

"Tell me about it now," I asked him.

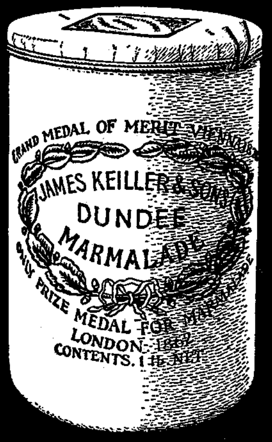
"Very well," he said, pouring us each a glass of wine before he began.

THE occupations in Callian were all hereditary, like Rouvier's, Maître Corbeau said. There had always been an Arbetier in general merchandise, a Loubeau in groceries, a Tisserand to sell tobacco, and a Doux to bake. The shops were handed down from father to son, or to nephew or cousin—always kept in the family. "They constitute a justification and a pedigree," he said. "Nobody would dream of changing his inherited occupation. Thus it went along, here in Callian, with our family stores supplying all our needs. Everyone worked hard then—oh, very hard—for a small profit. The sou was something to chase. Shutters came down early and went up very late. Until—if Madame will permit an excursion into the history which wearies her—there came the affair of the mine."

Maître Corbeau paused and looked at me questioningly. I nodded. "In the Middle Ages," he continued, "the families of Callian owned a silver mine. It was rich and inexhaustible, but it was closed in 1680 by order of the King. Some fifty years ago, it was opened up again, and immediately certain of those families were rich. All the families, of course, had hung on to their shares."

"For two hundred years?" I interrupted.

"Naturally," he said. "The Arbetiers, the Loubeaus, the Tannerons, and the Tisserands had many shares. The Doux and others had only a few. For those who had many it was wealth, extreme wealth. Oh, I do not say that in Paris, for instance, it might not have been spent, with an effort, but the Callianais have always lived simply, in Callian. There were their shops, their houses above their shops, the customary train of life to be continued, and the needs of



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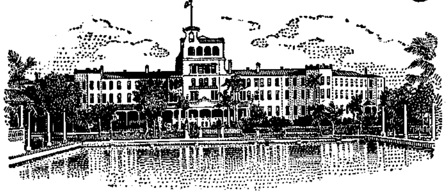

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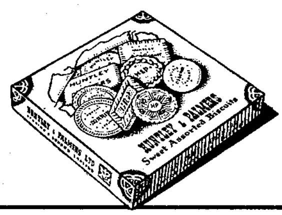

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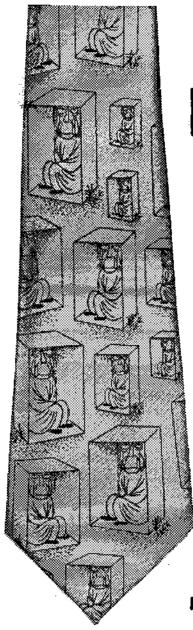

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the village to be met, which was honorably done at first. But with millions in the sock, a gradual disinclination to bestir himself came over this one and that one. When the growth of transportation made it possible for the village needs to be met in Grasse— well, commerce here fell off. Since the occupations are hereditary and a source of ancient pride, they are not to be abandoned lightly—that would be seen as ostentation and vainglory, a vulgar declaration that one considers oneself too big for one's ancestral boots—but that they are neglected, Madame has seen for herself. It must be thirty years since *la mère* Arbetier replenished her stock, and Loubeau's is almost as bad."

"The baker works," I said. "Why is that?"

"The Doux have only fifteen shares," said Maître Corbeau. "Ah, Madame, how little you and I might urge ourselves to do if we were the *propriétaires* of a silver mine! My ancestors were negligent, they came here late, while yours were still in tepees, is it not?"

It was not, but I didn't contradict him. He leaned back, smiling. "So we content ourselves with merchandise from Grasse, inferior though it is."

"Especially the casseroles," I said, and rose to go. "By the way," I added, "in the arrangement I made with the young Ratineau I used your name to impress him."

"You got a good price, I heard," Maître Corbeau said. "Let me know if he should neglect your affairs. There are new boys growing up, and fortunately not all of them have shares in the silver mine."

He bowed me out.—EVELYN EATON

•

The association bestowed a life membership posthumously on the late John Wuetrich, of Greenwood.—*Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Well, a gesture's a gesture.

•

Q. What is the pronunciation of the name of the author Evelyn Waugh? L.C.R.

A. Her last name is pronounced "Waw."—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Journal.*

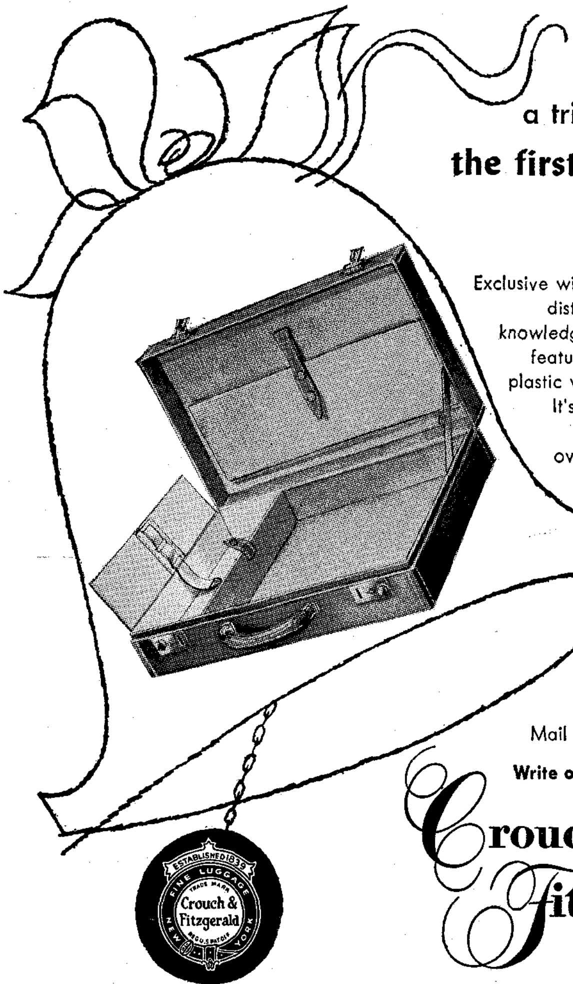
Next question.

•

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Sun Field," by Heywood Broun, 1923*]

Sex comes sparsely into the American novel not because the author is afraid of the law or even conscience-stricken, but because he doesn't know much about it.



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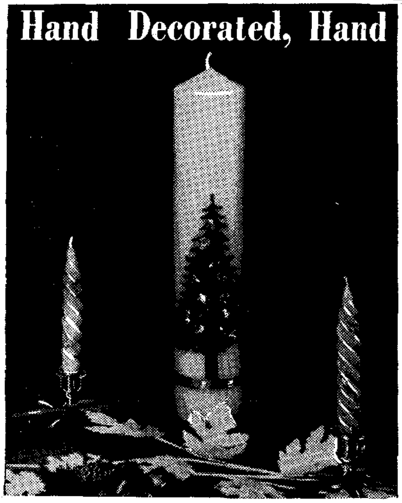

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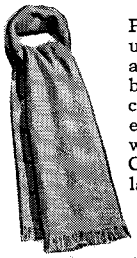

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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Henri Matisse*

THE three men on whom practically the whole structure of modern French painting rests—Picasso, Braque, and Matisse—are still, almost incredibly, alive. The first two, aged seventy, are the youngest, and both have within recent years been given big retrospective exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art. Matisse is nearly eighty-two, and to round out its coverage of the immortal trio, the Museum has turned its attention to him in an exhibition that, although it's not overly large (seventy-odd paintings, in addition to an equal number of sculptures, prints, water colors, and so on), is admirably designed to illustrate his artistic development. If it reveals him to be less daring than the first and less sensitive than the second of his two great contemporaries—and less controversial than either—it also shows him to be an artist of enormous assurance, integrity, and finesse.

Matisse's one real taste of controversy came early in his long career, when, as leader of the Fauves, he was for a time reviled, and by then the pattern of his development had been firmly established. Born in December, 1869, he didn't take up painting until he was turning twenty, but then he showed such immediate facility that the first picture in the exhibition, and one of his earliest canvases extant, the "Books and Candle" of 1890, shows him already solidly grounded in the traditional techniques of that day. Chardin was his model then, and as if in a swift one-man recapitulation of the course of French art in the century before him, he went from Chardin on (in his "Breton Serving Girl" of 1896, for instance) to the Impressionists; tried his hand sporadically, as in the "Sideboard and Table" of 1899, at the Pointillist style; and, in the dark, boldly simplified "Male Model" of the following year, ventured close to Cézanne, both in manner and feeling.

This was all in the nature of experiment, and the pattern it foreshadowed, of eclectic experiment succeeded by synthesis and advance, is the one that, with minor variations of emphasis, he has followed most of his life. His next advance was into Fauvism, and though the movement didn't come fully to flower until a few years later, in 1907 (the year, by the way, that Cubism was launched with Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon"), one sees hints of it, well before such thoroughly Fauvist pieces as "The Young Sailor" and "The Blue Nude," in the heightened tensions and free use of color of his "Still Life Against the Light" and "Interior at Collioure." In "Luxe, Calme et Volupté" of 1904-05, inspired by the Baudelaire poem "L'Invitation au Voyage," one also has a rare opportunity of seeing the Pointillist style almost at the moment of its merging with the more linear and coloristically more ebullient, but still related, style of the Fauves.

One result of these not so much cautious as carefully thought-out advances is that Matisse's style never seems as adventurous as it really is. There have been no abrupt changes in his career. In a sense, he created his own tradition as he went along, and because of this basic continuity there's a deceptive lack of sensationalism about his work that conceals a number of important innovations. His next great step came after he had felt the impact of African Negro and abstract art, but once again the influences were carefully considered and fully absorbed before they were allowed to appear in his work, and they showed only as added facets to an integrated artistic attack.

To be sure, he had some failures in the process of adaptation, and if his big "The Dance," a study for the large mural now in Moscow, represents an almost perfect blending of abstract simplifications with the rhythmic and coloristic freedom he had developed, his "A Path in the Woods of Clamart" and "Portrait of Mlle. Yvonne Landsberg" are less successful, as is the sketchy and scattery "Red Studio." The blue beautifully balanced "Interior with Goldfish," however, is, like "Piano Lesson," a handsome example of abstract economy of design used with more or less realistic subject matter to create a feeling of clarity and space, and in the end it was these qualities—economy, balance, and clarity—that became his most valuable endowment from his dabbling in abstract theory.

His Mediterranean period, running through most of the nineteen-twenties, came next. With its fetchingly half-clad or unclad girls in sultry, exotic interiors—with, too, always a window opened on a glimpse of the sea or the street to give a feeling of coziness and intimacy to the scene within—it was Matisse's most chic period, and the one

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in which he seemed most in danger of just settling down to repeating himself. Perhaps because of this, it is skimped in the show. It produced some good pictures, though, as his "Meditation" and "Interior at Nice," among others in the collection, prove. And (for it soon appeared that although Matisse was by then almost sixty, he was in no mood for settling down) within a few years he went on to newer and bolder experiments.

These were mainly based on an elaboration of the Moorish motifs he had used only incidentally in his paintings of the twenties, and a good deal of his work since the early thirties has followed that pattern. Lately, too, he has shown a tendency to return to the sinuously simplified, semi-abstract design of his earlier days, and the combination, in such pieces as "Odalisque with Tambourine," "Decorative Figure on an Ornamental Background," "The Conservatory," and "Large Interior in Red" (this last done only three years ago), is extraordinarily vigorous and effective. At the time I saw the show, his most ambitious effort of all, the designs for the Chapel of the Rosary at Vence, had not yet been assembled. But, even so, it's clear that the old master is still going strong.

I hesitate so late in the discussion to say much of the man's sculpture, for I don't especially like his efforts in this medium, and apart from the small "Woman Leaning on Her Hands" and "Reclining Nude, I," both fairly early, the majority of the figures have little true sculptural feeling or grasp of composition in the round. The group of drawings and water colors is something else again. Matisse, with his quick, incisive line and vivid feeling for boundaries, has always been truly adept at the graphic art, and I'd recommend such pieces as the delicate "The Arab Blouse," "Seated Nude, Back Turned," and the boldly black "Dahlias and Pomegranates."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Strauss's Laughing Song, from Der Fledermaus, and Vices of Spring came rather as an anti-climax. They were received with thunderous applause.—*Melbourne (Australia) Age.*

It's the restless mood people are in.

•

### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Langhorne (Pa.) Delaware Valley Advance*]

Mrs. Helen Peters had a very unfortunate accident a week ago Monday when one of her buildings blew down.

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# BOOKS

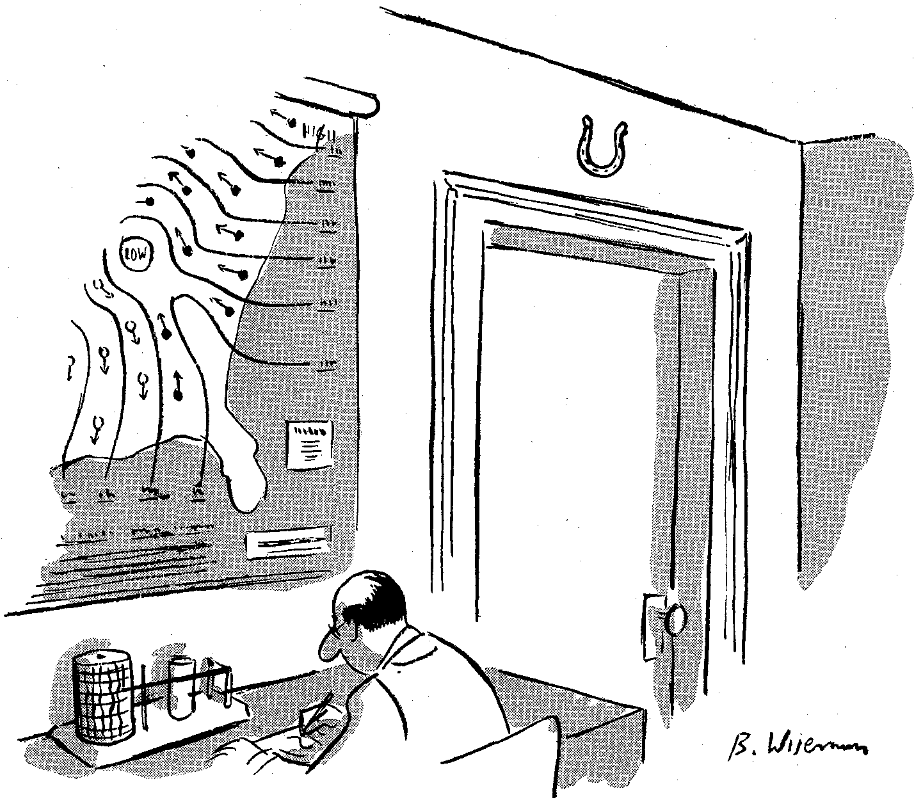
## *Books for the Children*

As little as fifteen or twenty years ago, adults bent at Christmastime on selecting books for the children on their lists were confronted with an annual total of no more than perhaps five hundred new juvenile titles to choose from, and these they as likely as not passed by in favor of the nostalgic pleasure of settling for reprints of the classics of their childhood. Today, any book salesman worth his salt, far from letting a holiday shopper get off with just a visit to the shelves holding the now dazzling array of tempting reprints of the old standbys, will rightfully, as a representative of the children themselves, insist that his customer also examine at least the cream of the current output, which, for 1951, all signs indicate, will amount to well over a thousand titles by the time Christmas is here. Fortunately, in its rise to a lucrative and highly specialized position in the publishing field, the children's-book industry has generally maintained a high level of quality. This year, however, when, with everything costing more to put between covers, one might expect publishers to think twice before committing themselves, the juvenile offering is, surprisingly, the most mediocre to have come along since the war. There is, to be sure, a large supply of good, solid, inoffensive items in almost every category (there is even a story written for deaf children), but there is a smaller proportion than usual of superior books and a minuscule number of superlative ones. Nevertheless, contrary to the tendency in the sagging adult-fiction market, where the public is showing signs of having had enough claptrap, the sale of children's books, the buyers tell me, goes briskly forward. Moreover, as potentially dangerous a rival as television seems to have had little effect on youngsters' reading habits, for librarians report that the circulation in the juvenile rooms has risen, rather than declined, since its advent.

Either because writing a good children's book is a form of old-age insurance (such a book will continue indefinitely to sell at a rate of one or two thousand copies a year as new crops of children grow up to it) or simply because of a pleasure to be found in wandering through the realms of wonder and surprise that is seldom matched by portraying the world of grownups, an increasing number of authors of adult books seem to be seeing what they can produce for youngsters. On the whole, they do no better and no worse than the straight juvenile writers. It is worth noting, though, that we are lucky this season in having an unusually successful invasion of juvenile territory, by such authors as Henry Steele Commager, Rumer Godden, Frances Winwar, Marchette Chute, C. S. Lewis, and Marcel Aymé. There is even an item for small tots by Graham Greene scheduled, though not for some weeks from now; its title, "The Little Red Fire Engine," suggests that its author has temporarily abandoned his heretofore inveterate contemplation of the problem of good and evil.

Miss Godden's imaginative story called "The Mousewife," Marcel Aymé's "The Wonderful Farm," with its original lot of talking animals and their escapades in the company of two little French girls, and C. S. Lewis's "Prince Caspian," a tale of four children's excursion into a magic world, are particularly welcome. A minor year like this one is apt to point up the weak spots in juvenile-book publishing as a whole, and the present offerings, except for these three books and a few other superior ones, reveal quite baldly, among other things, the banal wholesomeness of most of the hundreds of books of fiction that are served up to the youngsters annually. They may neatly fit what our educators, in their preoccupation with children in the mass, tell us are the needs and interests proper to each stage of a child's development, and they unquestionably shield the child effectively—a dubious virtue—from what we, as parents, somehow seem unable to admit to him: that it's a tough and not at all moral world he lives in. But in this insulated, antiseptic utopia, which starts with the innocuous easy-to-read books, restricted in vocabulary to a screened list of words, and continues up through the teen-age novels, with their impossible adventures or roseate pictures of ordinary existence, there is no challenge to stretch the child's imagination or perception, nor is any attempt made to confront him with a bit of real life more advanced than the life he is now experiencing.

Just as the books by Miss Godden, M. Aymé, and Mr. Lewis prove that even the most delightful fantasies can be built against realistic backgrounds, two other outstanding titles on this year's lists—"Ginger Pye," by Eleanor Estes, and "Spiderweb for Two," by Elizabeth Enright—show that it's possible to write everyday stories about lively modern children that are full of fun and ad-



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venture and the imaginative revels so dear to their readers without resorting to a saccharine setting. You may also want to consider for your favorite children three more well-written stories that have their feet firmly on the ground: "The Marble Fountain," by Valenti Angelo, an account of two orphaned Italian boys and their part in helping a village rebuild after the war; "Eskimo Boy," a stark tale of heroism by Pipaluk Freuchen; and "Pong Choolie, You Rascal!," by Lucy Herndon Crockett, a story for teen-agers that deals with a Korean lad caught up in the present conflict and that dares to end with its hero facing an uncertain future.

ONE of the amusing by-products of today's earnest efforts to produce the so-called well-adjusted child is to be found in the parents one reads about in this year's juvenile fiction—by American authors, at any rate. In general, they are an unsullied lot of marshmallows. Behind all the frantic adventuring of the children stand the mother, redolent of cooky-making, and the father, bristling with Boy Scouting—both smiling brilliantly no matter what injuries their offspring inflict on them, as even-voiced as Sunday-school superintendents and as colorless as a windowpane. And they nearly always think in easy-to-read vocabularies. Apparently, however, it is permissible for the parents in hillbilly tales, or in stories with old-fashioned settings, to be occasionally unpleasant, and noteworthy exceptions along this line to the sugar-dusted fathers and mothers are to be found in "Shoot for a Mule," by E. H. Lansing, a fine story, for seven- to ten-year-olds, that portrays Kentucky mountaineers humorously and candidly, and "Davey," by Rubylea Hall, for teen-agers, which tells with laudable honesty and depth of perception about the struggles of a Florida cracker boy.

There are a number of entertaining books from Europe this season, and in them, too, the parents are often people. In "The Saucepan Journey," by Edith Unnerstad, a jolly account of a family's fortunes as it tours the Swedish countryside vending saucepans, the father and mother, both of them rather frustrated and frequently nervous, are not very prosperous, but when the chips are down, they have what it takes. M. Aymé's book presents a realistically drawn peasant mother and father, who will probably seem ogres in the eyes of American parents; part of the story's drama lies in the way their small daughters go about outwitting them—a not

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DRAWINGS BY ALAN DUNN
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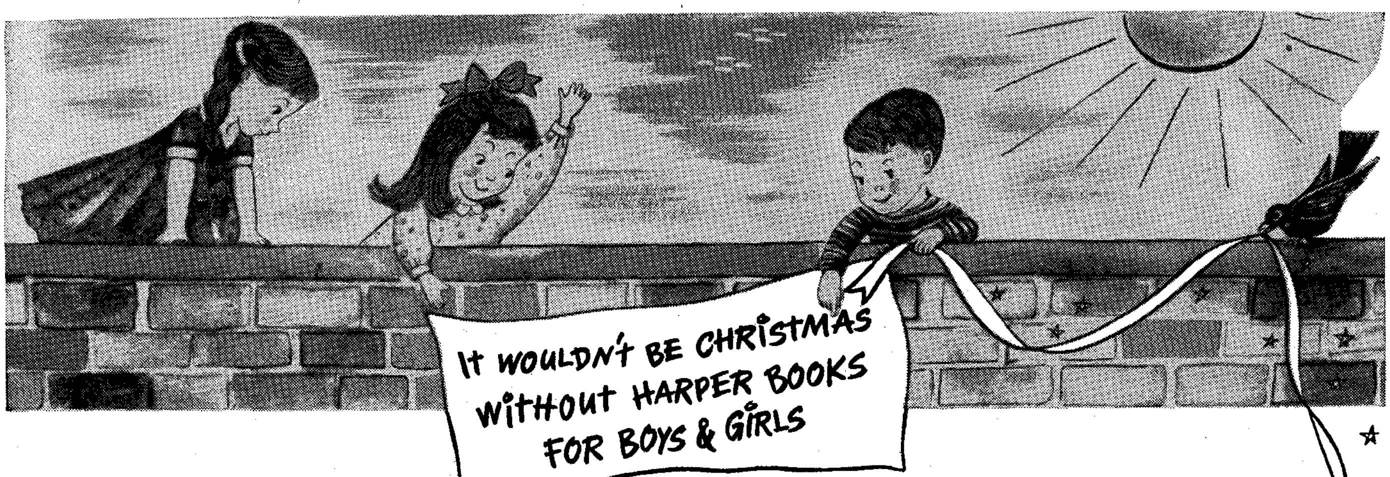
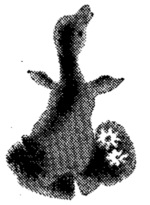

It wouldn't be Christmas without Harper Books for Boys & Girls



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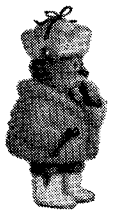

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**By MARGARET WISE BROWN.** Illustrated by LEONARD WEISGARD. A new Noisy Book with all the old imagination and humor. Ages 3-6. $1.75. Cloth. $2.25

### THE SEA GULLS WOKE ME

**By MARY STOLZ.** A fine novel for older girls, by the author of *To Tell Your Love* and *The Organdy Cupcakes.* Ages 14 up. $2.50

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**By NORA BENJAMIN.** A sixteen-year-old girl discovers the happiness of a growing and enduring love. Ages 14 up. $2.50

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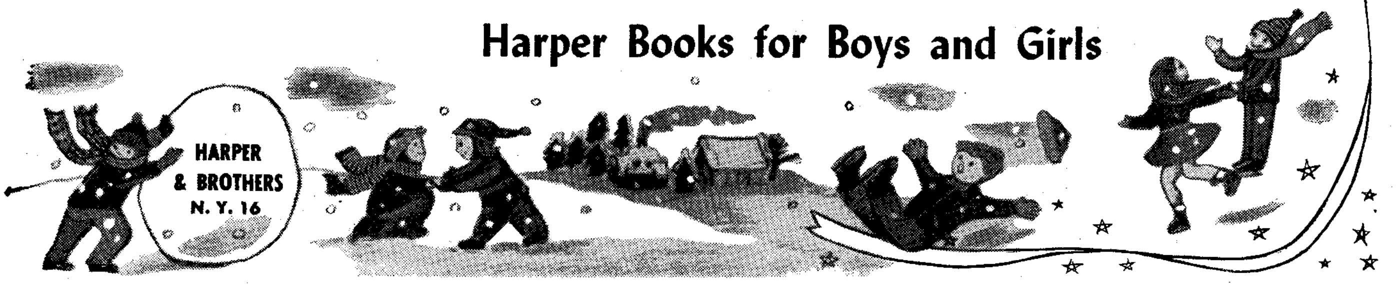
## Harper Books for Boys and Girls



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**DODD, MEAD**

infrequent occupation, one suspects, among children everywhere, though one not to be hinted at in American stories.

AMERICAN publishers always do handsomely by the nursery set, and this year differs from previous ones only in that the offerings for the very young are fewer in number and smaller in format, possibly because of production costs. There are several charming picture books that will tempt you, two of the brightest being "Finders Keepers," by Will and Nicolas, and "Mr. T. W. Anthony Woo," by Marie Hall Ets. Three others, whose texts don't quite come up to the mark but which you may want to buy anyway, for their lovely and original illustrations and their excellent bookmaking, are "Bear Party," by William Pène duBois, Marcia Brown's "Skipper John's Cook," and "All Falling Down," by Gene Ziow and Margaret Bloy Graham.

As a group, the most notable books in this year's entire output are the books of information on such subjects as science, history, biography, and the natural world. For the most part, they are organized admirably, written with clarity and liveliness, and attractively got up. Among the highlights are Henry Steele Commager's "America's Robert E. Lee;" Katherine B. Shippen's superbly told "Leif Eriksson;" "Of Courage Undaunted," an account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, by James Daugherty; and "Minn of the Mississippi," by Holling Clancy Holling, the story of a turtle's journey down the big river that also tells a great deal about the surrounding country. Many similarly informative books, such as "Atoms at Work," by George P. Bischof, and "Americans Before Columbus," by Elizabeth Chesley Baity, could even be helpful to parents who want to bring up to date what they remember from Anthropology 1 and other science courses.

The sixty-odd new books in the listing that follows necessarily represent a somewhat arbitrary selection from the year's plethora of titles. Together with a few reprints and new editions, they are the ones that seem as though they definitely should not be overlooked. Under the various headings, the books progress from those for the youngest on up, including a few for high-school readers.

### PICTURE BOOKS

ME AND THE BEARS, written and illustrated by Robert Bright (Doubleday). The youngest readers will delight in this fantasy, which will seem to them wholly believable, about

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**THE STACKPOLE COMPANY**
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a little girl who wants so much to play with the baby bears in the zoo that one night they actually visit her room for a wonderful bedtime romp. By the author of "Georgie the Ghost."

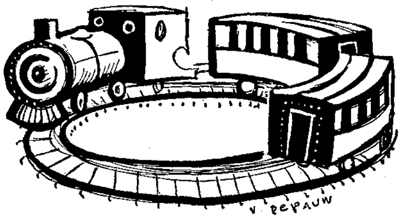
JEANNE-MARIE COUNTS HER SHEEP, written and illustrated by Françoise (Scribner). A small French girl's musings with her sheep Patapon upon how many lambs the pet will have and what can be bought with their wool make a delectable counting book for the youngest, enhanced by beguiling stencillike water colors.

GROWL BEAR, written and illustrated by Margot Austin (Dutton). Three- to six-year-olds are certain to laugh over this cozy bit of whimsicality concerning a diminutive bear who is shunned by the other animals until they realize his growls are nothing but baby talk.

DINNY AND DANNY, written and illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Macmillan). Dinosaurs seem to have a special fascination for young children, and now Mr. Slobodkin offers this audience, along with his cheerful, scrawly pictures, some of them in full color, a genial nonsense tale about the friendship between a junior cave dweller and one of the prehistoric monsters—a jovial fellow, of course.

THE CAMEL WHO TOOK A WALK, by Jack Tworkov, illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Aladdin). Four- to eight-year-olds will revel in the mounting suspense provided by this pleasantly scary picture story of a jungle tiger who waits to pounce on an unsuspecting camel and of the plans various animals make to thwart him. Happily, the camel takes care of the situation quite effectively by herself.

FINDERS KEEPERS, written and illustrated by Will and Nicolas (Harcourt, Brace). Original and comic illustrations and story, with a true folk-tale flavor, by the creators of last year's "The Two Reds." This one is about a pair of dogs who find a bone together and argue over its ownership. They become increasingly frustrated as they seek the advice of passersby, but at last they hit



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upon a simple solution of their own.

MR. T. W. ANTHONY WOO, written and illustrated by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). A perfect little story that should endear itself to youngsters year in and year out. It concerns a kindly cobbler whose household of a mouse, a cat, and a dog seems doomed, because of the animals' quarrelling, until the arrival of a catastrophe in the shape of the cobbler's meddling sister makes them learn to live together. Black-and-white drawings, many of them full-page, admirably reflect the humor and warmth of the text.

LITTLE LEO, written and illustrated by Leo Politi (Scribner). When Leo and his parents leave America to return to their ancestral village in Italy, he takes along his Indian costume, to the excitement of the village children. Soon the once quiet Italian town is full of noisy little Indians. Just how it happens makes a gently diverting tale, illustrated in subdued color.

PEANUT, written and illustrated by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll (Oxford). Perhaps there never could be a puppy small enough to sleep in a teapot, but this fetching account, with its winning drawings, of the tiny Peanut and his pranks with his boy master will make him very real to five- to eight-year-olds. His jealousy of a Great Dane introduced into the household sends him traipsing off with a mouse family into some thrilling experiences.

FUJIO, written and illustrated by Raymond Creekmore (Macmillan). The story of a Japanese boy who is finally allowed, on his tenth birthday, to accompany his father, a guide, to the top of Mount Fujiyama, told by means of fine lithographs and straightforward prose, which also convey something of the customs of the country and of the way a boy lives there.

A BIRD IN THE HAND, written and illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham (Macmillan). After a short introduction to familiarize young readers with Benjamin Franklin and his *Poor Richard's Almanack*, a gay procession of colorful pictures—some dramatic, some laughable, and all of them felicitous—depict twenty-four of the famous adages. Children up to nine will enjoy pondering their messages.

### STORIES OF TODAY

VIOLETS ARE BLUE, by Mary Kennedy, illustrated by Helen Stone (Loth-

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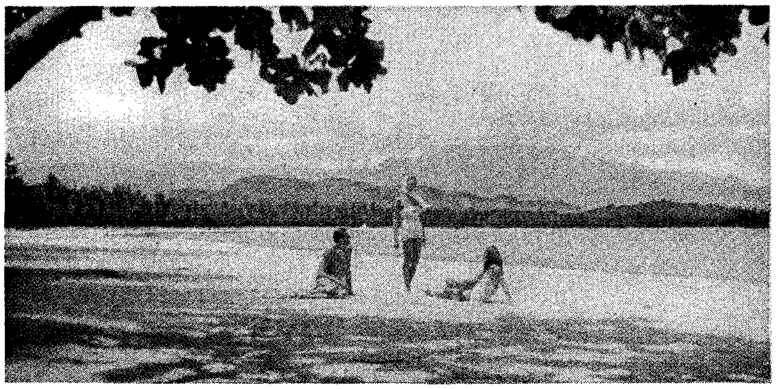

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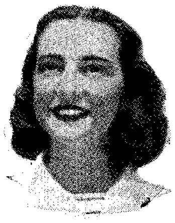

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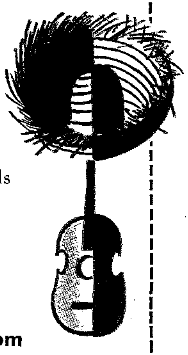

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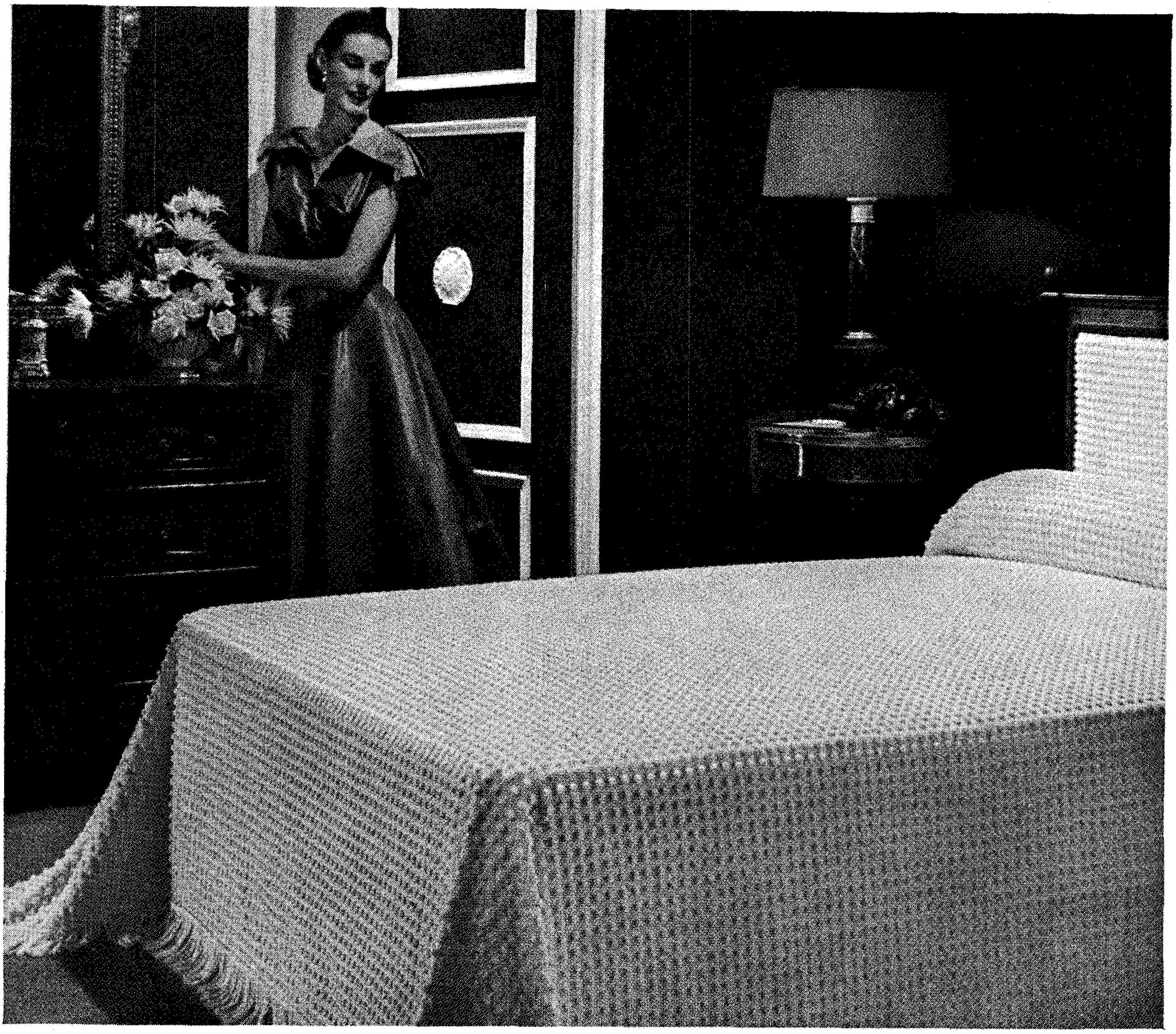

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rop, Lee & Shepard). A vivacious little volume for first- and second-grade girls, in which expert writing on a child's level and charming pen-and-ink drawings, in a dainty format, record the high spots of six-year-old Susan's everyday world, and the fun, the wonderment, and the occasional sad mistakes that are a part of growing up.

SHOOT FOR A MULE, by E. H. Lansing, illustrated by Susanne Suba (Crowell). Jeb, a Kentucky mountain lad, wants a mule more than anything else on earth. How he rescues one from a flood and the trials he undergoes before it is recognized as his own make an engaging tale, told simply but with verve, and with considerable knowledge of small boys. For seven- to ten-year-olds.

EDDIE AND GARDENIA, written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood (Morrow). The irrepressible Eddie of "Eddie and the Fire Engine" takes his pet goat, Gardenia, out to his uncle's ranch in Texas. After a spate of mishaps, all unpredictable but entirely credible, the two newcomers learn to be useful ranchers. A downright funny story, which, by some magic, Miss Haywood manages to tell by means of an easy-to-read vocabulary.

SUMMERFIELD FARM, by Mary Martin Black, illustrated by Wesley Dennis (Viking). Sunny, happy chapters, for six- to eleven-year-olds, about the adventures and caprices of the barnyard birds and animals on a sizable family farm in Virginia, as seen through the amiable but unsentimental eyes of the farm's mistress.

PRAIRIE SCHOOL, written and illustrated by Lois Lenski (Lippincott). A tale of some children and their teacher who are marooned by a blizzard in a small schoolhouse on the South Dakota plains, this, perhaps the strongest of Miss Lenski's fine regional narratives for eight- to twelve-year-olds, is notable for its unusually honest characterizations and for its account of bravery and resourcefulness, the more stirring because no effort is made to glamorize the situation.

GINGER PYE, written and illustrated by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace). The creator of the inimitable Moffats presents a new family, the Pyes, concerning herself particularly with Rachel and Jerry and their dog, Ginger. The children's search for Ginger, who has been stolen, draws the reader into a wonderfully intense

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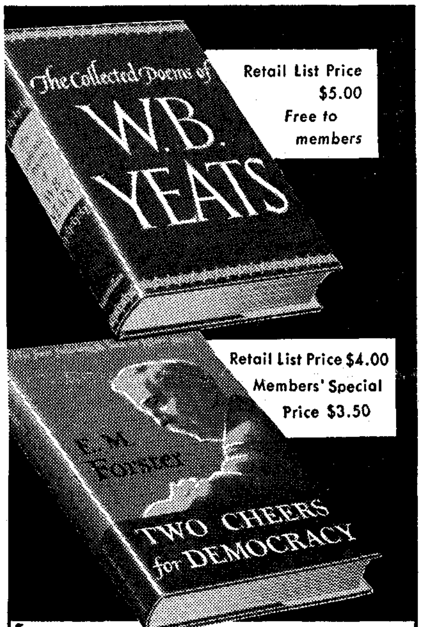
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Jacques Barzun
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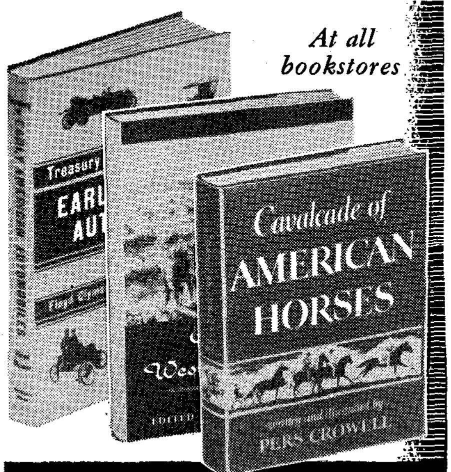

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and unself-conscious world of childhood. Parents will delight in the book, and so will youngsters literary enough to enjoy the heroine's musings, which are as lengthy as they are humorous and touching, and the flashbacks that interrupt the story.

SPIDERWEB FOR TWO, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright (Rinehart). Another book about the Melendy family is an event for children between ten and fourteen, and though this fourth volume is in some ways more of a tour de force than the others, its fun is just as spirited and spontaneous. The two youngest Melendys, left alone with their housekeeper, are looking forward to a sorry winter when it suddenly turns into a prolonged treasure hunt, complete with mysterious coded messages, which send them all over town in a number of escapades that involve them with other people's lives.

SKATING SHOES, by Noel Streatfeild, illustrated by Richard Floethe (Random House). This newest of the unique Shoe series is an amusing and absorbing story of the friendship between two girl students of figure skating—one a poor little rich girl whose life is devoted to training for the world championship, and the other a member of a large and hard-up family who tackles the sport for her health.

FIVE BOYS IN A CAVE, by Richard Church (John Day). A literate and plausible adventure book from England for children of twelve and over. It starts slowly but builds up thrilling suspense as it depicts the experiences of a group of boys exploring an unknown cavern and the effects of peril on their characters.

DAVEY, by Rubylea Hall, illustrated by Ralph Ray, Jr. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A substantial narrative of boyhood in the numerous family of a Florida sharecropper that is sometimes reminiscent of "The Yearling," although more astringent in its details. Focussing on one of the sons, Davey, it shows how dissimilar, yet loyal, he is to the rest of the family and ends with his winning, by a hair-raising act of heroism and forgiveness, both his father's consent and the necessary funds to continue with high school and, eventually, go to college.

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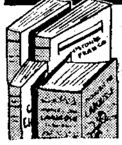


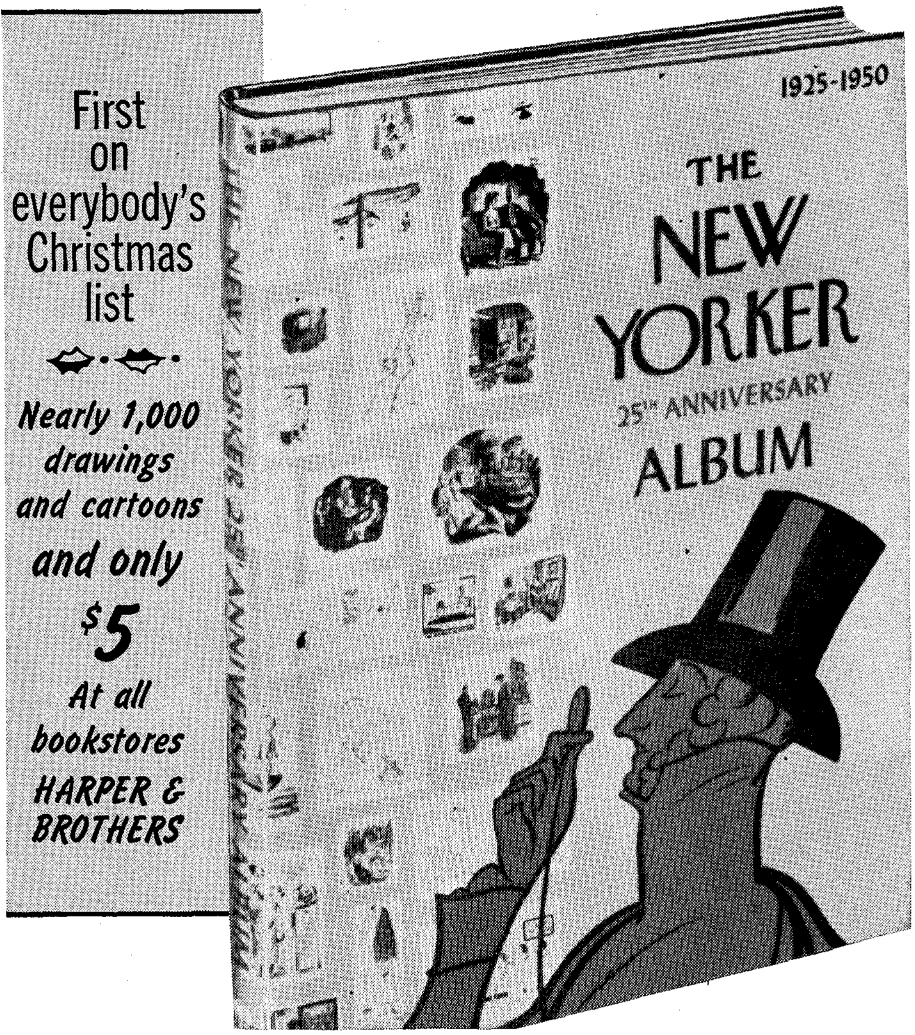
story, written in an easy, lucid prose for children between kindergarten and the third grade, about a small girl in a seacoast village of a timeless China who finally gets the bells she wants for her donkey.

SING-ALONG SARY, by Margaret and John Travers Moore, illustrated by John Moment (Harcourt, Brace). The everyday events in a ten-year-old girl's life on a Pennsylvania farm in the eighteen-fifties, centering on her hopes of winning a prize with the pumpkin she has raised, so that she can buy her brother a fiddle, make a poignant, skillfully integrated little book of real quality, nicely illustrated and designed.

SWORD OF A WARRIOR, by Jean Bothwell, illustrated by Margaret Ayer (Harcourt, Brace). An unusual mystery story—it is richly set in the background of modern India and has a diverse lot of characters—about an orphaned lad who, to escape the enmity of the headman of his native village, is apprenticed to a large family of silversmiths in Lucknow. The enigma of the strange dangers that follow him there is satisfactorily unravelled for eight- to twelve-year-old readers.

ESKIMO BOY, by Pipaluk Freuchen, illustrated by Ingrid Vang Nyman (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). With simplicity and distinction, the daughter of an arctic explorer tells, in the present tense, the heroic saga of an Eskimo boy's bitter struggle to feed and care for his family after the death of his father. A fine portrait of hardship and courage for eight- to twelve-year-old television lollers to meditate on.

THE MARBLE FOUNTAIN, written and illustrated by Valenti Angelo (Viking). The warm and varied chronicle, principally involving two orphaned brothers, of the slow rebuilding of a Tuscan village that has felt the physical and spiritual desola-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'Twas the week after Christmas, and all through the home
Were the mountains of evidence Santa had come.
Not a creature was stirring to clear off the floor,
Or to look once again through the presents galore.

The children, exhausted, were sent to their beds
Where visions from picture books danced in their heads.
Papa was stretched out in his chair by the fire
His hand held a book he had come to admire.

Mamma gave the scene a discouraging look
And retired to her room with her own Christmas book.
For often you'll find when festivity's done
That books are the gifts that give long-lasting fun.

This tale has a moral when presents you buy.
A book gives enjoyment that never will die.
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A book will stand out in the mind of a friend.

January
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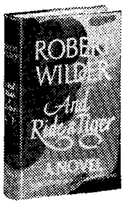

AND RIDE A TIGER — *Robert Wilder.* A man is buried on a lonely Pacific island under circumstances which drives a curious mind back to his hometown in Georgia. Was the dead man a hero or a heel? His beautiful widow and spoiled sister set events in motion which make this a tale of love, hate, and swift action. $3.50

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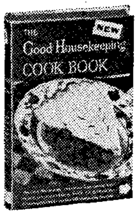

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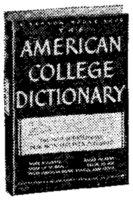

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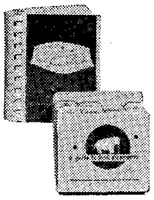

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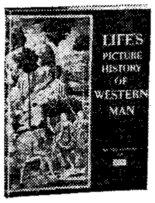

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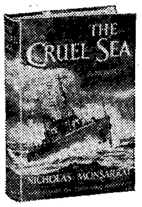

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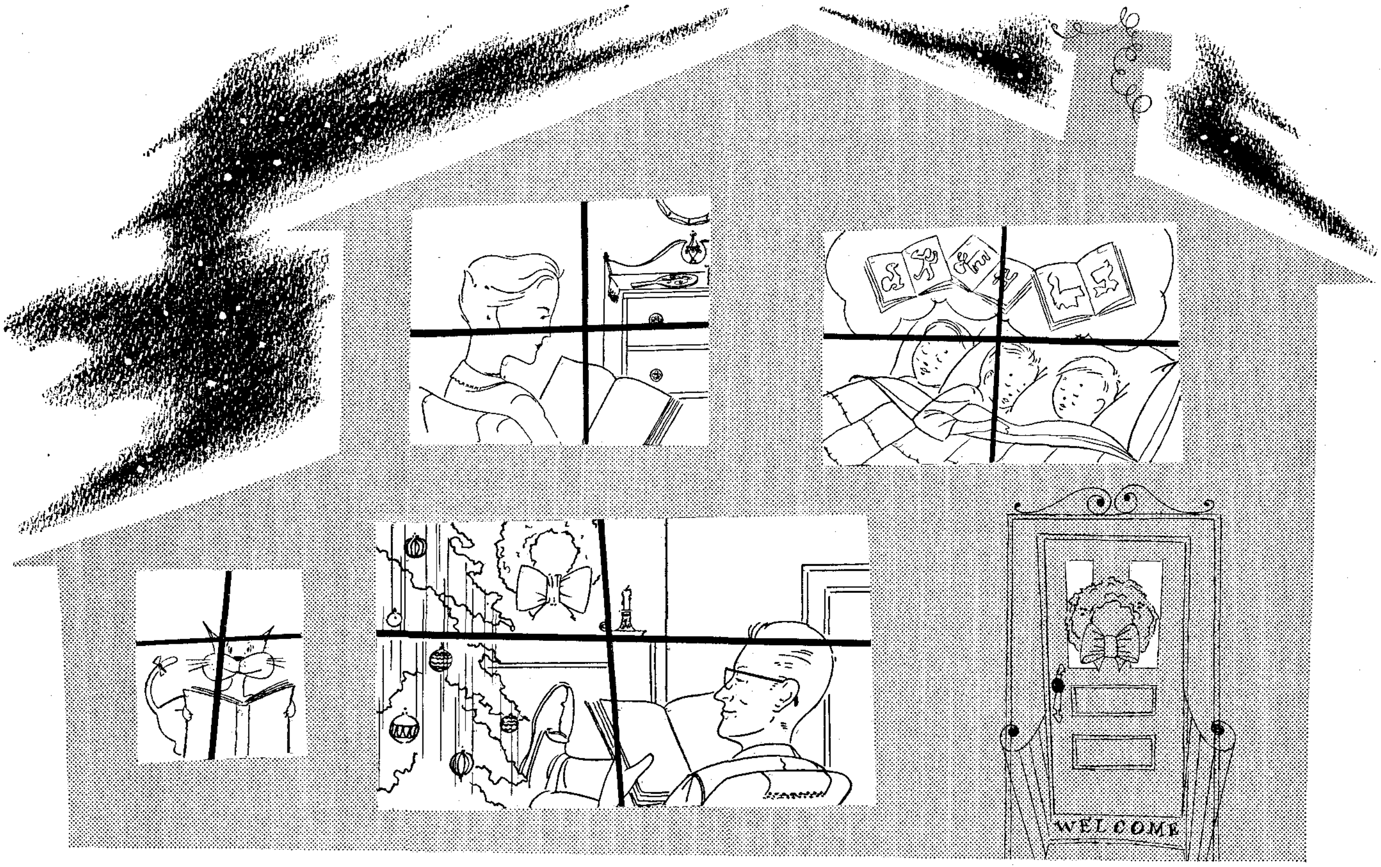

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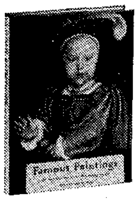

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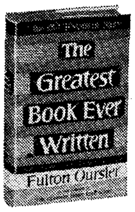

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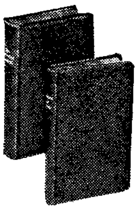

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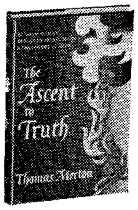

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tion of the war. The discovery by one of the brothers of a long-buried statue of Saint Francis inspires the villagers to set about restoring their homes.

THE SAUCEPAN JOURNEY, by Edith Unnerstad, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin (Macmillan). Despite an improbable snaring of a thief at the end, eleven- to thirteen-year-old readers should find this importation from Sweden one of the most gratifying books of the season. It records the eventful and often rollicking experiences of the seven Larsson children and their parents, all of whom cram themselves into two horse-drawn wagons and travel about the country selling Father's latest invention—a whistling saucepan.

PEDDLER'S GIRL, by Elizabeth Howard (Morrow). When seventeen-year-old Lucy, who has had a sheltered upbringing, elects, after her mother's death, to go to live with an uncle in his peddler's wagon, with which he provides for the wants of settlers pushing westward in the eighteen-forties, she encounters many things new to her, and also an itinerant artist who changes the pattern of her life. Older girls will find this a fresh and moving narrative of young love.

MOONFLEET, by J. Meade Falkner, illustrated by Fritz Kredel (Little, Brown). The story of youthful John Trenchard, appearing here after more than half a century of popularity in England, begins in 1757, in a seaside village in Dorsetshire, when he is fifteen, and ends eleven years and many adventures later, on its thunderous beach. In between, ghosts, smugglers, wrecks, a cryptogram, and a king's diamond combine to make this well-written yarn a top entry for the junior-high-school set and up.

PONG CHOOLIE, YOU RASCAL!, written and illustrated by Lucy Herndon Crockett (Holt). Though its details are often painfully graphic, this tale of the buffeting a South Korean lad endures in the present war is rich in action, wit, and a knowledge of that country's customs, and should intrigue readers between thirteen and fifteen. The boy falls into the hands of the North Koreans, and then of the Chinese, who train him to be a spy, but finally throws in his lot with the Americans, and accompanies them on their long retreat from the North.

HIDDEN HARBOR, by Kathrene Pinkerton (Harcourt, Brace). Stirring and

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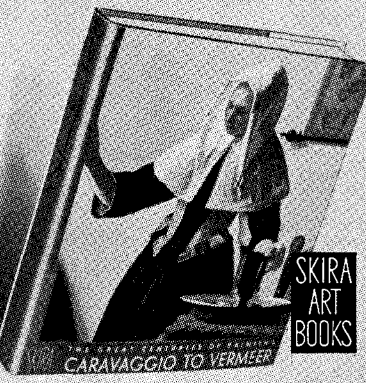
for favored people



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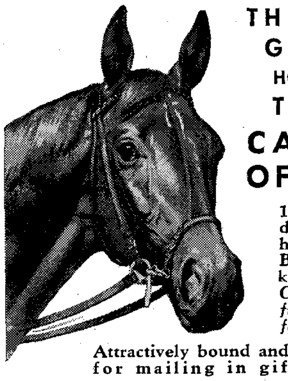

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TORTEN'S CHRISTMAS SECRET, by Maurice Dolbier, illustrated by Robert Henneberger (Little, Brown). A jolly Christmas story, for readers of around six and a bit older, about a toy-making gnome and his worries over children who have been too naughty to deserve a visit from Santa. He teaches a polar bear to fly, harnesses it to a sleigh, and goes to the unfortunate young ones' homes and fills their stockings. In an exciting ending, the gnome learns that Santa not only approves of his mission but has his own secret way of caring for youthful malefactors. Exuberant pictures in bold color almost overcrowd the pages.

WHEN JENNY LOST HER SCARF, written and illustrated by Esther Averill (Harper). More of the fortunes of Jenny, the shy little black cat who is deservedly cherished by five- to eight-year-olds. This time, her favorite scarf is stolen by a bully of a dog, and its recovery demands fortitude and self-discipline on her part. There is a realness about Jenny, as well as a demure charm, that gives these annals of her doings a distinction lacking in many a more pretentious effort.

AZOR AND THE BLUE-EYED COW, by Maude Crowley, illustrated by Helen Sewell (Oxford). How Azor, the doughty Marblehead lad who can talk to animals, and a rambunctious cow prove to Azor's older brother that there is a Santa Claus makes a memorable piece of drollery, adroitly written and illustrated.

LITTLE HOUSES FAR AWAY, written and illustrated by Pamela Bianco (Oxford). Truly feminine little girls between five and eight years old who like to play with dolls will appreciate the piquancy of this story of a small heroine who wanders into a world of dolls and Teddy bears. The fantasy is meticulously sustained both by the almost prim text and by miniature pen-and-ink drawings of unusual precision and daintiness.

THE HORSE WHO HAD HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPER, by Phyllis McGinley, illustrated by Helen Stone (Lippincott). A second, and equally irresistible, chapter in the life of Joey, the New York City "horse who lived

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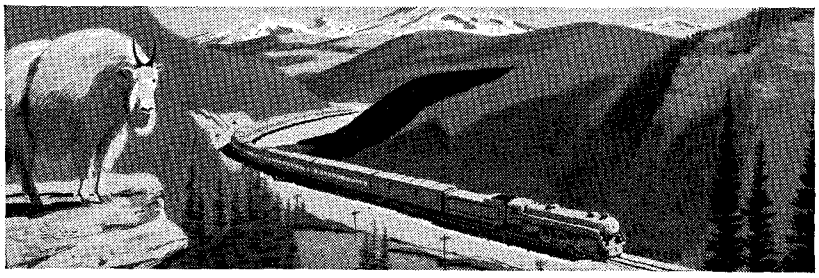

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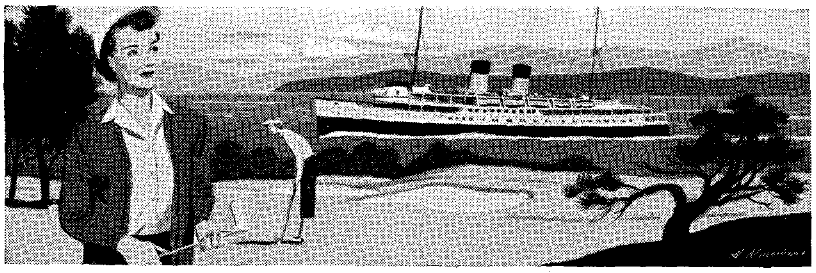

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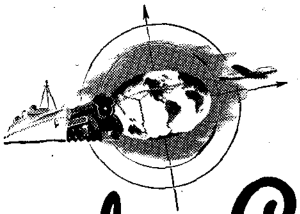

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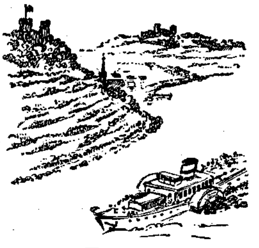

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upstairs." To help Mr. Polaski, whose vegetable cart he pulls, Joey determines to become a hero. One after another, his attempts end in humiliating failure until, at last, unexpectedly and gloriously, his dream comes true. Miss Stone's illustrations are, as always, a delight.

THE DRAGONS OF BLUELAND, by Ruth Stiles Gannett, illustrated by Ruth Chrisman Gannett (Random House). Though not as sparkling as its predecessors, this third volume about nine-year-old Elmer Elevator and the flying baby dragon provides, in its account of how the two rescue the dragon's family from hunters, more than enough rousing adventure to captivate elementary-school readers. The illustrations are as winning as ever.

THE MOUSEWIFE, by Rumer Godden, illustrated by William Pène duBois (Viking). A tender and wise little fable, exquisitely written and illustrated for six- to nine-year-olds, about a busy lady house mouse whose mundane life is both disturbed and enriched by her devotion to a wild dove imprisoned in a cage. At considerable sacrifice, she liberates the dove, and, in so doing, gains a vision of beauty and freedom that sets her apart from other mice.

GOZO'S WONDERFUL KITE, by W. Ryerson Johnson, illustrated by Lois Lignell (Crowell). A Japanese boy pastes to his kite a valuable picture of five geese, which his father was about to sell to relieve the family's poverty, and sails it high into the sky. The strange things that happen to the geese, at first endangering the family and then rescuing it, are magic, but of the most convincing sort for seven- to nine-year-olds—all set against a background of family love in a faraway land.

THE WONDERFUL FARM, by Marcel Aymé, translated by Norman Denny and illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper). This French importation, about an enchanting collection of talking farm animals—Gallic individualists every one—and the part they play in the mischief of a pair of small French girls, calls for rejoicing by six- to ten-year-old children. There isn't a false note in the writing or in the black-and-white illustrations, which catch their crotchety subjects so divertingly. Likely to be favorites are the chapters about the pig's attempts to become a peacock and the girls' narrow escape after blundering into the swans'

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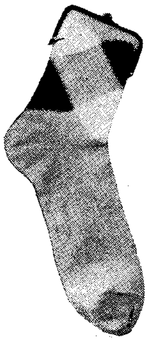

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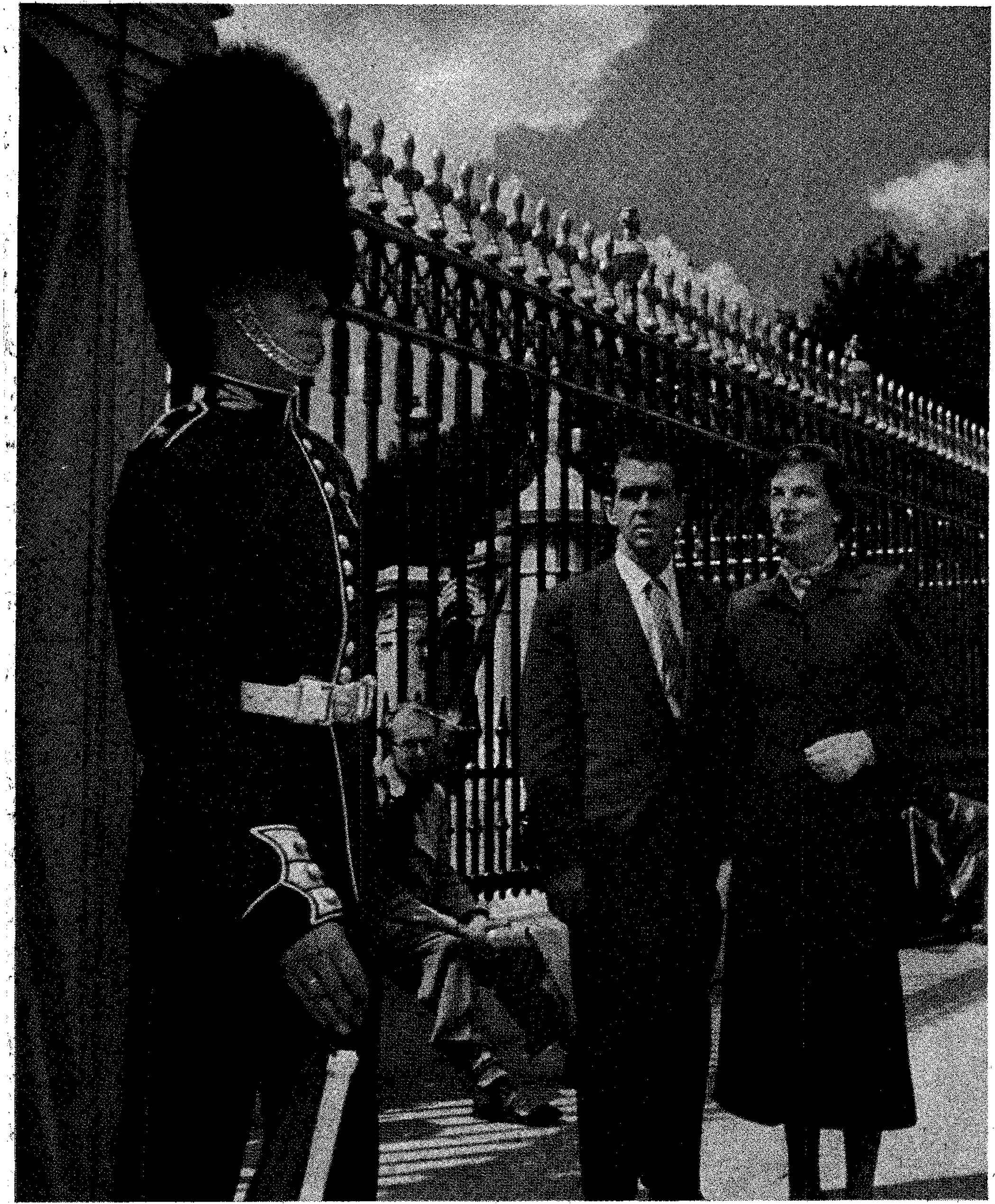

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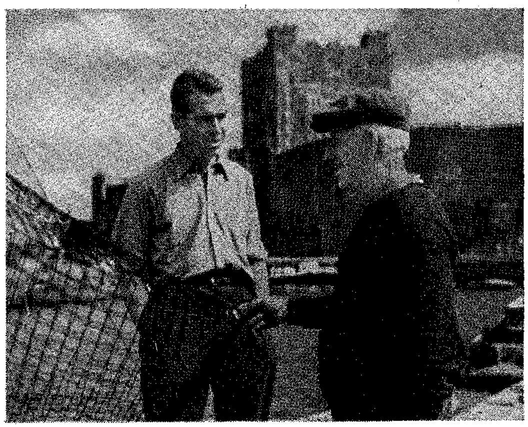
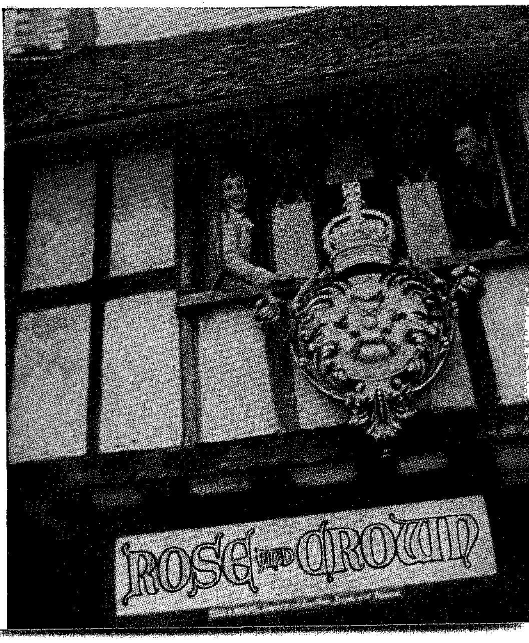
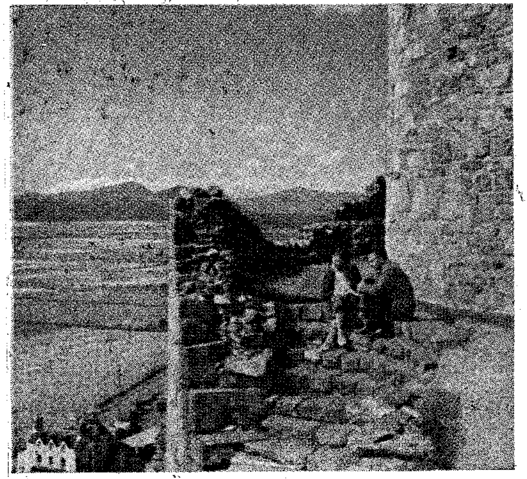


**"We met** the friendliest people everywhere. What sea yarns I heard from this grand old character in front of Carrickfergus Castle in Northern Ireland!"—Bree

**"We discovered** charming old inns all over Britain. This is where we stayed in Salisbury—a delightful English city famed for its beautiful cathedral."—Peggy





**"And then Wales!** Here's Harlech Castle, built in 1285 and still echoing with the sound of bugle and battle!"—Peggy

**"We came home** with more than memories. Here we are shopping in Edinburgh. No place like Scotland for woolens, tweeds—and real bargains!"—Bree

See your Travel Agent now, and Come to Britain adoption agency for lost animal children.

CENTERBURG TALES, written and illustrated by Robert McCloskey (Viking). Homer Price and his friends, ever popular with eight- to twelve-year-olds, and more of the hilarious crises in which they involve the citizens of Centerburg. The boys and girls introduce a song that sets the village helplessly singing and dancing, grow ragweed higher than trees, and see to it that Grampa Hercules, whose tall tales form a good portion of the book, does jump nineteen miles.

PRINCE CASPIAN, written by C. S. Lewis, illustrated by Pauline Baynes (Macmillan). Youngsters of from nine to twelve who have read "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe" will find in this sequel just as satisfying a mixture of magic and matter-of-factness. It concerns the return of the four children—Peter, Susan, Edmund, and Lucy—to the dwarfs and the fauns, and to the sorcery of the land of Narnia, where they and the lion-god, Aslan, help overthrow an evil king.

### BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND ART

ANDREW JACKSON, written and illustrated by Genevieve Foster (Scribner). Though written in a rather pepped-up style, in an attempt to convey its subject's intensity of feeling and informality of manner, this is a superior biography for eight- to twelve-year-olds, soundly factual yet lively, giving the reader a sense of nearness to the times and setting forth both the strengths and the weaknesses of Jackson's personality.

AMERICA'S ROBERT E. LEE, by Henry Steele Commager, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Houghton Mifflin). A spirited study of the Confederate General, which, without talking down to its young readers (from eleven to fourteen), gives them an unbiassed view of the Civil War and its campaigns; it pays them the further compliment of offering them adult documentation in excerpts from

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contemporary letters and other documents. An outstanding volume, with many impressive illustrations in black-and-white and color.

LEIF ERIKSSON: FIRST VOYAGER TO AMERICA, by Katherine B. Shippen (Harper). A first-rate story biography, for readers of eleven and over, in which the historical events are carefully adhered to, while the author unobtrusively works in a fine picture of Viking culture in Greenland and Iceland.

CORTES OF MEXICO, by Ronald Symes, illustrated by William Stobbs (Morrow). A narrative that sticks close to the exciting facts of Cortes's life, written in a taut and vigorous style that should sweep along with it any youngster from junior-high-school age on up. Vivid pen-and-ink drawings.

THE STORY OF ARTURO TOSCANINI, by David Ewen (Holt). An energetic account of Toscanini's life and personality, in which the famous temperament is duly noted, along with information about conducting in general, making an exhilarating musical excursion for older children who have already been exposed to good music. An appendix lists the world premières conducted by the Maestro, as well as all his recordings.

MARY MCLEOD BETHUNE, by Catherine Owens Peare (Vanguard). A scrupulously documented story, for high-school readers, of the Negro leader's life, her achievements against often heartbreaking odds, and her rise to national eminence—and a portrait of a great lady, too. Photographs.

OF COURAGE UNDAUNTED, written and illustrated by James Daugherty (Viking). The Lewis and Clark Expedition, with, as the author puts it, its forty-five "high, wide, foxy men—footloose and free and rarin' to go." Based on original sources, it is told with noteworthy gusto and flavor, and set off by powerful two-color drawings.

AMERICANS BEFORE COLUMBUS, by Elizabeth Chesley Baity, illustrated by C. B. Falls (Viking). A scholarly and imaginative unfolding of the ways of life, the cultures, and the fates of the peoples on this continent from the ice age down to the time Columbus crossed the Atlantic, including the Mound Builders, the Eskimos, the Mayas, and the Incas. All this information is conveyed in terms of dramatic episodes, legends, and reports of archeological findings. The book contains a glos-

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sary and an index, and is illustrated with black-and-white drawings and a section of annotated photographs.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE, by Marchette Chute (Dutton). This entertaining and learned portrayal of Shakespeare's life, theatre, and professional world, for high-school readers, should remove the playwright and his plays permanently from the study-hall atmosphere. By the author of "Shakespeare of London."

FAMOUS PAINTINGS: AN INTRODUCTION TO ART FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Alice Elizabeth Chase (Platt & Munk). A pleasing journey through fifty full-color, full-page reproductions of traditional and modern masterpieces, intended to sharpen the artistic perceptions of youngsters between ten and fourteen. Opposite each color picture are several lines of pertinent comment by the author, a member of the staff of the Yale School of Fine Arts, as well as small-scale, less successful black-and-white reproductions of other paintings and some pieces of sculpture that are related in theme to the larger work.

### MYTHS AND STORY COLLECTIONS

READ ME MORE STORIES, compiled by the Child Study Association of America and illustrated by Barbara Cooney (Crowell). This third collection of stories and poems for the pre-school group, with its inviting black-and-white pictures, is as much of a joy as its predecessors. It includes such treats, hitherto available only as separate books, as Phyllis McGinley's "The Horse Who Lived Upstairs," Edna Becker's "900 Buckets of Paint," and Ruth Krauss's "A Good Man and His Good Wife."

NINE TALES OF RAVEN, by Fran Martin, illustrated by Dorothy McEntee (Harper). Myths from the Northwestern Indians, about the days when their animal ancestors ruled the world and the magic of wise old Raven was particularly potent. They are told with appreciably more vitality than most of the other versions, and are colorfully illustrated for eight- to twelve-year-olds.

LEGENDS OF THE NORTH, by Olivia E. Coolidge, illustrated by Edouard Sandoz (Houghton Mifflin). A vigorous retelling, with solid scholarship behind it, of the Northern myths, for readers of ten and over. Besides the well-known tales of the gods, the book contains less familiar ones from the Volsunga Saga, the Icelandic sagas, Beowulf, and Saxo's History

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### Horses and Cowboys

The Cowboy and His Horse, written and illustrated by Sydney E. Fletcher (Grosset & Dunlap). All about the working cowboy of yesterday and today—his job, amusements, equipment, lingo, songs, history, and legends. A large, attractive volume for children of eight and older, written in a breezy style and copiously fitted out with lithographs of action scenes and sketches, detailing such paraphernalia as cattle earmarks, shooting irons, brands (including Cortes's), saddle riggings, and dehorning saws.

Album of Horses, by Marguerite Henry, illustrated by Wesley Dennis (Rand McNally). Despite some purple passages (and a dedication to horsemen "who drove me on with kindly spurs" and to libraries "who provided roomy stalls and plump kernels of fact"), this big, good-looking book on the more familiar breeds of horses, with a text by the 1949 Newbery Medal winner and with many full-page color pictures, as well as marginal drawings, is bound to enrapture enthusiasts of ten and over.

Cowboy Jamboree, collected and told by Harold W. Felton, and illustrated by Aldren A. Watson, with musical arrangements by Edward S. Breck (Knopf). Twenty popular cowboy songs, arranged simply, for youthful pianists, and with the fingering indicated. Each song is preceded by a pungent commentary consisting of appropriate cowboy intelligence and is decorated in style with scrawly, virile drawings.

### Geography and People

The Story of the Totem Pole, by Ruth Brindze, illustrated by Yeffe Kimball (Vanguard). An out-of-the-way factual narrative, with stunning black-and-white and color illustrations, of the uses of the Northwestern Indians' totem poles and the customs and legends surrounding them. Nine- to twelve-year-olds will also get a good idea of the Indians' way of life and of their first encounters with the white man.

Minn of the Mississippi, written and illustrated by Holling Clancy Holling (Houghton Mifflin). An impressive blend of regional lore, biography, geography, history, and natural science, put together in leisurely fashion as background for a turtle's hazardous

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trip down the Mississippi. Enhanced by striking full-color illustrations, annotated diagrams, and marginal drawings.

The Land of the Italian People, by Frances Winwar (Lippincott). With considerable dash, the Sicilian-born author of "The Romantic Rebels" ranges about in Italy's history, geography, culture, arts, and personalities to produce, for junior-high-school-age readers and up, a panorama of the country, embellished with entertaining anecdotes. Photographs.

### The Physical World

You Among the Stars, by Herman and Nina Schneider, illustrated by Symeon Shimin (Scott). Such elemental wonders as gravity, the movement of the earth, and the components of the solar system—and how they fit into a child's life—explained in terms of merry-go-rounds, street lamps, and other concepts familiar to six- to eight-year-olds. The clear and at times poetic text is accompanied by lovely color lithographs.

The Great Whales, by Herbert S. Zim, illustrated by James Gordon Irving (Morrow). Fascinating information about the giant aquatic mammals, pointed up by dramatic black-and-white illustrations and diagrams, that make even better reading for eight- to twelve-year-olds than Dr. Zim's previous science picture books, like "Owls" and "Elephants."

Let Them Live, written and illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop (Macmillan). Intensified by the author's beautiful and exact black-and-white drawings, this eloquent plea for conservation demonstrates, in illuminating chapters on the ways of seals, milk snakes, bears, insects, coyotes, and other animals, the interdependence of all living creatures and shows how the balance of nature can be upset by the extinction of any one of them.

Patterns in the Sky, by W. Maxwell Reed, illustrated by D. F. Levett

THEATRICAL COSTUMES
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COSTUMES FOR SALE
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4 SPECIAL WINTER CRUISES FOR 1952

S. S. URUGUAY • JAN. 10
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Cruises of 44 and 42 days by the Good Neighbor Liners S. S. Argentina and S. S. Brazil to eight interesting ports, ships to serve as the passengers' hotel in Rio the duration of the world's maddest, gayest Carnival.

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*Sailing fortnightly from New York prior to and following Special Winter Cruises*

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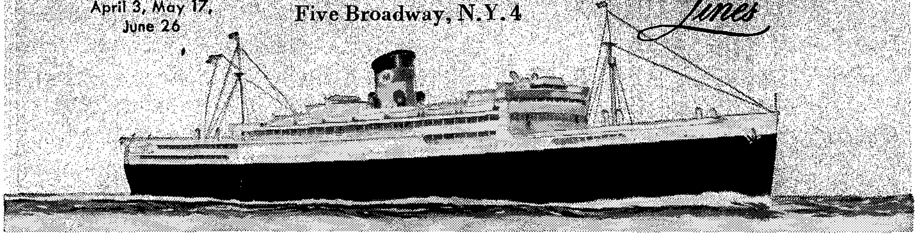


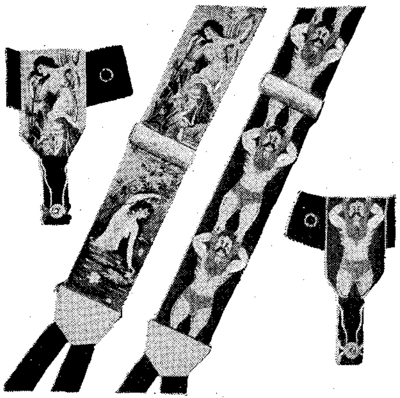
Bradley (Morrow). Astronomical facts and amusingly told myths about the better-known constellations, woven into an animated guide for young stargazers. Two charts of each constellation are presented, one showing its star pattern in the sky and the other tracing the mythological figure for which it is named.

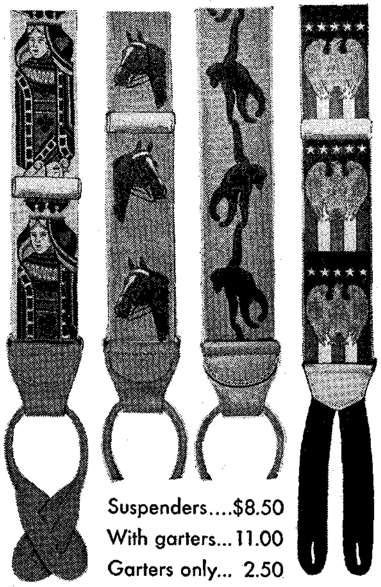
ATOMS AT WORK: A PREVIEW OF SCIENCE, by George P. Bischof, illustrated by Jere Donovan (Harcourt, Brace). If you must consider the atomic bomb at Christmastime, this introduction to the discovery and nature of atomic activity is remarkably readable, well organized, and easy to comprehend. The author describes simple experiments, and uses drawings and diagrams, to help ten- to fourteen-year-old readers grasp the complex subject. Though the principles behind the atomic and hydrogen bombs are explained, the emphasis of the book is on the peacetime benefits to be derived from an understanding of atomic energy.

ANIMAL TOOLS, written and illustrated by George F. Mason (Morrow). This naturalist-author-artist, who has provided nature-lovers of from ten to fourteen with much intriguing information in his preceding books, such as "Animal Sounds" and "Animal Homes," now discusses, in an equally engrossing fashion, the special equipment possessed by various common creatures—for instance, the sea otter's stone anvil, the spider's spinning tools, the lizard's tail, and the fly's gyroscope.

THE following lists some outstanding new editions, reprints, and anthologies: Three welcome reissues have been put out by Warne—"The North Pole Before Lunch," Clifford Webb's merrily illustrated story of two children who visit the Eskimos; Webb's "Animals from Everywhere," a procession of superb drawings of animals, from llamas to angelfish, each faced by a page of entertaining commentary for small fry; and "The Fairy Caravan," Beatrix Potter's collection of her fairy and animal tales for readers who have outgrown Peter Rabbit. . . . Good-looking new editions in the Macmillan New Children's Classics are "The Princess and the Goblin," by George MacDonald, charmingly illustrated by Nora S. Unwin; "Rip Van Winkle," with appealing pictures by the Petershams; and Collodi's "The Adventures of Pinocchio," with nicely yellow-tinted drawings, adapted from the famous ones

*For Sartorial Security*





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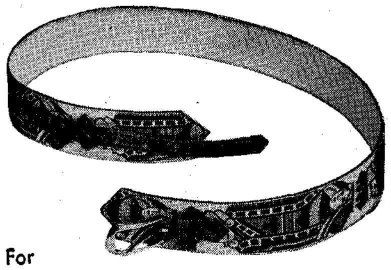

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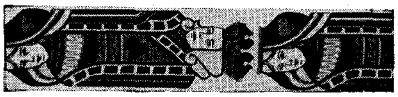

**Your Holiday Guests will Love this hot RUM PUNCH made with**
**Jamaica Rum**
Combine in punch bowl: 2 cups Jamaica Rum, 1 cup brandy, ¼ cup each Kummel and Benedictine, 2 tablespoons sugar, thin strips of the peel and several slices of a lemon and orange. Stir in 6 cups boiling water. Makes about 24 servings.
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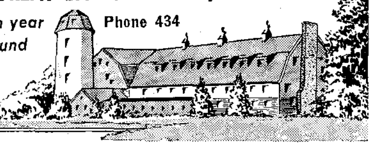

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Singles $7-15; Suites from $20
A HILTON HOTEL

"Insure" The Enjoyment of Your Trip... *Take* -
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

by Attilio Mussino. . . . For readers over thirteen, "The Omnibus Jules Verne," brought out by Lippincott, contains the complete "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "The Blockade Runners," and "From the Earth to the Moon and a Trip Around It." . . . A fine Kipling "The Jungle Book," with well-designed pages, and excellent illustrations in color and in line by Fritz Eichenberg, is available in the Grosset & Dunlap Illustrated Junior Library. . . . Alice and Martin Provensen have illustrated a large, inexpensive edition of "A Child's Garden of Verses" with bright, modern pictures for Simon & Schuster. . . . The popular adventures of Mr. Lobster, Mr. Bear, and Mr. Badger, by Richard W. Hatch, which appeared in the thirties as "The Curious Lobster" and "The Curious Lobster's Island," have now been put out, by Houghton Mifflin, in a single volume, entitled "The Lobster Books," and illustrated by Marion Freeman Wakeman—the only American edition in which either of the works is obtainable. . . . One of the most attractive books of the year is the tiny, boxed World Edition of "Hans Christian Andersen Fairy Tales," printed and bound for Scribner in Odense, the birthplace of Andersen, by Flensted. It is edited by the director of the Hans Andersen Museum, at Odense; newly translated by R. P. Keigwin; and got up in a demure period format, with the original black-and-white drawings by Vilhelm Pedersen. . . . Harper has replaced the repellent fur binding that once bristled around Margaret Wise Brown's "Little Fur Family" with a strictly tailored covering, revealing a delightful little story for the picture-book age. . . . From Pantheon has come a handsome edition of Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by Reginald Marsh. . . . John Masefield's story of "Jim Davis," illustrated by Bob Dean (Macmillan), is around again. . . . Dutton has brought out thirteen volumes of a new, modestly priced series entitled The Children's Illustrated Classics, which are well printed and well bound, and conventionally illustrated in color and black-and-white. The best seem to me to be "The Princess and Curdie," by George MacDonald, and "Grimms' Fairy Tales," both illustrated by Charles Folkard. . . . Among anthologies, a popular item is "Will James' Book of Cowboy Stories," a collection of Will James' tales, with his illustrations, which contains parts of "Smoky" and "Lone Cowboy." . . . Phyllis R.

(Advertisement)

THE
Minneapolis Star and Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

WASHINGTON BRAINS MUST have really worked on this one: There shall be no price ceiling on maraschino cherries provided they still have their stems; but there shall be a price ceiling for the cherries without stems . . . Life becomes even more complicated. Simple soap gave way to detergents. And now detergents are being spiked with polyoxypropylene glycols . . . If you're one who can't resist counting the crossties when you walk along a railroad track, you can figure you've covered a mile when you've counted 3,000 ties . . . How burlesque performers dream up the names they use is still a mystery, but featured in an international strip tease contest show in Chicago were Solo O'Riley, Sisi Tamalie and I. Bop. And another burley personality is Lawana Rumba . . . Now you can chomp your jaws to dance rhythm. A new gum machine not only delivers a ball of gum, but a music box built into the thing plays a short tune. And all for one cent.

* * *

**YOUR PIANO-TUNER MAY do too good a job. Tests show that when a piano is precisely tuned it may sound slightly dull for a while, until some of the strings relax to become slightly off pitch. It's then that the tone of the instrument becomes most attractive to the average listener. Or are you a bazooka man? . . . If you're real fussy, you can get a piano in one of 12 colors to fit your particular home-decor. The possible selections include yellow, green, coral, peach, pink, melon rind, amethyst and gray . . . The lowly corncob comes into its own. Popular Science says a Minnesota inventor has patented a way of making maple-flavored syrup by boiling the cobs and then adding brown sugar to the water. And corncobs, ground into pellets and soaked, are recommended for making a lightweight type of concrete. The stuff is mixed in instead of gravel. Wonder if they'll call it corncrete?**

* * *

AS ONE WHO "BOOTS" A WORD now and then, I'm glad to report that more than 100,000 Upper Midwest youngsters are doggedly boning up on their spelling as they begin to take part in the Minneapolis Tribune's 1952 Spelling Bee. Classrooms and town halls will soon be packed with bright youngsters and excited parents as the preliminary bees get under way. Then in April comes the grand finale at Minneapolis where the regional championship is decided. Sponsorship of such a gigantic educational project, with the enthusiastic help of county school superintendents, serves to spell out, in capital letters, one more reason why the favorite, most respected newspapers of America's Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 615,000).

* * *

HIS BOY SCOUT knife may be a bitter disappointment to Junior if he reads this. Made up just a century ago in Sheffield, England, the home of cutlery, was what was called the Norfolk sportsmen's knife. The thing had—75 blades . . . If you're beginning to get those static electricity jolts after walking on the carpets in your house, just put the teakettle on the stove. Canadian National Research council says that steaming up the house a bit will put the shocks to rout . . . The famed P. T. Barnum quote has been subjected to some rewriting. Extended, it goes: "There's one born every minute—and two to take him" . . . Out for your limousine now is a two-way radio telephone that plugs into your dashboard cigaret lighter for its power. With the thing you can send 20 miles and receive even farther. Or don't you want to talk to anybody? . . . The term "elbow bender" for a convivial guy has now spawned an offshoot for his opposite. Fellow who has sworn off the stuff is called a "broken elbow."

**You can pick your**
**"Violets in the Snow"**
**shown in the**
**Celanese advertisement on**
**page 20 at the following stores:**

| | |
|---|---|
| Birmingham, Ala. | Loveman's |
| San Francisco, Cal. | The Emporium |
| San Francisco, Cal. | The White House |
| Stockton, Cal. | Smith & Lang |
| Hartford, Conn. | G. Fox & Co. |
| New Haven, Conn. | Shartenberg's |
| Washington, D. C. | Woodward & Lothrop |
| Miami, Fla. | Hartley's |
| Atlanta, Ga. | Rich's |
| Fort Wayne, Ind. | Wolf & Dessauer |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | H. P. Wasson & Co. |
| Davenport, Ia. | M. L. Parker Co. |
| Des Moines, Ia. | Younker Bros. Co. |
| Sioux City, Ia. | T. S. Martin Co. |
| Louisville, Ky. | The Stewart Dry Goods Co. |
| Portland, Me. | Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co. |
| Baltimore, Md. | Hochschild, Kohn & Co. |
| Baltimore, Md. | Hutzler Bros. Co. |
| Boston, Mass. | Filene's |
| Springfield, Mass. | Forbes & Wallace |
| Worcester, Mass. | John C. MacInnes Co. |
| Detroit, Mich. | The J. L. Hudson Company |
| Grand Rapids, Mich. | The Wurzburg Co. |
| Minneapolis, Minn. | The Dayton Co. |
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| Kansas City, Mo. | Harzfeld's |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Famous-Barr Co. |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller Co. |
| Omaha, Neb. | Thomas Kilpatrick & Co. |
| Newark, N. J. | L. Bamberger & Co. |
| Albany, N. Y. | Flah's |
| Brooklyn, N. Y. | Abraham & Straus |
| Buffalo, N. Y. | L. L. Berger |
| New York, N. Y. | Lord & Taylor |
| New York, N. Y. | Gimbel Bros. |
| Rochester, N. Y. | Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co. |
| Syracuse, N. Y. | E. W. Edwards |
| Cincinnati, O. | The John Shillito Co. |
| Cleveland, O. | The Halle Bros. Co. |
| Cleveland, O. | The Higbee Co. |
| Columbus, O. | Union Co. |
| Dayton, O. | The Elder & Johnston Co. |
| Youngstown, O. | The G. M. McKelvey Co. |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | Rothschild's |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | John Wanamaker |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Joseph Horne Co. |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Kaufmann's |
| Providence, R. I. | Shepard Company |
| Austin, Tex. | Buttrey's |
| Corpus Christi, Tex. | Lichtenstein's |
| Dallas, Tex. | Titche, Goettinger Co. |
| Fort Worth, Tex. | R. E. Cox & Co. |
| Houston, Tex. | Foley's |
| Salt Lake City, Utah | The Paris Co. |
| Seattle, Wash. | The Bon Marche |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | Boston Store |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | Ed. Schuster & Co. |

Fenner has edited two good collections, both of them handsomely designed and illustrated by Manning DeV. Lee—"Dogs, Dogs, Dogs," in which there are fourteen stories by such authors as Stephen Meader, Marguerite Henry, Jack London, and Jim Kjelgaard, and "Pirates, Pirates, Pirates," with rousing tales by Howard Pyle, Armstrong Sperry, LeGrand, and others.

—KATHARINE T. KINKEAD

•

## DRESS REHEARSAL

The sirens clear their throats from roof and tower
And spew their warning of the dreadful hour,
And at the wailing signal universal
We scramble down the stairs for doom's rehearsal.
Jammed in the hall, I hear atomic thunder—
How would I act, come Doomsday? Well, I wonder . . .

Would I stand calm on any curb and wait
To take my portion of the common fate,
Scorning (I hope) to stumble, creep, or crawl
Into some silly shelter like this hall,
Spurning the stretcher and the first-aid kits,
Glad, since the world's like this, to call it quits,
Choosing to go down willingly, not shoved,
With all the wreckage of the town I've loved?

Or would I, screaming, panting, wholly craven,
Dive headlong for the nearest flimsy haven,
And, fighting, clawing, frantically contrive
By any means at all to stay alive?

The sirens pause, the questions scatter.
The answer is, I think, the latter.

—BARBARA ABEL

•

King, who has become a Moslem convert, arrived in Houston Monday night and announced intention of seeking a divorce from Mrs. King so he could wed Samia.

He told reporters his mother objected strenuously to his affair with the Egyptian girl and that she had cut off his credit with a gasoline filling station.—*Buffalo* (*N.Y.*) *Courier-Express.*

Egad, Mama! Not that!

**MANOR BRAND**
*Supreme*
**FRUIT CAKE**

TEXAS STYLE

**3 lbs.**

**Attractive Holly Decorated Metal Box**

**$4.95**
POSTPAID

A gift as welcome as visitors 'round a Texas table! Delectably delicious Supreme Fruit Cake—abounding in candied cherries, pineapple and Texas pecans—skillfully blended with country eggs and creamery butter. Boxed for shipment to friends, customers and business associates.

**TO ORDER:** List names and addresses of those to receive *Manor Brand* Fruit Cake and send with check or money order to:

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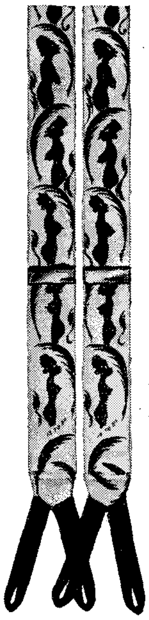
3525 MANOR WAY • DALLAS, TEXAS

**MOTHER EVE IN BLACK IVORY**



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| Braces | $5.00 |
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| Garters | $2.50 |
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Individually or in matched sets. Immediate delivery. Postage prepaid. Make cheque payable to

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**Clothes and Accessories to intrigue the well turned out American Man and Woman.**

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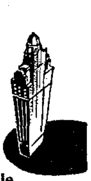
*Your Philadelphia Host*

*The* DRAKE



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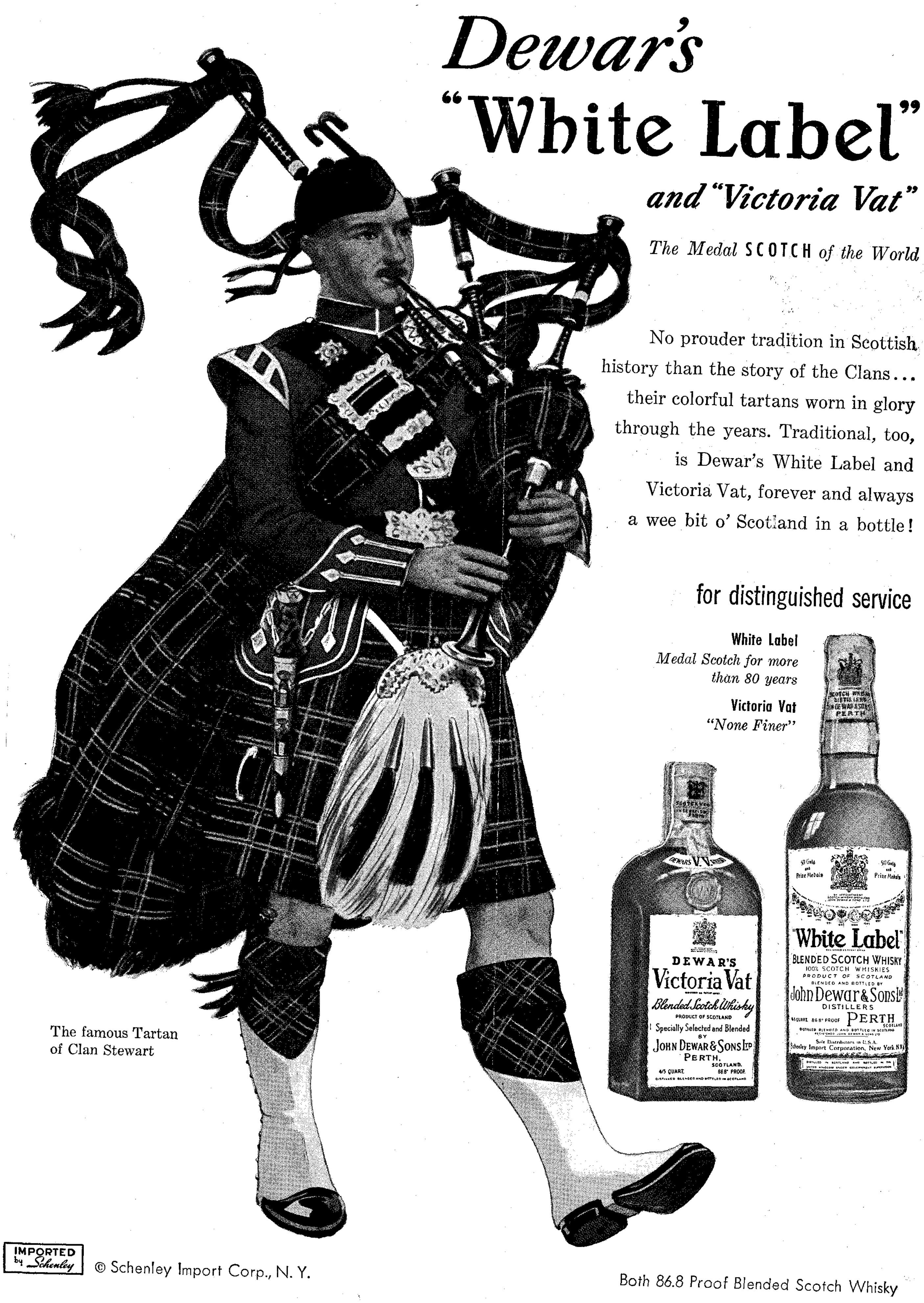
Manager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*Medal Scotch for more than 80 years*

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The famous Tartan of Clan Stewart

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Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

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Make this Christmas a merry Christmas with a creamy smooth MOUNT VERNON eggnog. It's easy to make—delightful to take. For MOUNT VERNON is the *square* whiskey in the *square* bottle—the symbol of rare quality! It's 100 proof—bottled in bond!

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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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